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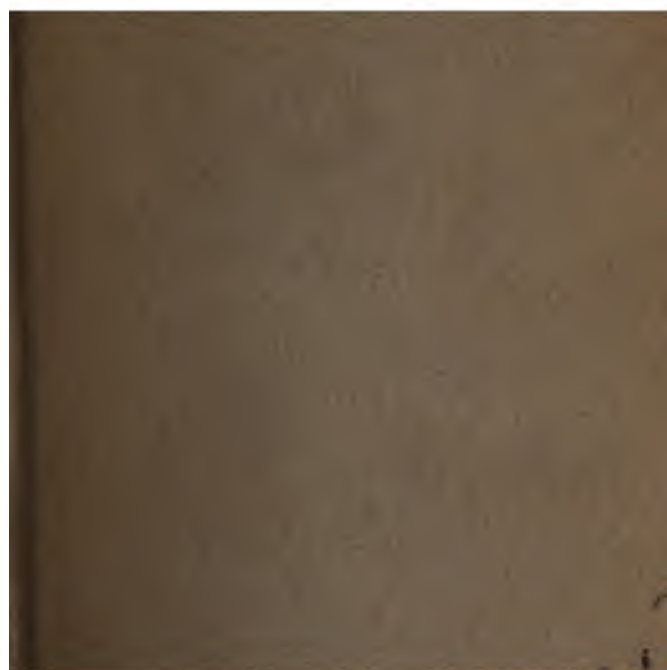
BY VICTOR HUGO PALTSITS

under the terms of the last will and testament of

CATHERINE GANSEVOORT LANSING

*granddaughter of
General Peter Gansevoort, junior
and widow of the*

*Honorable Abraham Lansing
of Albany, New York*

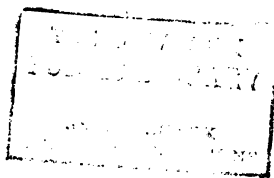






Sherwood
NCW







London: Printed by W. Smith, 1835.

WINTER FOR THE FALLOUTS.

— — — Where is my Frederick she said —
— met M^r Day at the door of the room. —

P. 532.

HAIRPIER & BROTHERS.

1835.



THE WORKS
OF
MRS SHERWOOD.
Uniform Edition.
Vol. X.



Mr Sackville accompanied Sophia only to the Park Gate, where he took leave of her in a most respectful manner.

P 367.

New York,
HARPER & BROTHERS.

1835.



THE
LADY OF THE MANOR;
BEING
A SERIES OF CONVERSATIONS
ON THE
SUBJECT OF CONFIRMATION.

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF
THE MIDDLE AND HIGHER RANKS
OF
YOUNG FEMALES.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD,
Author of "Little Henry and His Bearers," &c. &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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*Nate Ganscroft
from his Mother*

THE

LADY OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

Second Commandment.—Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven Image, nor the Likeness of any Thing, that is in Heaven above, or in the Earth beneath, or in the Water under the Earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the Sins of the Fathers upon the Children, unto the third and fourth Generation of them that hate me; and show Mercy unto Thousands in them that love me, and keep my Commandments.

THE lady of the manor opened the conversation this evening, by requesting one of the young people to repeat the second commandment, which was accordingly done.

“Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and show mercy unto thousands in them that love me, and keep my commandments.”

When the young lady had finished the repetition of this commandment, some person in company asked the lady of the manor to have the kindness to explain to her the

precisely distinction between the duties enforced by the first and the second commandment; adding, that it appeared to her that every obligation enjoined by the first commandment, seemed to be equally inculcated by the second; and those of the second in like manner inculcated by the first. The young lady apologized for making this request, and at the same time expressed her assurance that the Almighty would not have given two commandments where one was sufficient, although she could not satisfactorily discern the difference between them.

The lady of the manor answered, that the commandments of God would always be found so to hang together, that each involved duties enforced by some or all of the others, insomuch that no one commandment could ever be singly and solely broken; and that hence might be found another solution besides that which is commonly received of the following expression—*Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.* (James ii. 10.)

"There is a perfection and agreement," continued she, "in the commandments, which will appear more and more in proportion as we consider their several parts—a holy harmony which admits not of the slightest discord; from whence arises the absurdity of supposing that any thing like an imperfect obedience can be acceptable to God. However, to answer your question, my dear young friend, and to state my opinion to you on this subject as accurately as possible, I must inform you, that, with respect to the commandments in question, it appears to me that the second may be considered as the first commandment assuming a more express and palpable form. The first commandment has respect to the feelings of the heart and its affections, forbidding the undue estimation of any created object; whereas the second commandment especially refers to every external form of idolatrous worship. This latter commandment prohibits the worship which is offered to idols, or false gods, whether celestial or terrestrial, whether in heaven above or in the earth beneath. It also forbids the making or forming of any images, or likenesses, of the true God. It likewise forbids the introduction of all human inventions into the worship of the true God, requiring that we should keep ourselves free from all the

contagious influence of heathen abominations, according to the solemn injunctions recorded in Deuteronomy xii. 30, 31, 32.—*Take heed to thyself that thou be not snared by following them, after that they be destroyed from before thee; and that thou inquire not after their gods, saying, How did these nations serve their gods? even so will I do likewise. Thou shalt not do so unto the Lord thy God: for every abomination to the Lord, which he hateth, have they done unto their gods; for even their sons and their daughters they have burned in the fire to their gods. What thing soever I command you, observe to do it: thou shalt not add thereto, nor diminish from it.* Finally, it forbids our adoption of heathen manners and customs, by no means allowing us to make their mythological writings our study, teaching them to our little ones, extolling their beauties, or holding them up to the admiration of our friends and associates.

"The Almighty," continued the lady, "represents himself in the second commandment, and in many other parts of Scripture, as a jealous God, as one who will have no rival in the affections of his people. He compares himself in other passages of the Word to a husband, while the Church is represented as his bride, as one purchased and washed with his blood. And under this tender appellation of a husband he condescends to solicit the affections of his people; as in Isaiah liv. 5, 6, where we find the following words—*For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall he be called. For the Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith thy God.*"

The lady of the manor then proceeded to observe, that as she had already pointed out to her young people how the first commandment was frequently violated in Christian societies, she should now go on to notice the various modes in which the second commandment was broken in the present day by persons calling themselves Christians, and even by such as are accustomed to consider themselves as the most enlightened and best instructed of the age.

"Idolatry," continued she, "has been the grand engine by which Satan has held the dominion of the world for the

last four thousand years. It is not, however, my present object to ascertain precisely how large a portion of the habitable globe is still lying in absolute paganism. The horrors and enormities of open heathenism are evident enough to every observer: we can all of us see the follies and abominations of Hindoos and Hottentots with a sufficient degree of clearness; and I trust that there are none of you, my dear young people, who are not zealously promoting the cause of missions, whose direct purpose is to evangelize these dark corners of the earth. But our present business is not with these remote evils: by looking continually towards them, we are perhaps in danger of drawing comparisons too favourable to ourselves, and by constantly gazing upon the mote in our brother's eye become insensible of the beam which is in our own eye.

"From the first day that I was honoured in being permitted to become your instructress, it has been my object to draw your attention as much as possible to your own spiritual concerns, and to guard you against those dangers which grow out of the present state of society in this country. Every age and every state of life have their peculiar trials and temptations, and dangers often arise in quarters whence they were least suspected.

"It is well known that there is much actual idolatry in the papal Church; in which the Virgin Mary and the saints are made the constant objects of divine honours: but the Roman Catholic religion has been losing ground and influence for some years in Europe. Neither is it from this quarter that the young people of England, and we may even add those of the Continent, have now most reason to fear.

"It is impossible, one should suppose, for a thoughtful person to visit the Continent, or to become acquainted with our places of public education in England, without perceiving that true religion has another enemy now existing more powerful than popery itself, and one indeed to which the continuance of the Roman Catholic religion on the Continent, and the very slow advancement of religious truth in England since the period of the Reformation, may be traced with a degree of certainty which in after ages will be as apparent as the influence of popery before the time of Luther.

"This enemy of true religion, my dear young people," added the lady of the manor, "is no other than the ancient heathen literature; and it might perhaps be very useful on the present occasion to inquire whether the dark shadows of paganism are so absolutely passed away from Christendom as is generally believed; and whether Satan has not been enabled, with a degree of art unrivalled in the annals of mankind, to keep up the influence of heathen morality with nearly undiminished force, and to preserve the fascinations of heathen profligacy upon the minds of our young people, under the mask of classical elegance and ancient wisdom, not only for ages after the light of true religion had shone on various parts of the earth, but even down to the present period—a period, in this country especially, of no small light and illumination in many other respects?"

In this place one of the young ladies interrupted the lady of the manor, to ask whether she comprehended aright what she had heard; and whether their kind instructress meant them to understand that she considered it a kind of heathenism to study the writings of idolaters in the manner in which they were studied by the learned in the present day?

"My dear young friend," replied the lady of the manor, "I am by no means such a barbarian as to wish the destruction of a single interesting vestige of ancient days; neither do I believe it to be any offence against the Almighty to study the writings of antiquity in order to throw light either upon history in general, or upon the sacred volume in particular. But when I consider that the reading of these books is made the constant employment of our sons from early infancy until the period of education is supposed to be finished, to the almost total exclusion of all biblical learning;—when I consider that the countenance and authority, of all we hold sacred, and all we hold dear, is given to these works which abound in mythological allusions of the most impure nature, and whose choicest passages are replete with such vain-glorious and worldly sentiments as a man must utterly renounce before he can enter the kingdom of heaven;—when we consider that a knowledge of the classics is counted indispensable to the character of a gentleman, while a very alien-

der acquaintance with Scripture is required even from a minister of our Established Church;—we must acknowledge that, although we do not actually bow the knee to Jupiter and Saturn, the shadows of paganism have not yet passed away from our country: and if not from *our* country, how much less so from our continental neighbours!"

The lady of the manor then proceeded to inform her young people of the result of her observations on this subject in a visit made some years before to the Continent.

"I had expected," said she, "to have found our neighbours on the Continent, at least those who preserved the old order of things as it existed before the Revolution, quiet and simple papists, having their houses decorated with the images of their saints, and their walls perhaps enriched with representations of the Holy Family, of St. Agnace, and St. Ursula, &c. &c. How much then was I astonished to find that those pieces of sculpture and painting which had any reference to their religion, were almost wholly confined to places of worship and burying-grounds; while nearly all the ornaments of their houses and gardens, whether produced by the pencil or the chisel, bore allusion to mythological and classical subjects. The inhabitants of the Continent are immoderately fond of paintings and statuary, insomuch that they frequently adorn their gardens and houses with them; the figures in each being large as life, and representing scenes from Ovid, and other ancient writers of the same cast.

"I am rather inclined to think that our continental neighbours are not the deep scholars that we are, and probably do not for the most part enter so accurately into the niceties of language and criticism as we do; at least I believe our islanders wish to have it thought so. But be this as it may, their minds seem very deeply imbued with classical ideas, and not possessing the delicacy which we affect, they represent in colours and proportions which none can mistake, those unholy conceptions of the unregenerate imagination which are found in the above-mentioned authors—which very authors are made the study of our infant boys, when scarcely weaned from the breast.

"The enlightened English tutor may perhaps reply to this—No: we select with care; choosing that which is likely to be profitable to our pupils, and casting the rest

away. In return to which, it may be well asked, how can good be selected from that in which no good exists? or how can we draw any thing that is profitable from that which is universally evil? There may indeed be found in heathen writers some beautiful descriptions of the works of God, and the glories of nature: but all that proceeds from the writer himself, is and must be corrupt; since every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart are declared, in the sacred volume, to be only evil continually. The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be: every sentiment, therefore, of a heathen writer must needs be corrupt, and opposed to that which is right; neither can we wonder at any evil effect which is or may be produced by placing the sentiments, actions, and imaginations of the heathen world under the constant observation of our children. And I have seriously apprehended that much, very much of the depravity of the young people on the Continent may have proceeded from the constant recurrence of these unholy images, whether represented in sculpture, painting, or needle-work; whether found in the original languages, or in translations; or merely remodelled in the shape of epic poems, dramas, songs, or romances.

"But," proceeded the lady of the manor, "as I know your partiality, my dear young people, to any thing in the style of narrative, instead of detaining your attention any longer with my remarks on a subject which may be more interesting to you hereafter than it now is, I shall read a letter to you, which I received a short time ago from a lady, who is now the happy wife of an excellent man in exalted life, and the joyful mother of a beautiful and pious family."

The lady of the manor then rang her bell, and directed her servant to bring in a small casket which she had placed on her dressing-table.

During the absence of the servant, the young people ventured to put some inquiries respecting the lady in question.

In answer to all these inquiries, the lady of the manor referred them to the letter, which, she said, contained a little epitome of the lady's life, written with the express purpose of being shown to a person who was a total stranger to any part of the author's life.

On the casket being put into the hands of the lady of the manor, she opened and drew from it a letter, together with a small painting representing a young and extremely lovely person dressed in the habit of a huntress. Her figure was singularly elegant and majestic; her golden hair was knotted with classic simplicity on the back of her head; health bloomed on her cheek; and genius sparkled in her eye. The background of the little picture represented a wild wood, and two delicate Italian greyhounds occupied some part of the foreground. The execution of this little painting was as excellent as the design was beautiful.

When the young people had satisfied themselves with looking upon this picture, they laid it on one side, and the lady of the manor commenced the letter.

A Letter from Ellen Temple, respecting the effect produced upon the youthful Mind by our usual Classical Studies.

My grandfather, as you well know, my dear Madam, was the Earl of K——, and my father a younger son of that nobleman. My father was a remarkably handsome man; his personal accomplishments being of a kind which served as a letter of recommendation to him wherever he wished to be introduced. His figure was strikingly majestic, while his countenance expressed a peculiar sweetness mixed with an extraordinary degree of vivacity. After being educated in one of the first public schools in England, he was considered as one of the most elegant scholars of his time in the University of Oxford, through which he passed as a gentleman commoner.

My father's private tutor at Oxford was a man of talent; and having, no doubt, in his situation as an instructor of youth, often suffered the penance of being obliged to bear with much dulness, he seemed to be particularly delighted with the rapid manner in which my father received ideas and adopted them as his own. And he was not a little gratified in the success of his pupil, who was acknowledged to be a man of the first genius and most elegant taste who had appeared at Oxford for some years.

It was at that time predicted, by those who knew my father best, that he would become an author, and would

distinguish himself by some superior literary productions; but these predictions have not been fulfilled. My father never produced any compositions of sufficient consequence to be brought before the public; though I found a few essays and some slight attempts at versification in his portfolio, which afforded sufficient proof that had he undertaken larger works, it would not have been without a considerable share of success.

It was always the intention of my grandfather, who was high in favour with the ministry, to bring my father forward in the diplomatic line; but as no situation of this kind immediately offered, upon my father's leaving the University, he was without employment for two years, during which time he indulged in some expenses which his noble friends could not conveniently answer; for my paternal relations are not rich.

In the mean time, hopes were held out to him of speedy advancement in the line he desired: but finding that his creditors would not receive promises in lieu of payment, he suffered himself to be persuaded to seek the improvement of his fortune by marriage; a mode of rising in the world which one should think was but ill suited to a man of my father's elegant taste and intellectual refinement. For he had often been in the habit of speaking of his future wife as of one who must possess the beauty of Helen, and the graces of Calypso, together with the mental distinctions of the unfortunate Sappho; all of which imaginary perfections he was compelled to forego for the ordinary consideration of that large fortune which his various improvidences had rendered desirable.

But, to speak in plain language, the young lady whom he selected as the object of his addresses was very rich, though she had few of those charms with which he used in imagination to endow his destined wife. She had, however, many excellent qualities; and, had her life been spared, she would, no doubt, have obtained and preserved the regard of her husband: she however lived only two years, and dying, left him one daughter.

My father thus becoming a widower in early life, was not sorry to be relieved from the charge of his infant by her maternal grandmother, to whose care he consigned her after her mother's death, and never saw her more; though

he ever retained a tender recollection of her, and seldom spoke of her without a certain expression of countenance which indicated that his feelings for her were more tender than he openly acknowledged.

And now, in order that I may not hereafter break in upon other parts of my story, I shall here trace the simple outline of my sister's pathetic history. She was brought up by her respectable grandmother in much retirement, but not in ignorance. Her grandmother being aware of my father's love of literature, procured for her, when at a proper age, a learned tutor in the person of a middle-aged clergyman of the name of Gisborne, who, while the old lady herself undertook those branches of my sister's education which particularly belong to her sex, occupied himself in the cultivation of her mind and the improvement of her talents.

As far as I could ever learn, my sister was never a brilliant character, nor in any way distinguished by personal beauty: she possessed, however, in a singular degree, that uniform gentleness and consistency which, when united, as in her case, with feeling and good sense, so peculiarly fit the female for all the duties of daughter, wife, and mother, and render her so especially a help meet for the nobler sex.

My sister, being entitled to a large fortune, married very early, and as early became a widow, though not till she had first become a mother. Her only son, the little Alfred, was born when I, his aunt, was about ten years of age, and continued to live with his mother and grandmother, enjoying the instruction of his mother's venerable tutor till I had entered into my eighteenth year; at which time he was deprived of both parents within a few months, and consigned by the dying testimony of his mother to the guardianship of my father, with this stipulation, that he should not on any account be separated from Mr. Gisborne. Intending to mention in its proper place what more I may have to say respecting this little boy, I shall now proceed with the history of my father.

He was very young when he first became a widower, and being thus freed from all domestic cares, he immediately entered upon that mode of life for which he had originally been designed, by accompanying his excellency

Lord——, the English ambassador to the capital of the French monarchy; and from that time he was continually engaged in public affairs in the different courts of Europe till I was twenty-three years of age, although his second marriage did not take place till his daughter by his first wife was between ten and eleven years of age.

It was in the dutchy of Baden, at the town of Carlsruhe, that my father first saw my mother. Being at that time in easy and affluent circumstances, he was not led to this second marriage by the same motives which had formerly influenced him, for my mother was a very beautiful woman, and nearly allied to the first families in the principality. Her fortune was also small when she became my father's wife; though some years after their marriage, through the sudden death of an only brother, she became the heiress of a noble property, and entered into the possession of an almost princely domain.

Thus, my dear Madam, having given you the simple statement of the situation of my family before my birth, I shall proceed to those matters which relate more nearly to myself.

I was born in the grand dutchy of Baden, and was called Ellen; after my mother: but I left the place of my nativity so early, that I should have had no knowledge of it had I not seen it again at a later period. Soon after my birth, my parents went to France, and settled in Paris, having a country-house at Versailles, where I chiefly resided with my governess; although I enjoyed much of the presence of my parents, who were seldom long absent from me, and who regarded me with a degree of tenderness which formed not only their happiness, but mine also. I was naturally a very lively child; and I lived among very animated people. The scenes amid which I resided were calculated to excite the fancy in a more than ordinary degree. It was precisely that point of time in the last age, in which Versailles might be said to have reached its highest glory, when the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, the star of Austria, had just commenced that career of vanity, the end of which was so peculiarly disastrous as to excite the commiseration of all Europe, and will continue so to do as long as any records shall remain of the horrors of that time.

Though very young when I first saw that princess, I shall never forget the expression of her beautiful countenance as I one day met her, when walking with my governess in the gardens of Versailles. She was dressed in a simple robe of dimity, with a straw hat on her head, in which was a single bunch of artificial flowers. Her attendants were few; and there was in her countenance an almost infantine expression of ease and sweetness, which formed a painful contrast with the portraits taken of this unhappy princess in later life, when the world had finished that work of corruption which we are well informed was too successfully begun in the court of her ambitious mother; when the caprices of fashion had destroyed her native simplicity; and after her mind had been inflamed with passion and harassed by fatigue.

About three years ago, when again visiting Versailles in order to weep over the wreck of former magnificence, I saw a small portrait of the little Dauphiness on her first arrival in France; it was inclosed in a shabby frame, and had been thrown aside with other old lumber, in an underground apartment of the palace. In this portrait, the same infantine tenderness was visible; and though the features seemed scarcely yet to have obtained their due proportion, yet there was an air of harmlessness and sweet inexperience cast over the whole figure, which made my heart bleed at every pore, and led me to the indulgence of an encouraging persuasion, that the tragic end of this ill-fated princess was probably preceded by such convictions of the vanity of human life, as might haply fit her for a better world. But to pass from these touching reflections, and to descend into more ordinary life.

Though still somewhat allied to the pomp of courts, many of my early years, as I before said, were passed at Versailles, where my father had a country-house. Though I have myself been a great traveller on the Continent, I never saw a palace which conveyed to my mind such an idea of regal pomp as that of Versailles. I doubt whether it may be asserted that the building is in a good taste; I believe that it is not generally allowed to be so: nevertheless the eye is struck with its magnificent extent, the profusion of sculpture with which it is enriched, the magnitude of its columns, porticoes, terraces, balustrades,

and other architectural ornaments; all of which may be more easily conceived than described. The old-fashioned gardens, too, are not without their imposing effect; the various long walks, some straight, some winding, are separated one from another by little coppices or groves, (for we have not a word in English to describe the ornamented *bosquet* of the French,) in which grottoes charm and fountains play, and where all the caprices of the heathen mythology are represented in groups of marble or of bronze; the various lakes and basins of clear water, each adorned with its triton or water-nymph, its dolphin or its mermaid; the gardens of orange-trees; the avenues of tilleul; the groves of myrtle; the stairs of stone, descending from terrace to terrace, ornamented with balustrades; the marble effigies of kings and heroes of other times;—all present in one point of view so much to amuse the fancy, and to confound all sense of ordinary life and the real state of man on earth, that the youthful individual must be cold indeed, or raised in no ordinary degree above earthly things, who can live at Versailles without receiving many corrupt impressions and entertaining many erroneous ideas.

There is to be found, for the most part, about the courts of kings, a spirit of intrigue or gossip, which requires all the circumstance of splendour attending such places to preserve it in any degree from the low character which never fails to accompany it in every other modification of life. This spirit is equally blended, in general, with flattery and detraction, and few minds are found sufficiently exalted to rise wholly above it. Hence the characters about every court are commonly of the most ordinary kind, agitated by the lowest passions, and excited by the meanest motives. Nor indeed is it possible that the immediate attendants and companions of earthly kings should ever be enabled to triumph completely over the low feelings of envy and ambition, until they are actuated by the fear of Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords.

But it was not in the court of Louis the Sixteenth that characters remarkable for piety were to be looked for; since, among those persons who formed this society, there were few distinguished above the rest by any ideas which were not of the commonest order. There were, indeed, a few literary men—some individuals who read and thought

—and among this number was my father. But, as he has since said of himself, his intellectual pleasures had no reference whatever to religion; and though by no means an avowed infidel, or an open enemy of his God, it never once occurred to him, that the word of God could be made of the slightest use in enlightening and clearing the intellect, or improving the taste: and as to its power, under the divine blessing, of correcting the heart and controlling the passions, it was an idea which never could have suggested itself to his mind in the state in which he then was; for the natural man receiveth not these things.

My father, however, read much; and, pursuing the bent given him at the University, he particularly devoted himself to the classics, together with all such books as are in any way connected with that study. And if he gained no other advantage from this plan of reading, it served to pass his time in a less hurtful way, in some respects, than it might otherwise have been employed in: it kept him at home; it led him to associate with those of the court who were not entirely sunk into modern frivolities; and it preserved him from entering into that very low stile of conversation which I have described as prevailing in the habitations of kings. The society also which frequented his house was of a literary description, men of wit and quickness; yet probably shallow, though I am not authorized to say thus much; and it is highly probable that, had they not been recommended to him by their intellectual endowments, their society would have had few charms for my father.

Though my mother was never accustomed to speak much, yet she laid little restraint on me; and I can well remember, when I was about eight years of age, that I used to steal into the saloon, where my father was entertaining his friends, and actually to make my way through the circle to his knees. Situated in this my place of safety, from which I knew that no one would dare to force me, I used to listen to much that passed; and once in particular I ventured to make such remarks, that a certain abbe, a friend, or rather frequent companion, of my father's, expressed in my presence his regret that a child of such talents, as he was pleased to say I possessed, should be brought up under an ordinary governess.—“Give your

daughter," said he, "a classical education; cultivate her taste by presenting the finest models of composition to her examination; enrich her fancy with the beauties of ancient authors; allow her not to read any modern writers which are not of the same school; and be assured that your daughter will, one day or other, surpass the most celebrated females of her age."

I do not pretend that I should have recollected the whole of this speech from the first hearing of it, and that at so early an age as my ninth year, had it not often been repeated by my father; although we are very ready, even in our most tender years, to receive and understand that which we think redounds to our own honour.

But notwithstanding the good abbe, in the plenitude of his politeness, had thought proper to invest me with such extraordinary talents, I am not aware that any such really existed. I know not that there was any thing out of the common way in me, excepting that I undoubtedly inherit in some degree that vivid imagination which always enabled my father to seize, and as it were to make his own, all such poetical images as were presented to him through the medium of words, of sculpture, of painting, or of scenic representation; although the power of combining these afresh, and arranging them in new and striking forms, (which power we honour with the name of invention,) was not equally bestowed upon him. But however this might be, my beloved father, being encouraged by the abbe, and finding that much leisure remained to him after discharging the various functions of his office in the suit of the ambassador of the English court, resolved to employ himself in the cultivation of my mind, excusing himself for not having provided the same means of instruction for his elder daughter, who was still with her grandmother, upon the plea that her countenance, though mild and amiable, exhibited in infancy no promising symptoms of genius.

Thus having quieted his feelings of duty towards his first-born, my dear father lost no time in procuring for me such a tutor as should bring me through the drudgery of Latin and Greek. This tutor was to ground me well in grammar, and while he led me gently forward through this stony road, my father never omitted any occasion of opening my mind to the beauties of the classics; the

more elegant passages of the heathen mythology; the fabulous histories of ancient heroes, kings, and demi-gods; as well as the brilliant actions and heroic sentiments of the most celebrated personages of those periods of ancient history which are not concealed beneath the cloak of fable or the mists of doubt.

Many of these lessons were given me in the highly decorated environs of Versailles, or in those parts of the palace into which we had admittance—in the halls of the Louvre—in the gardens of the Thuilleries and the Luxembourg—in the pleasure-grounds of Marly—and other places in the neighbourhood of Paris; and assuredly had I been born at Rome itself, before the name of Jesus had extended beyond the precincts of his native land, I could not have enjoyed (if such a word be not ill used in this place) better opportunities of studying the figures, attributes, and characters of the heathen divinities, than those which I possessed in and near the capital of His Most Christian Majesty.

I was at that time too young to be introduced into company, and there was no enjoyment which I could conceive to be greater than walking with my parents in the gardens of Versailles, and listening to my father's conversation; for his lessons were at that time always given through the medium of conversation, and generally taken from the objects which presented themselves; and there can be no doubt but that lessons thus given and thus brought before the eye, are not easily forgotten. Is it possible for me to forget the outlines of the history of the son of Jupiter and Latona, when that history was given me as I stood in the very presence as it were of the demi-god himself, in that beautiful grove of Versailles where three exquisite groups are placed in a grotto formed out of an enormous rock, the entrance of which represents the palace of Thetis?—in the centre is the celestial hero himself, accompanied by six nymphs; the two other groups representing tritons watering the horses of the sun. These last figures are reckoned chief-d'œuvres of the art of sculpture, and seem to be inhaling with fiery nostrils the waters which on days of high festivity gush in torrents from the rock. Or could I lose the recollection of the various adventures of Bacchus, Diana, or Mars, when every perfection of painting and ta-

poetry had been employed to fix them in my imagination? And though my father, no doubt, endeavoured, with all the delicacy that parental affection could adopt, to keep all that was decidedly vicious in these histories as much as possible in the background, yet their effect, when purified as much as they were capable of being purified, was every thing but good; for the imagination of unregenerate youth is ever ready to add that which is wanting, when such aliment only is supplied as carries not with it a strong corrective to evil, just as a disordered stomach turns all to poison, which is not an actual antidote to its distempered state. Thus the imaginations of children being always in a vitiated state, some such corrective as the word of God supplies should be constantly administered to them; *for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalts itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.* (2 Cor. x. 4, 5.)

I was not more than twelve years of age when my parents left Versailles, at which time also I quitted my tutor, who had already carried me through the first seven books of Virgil, together with a part of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and had begun to initiate me in the mysteries of Homer amid all his original beauties. Young however as I then was, the various recollections and impressions I carried away with me of mythological subjects, the sentiments I had acquired from the heathen writers, and the strong bent which had been given to my taste, were such, that I am persuaded no means which could have been used under any system of education, would have effaced those impressions, or changed that bent.

Now it may be asserted that no school-boy in England, while obtaining the rudiments of classical literature, can ever be precisely in the circumstances in which I received my education; for our more enlightened land abounds not with that multitude of images and symbols of a polluted polytheism, with which various parts of the Continent are overspread. Nevertheless, do we not convey to our sons, and even our daughters, the same images, through the medium of books? And though the cold colouring of words undoubtedly makes not its way so speedily to the

heart of a child, as the warmer tints of painting, and the more palpable forms of sculpture, nevertheless the solemnity and gravity which accompany our classical lectures, and the importance we affix to them, are perhaps as likely to give them influence over the minds of our young people, as the lighter mode in which these lessons are conveyed on the Continent. However, to leave those to judge of this subject who may understand it better than I do, I hesitate not to say, that I have no doubt but that the prevalence of classical and heathen imagery among the more refined of our continental neighbours, is one grand source of their corruption, one great cause of their darkness with respect to religion, and that which has upheld the influence of popery, where otherwise it must have fallen from its own inherent absurdity. Of this prevalence none can have an idea who have not travelled into some of the surrounding countries: nor am I able to understand how this circumstance can have been so long overlooked by the many excellent men who have visited our continental neighbours, unless perhaps that they are deluded with the opinion so commonly enforced among us, that the ancient heathenism of Greece and Rome is an enemy so entirely overthrown, so utterly mortified and subdued, as to be no longer an object of fear; while the papal, though in a declining state, is waiting only a fair opportunity to rise again and obtain fresh triumphs.

The occasion of our leaving Versailles was the sudden death of my mother's only brother, by which a very large property devolved to her in the duchy of Baden. I remember little accurately respecting my journey, or of the various events which took place, until my father, having disengaged himself from all his affairs in the diplomatic line, settled himself in a habitation belonging to him in right of his wife, not very distant from Carlsruhe, the modern capital of Baden, and among the mountains of the Schwatzwald or Black Forest.

These mountains extend from the borders of Switzerland to Pforzheim, from which last place the chain which branches off to the north assumes another name. This region, being inclosed towards the west by the Rhine and the Neckar, and by the mountains on the east, is one of the most beautiful parts of Germany; the whole country rising

gradually from the rivers to the mountains, and presenting to the traveller one continued garden, enriched with fruit-trees bending down in summer with the weight of their fruit.

The Hartzwald which are nearer the Rhine than the Schwatzwald, and are sometimes blended with them in one line of view, are not however so bold in their aspect as the mountains of Swisserland, while they have a more smiling and less sullen appearance than the heights of the Black Forest, being frequently enriched with varieties of beautiful forest trees, while their more savage neighbours are for the most part covered with pine, and some of their higher points capped with almost perpetual snow. This range of hills abounds with innumerable torrents, which pouring down from the heights discharge themselves into the Rhine; while the ruins of many ancient towers and castles frowning from amidst these mountain forests, carry the imagination back to those lawless ages when the old Teutonic race disputed the possession of that country with the Roman legions, then stationed along the banks of the Rhine.

It was not however one of these ancient towers, but a handsome modern chateau, with a well cultivated garden, of which my father took possession on his arrival in Germany; neither was it so deeply inclosed by the mountains as to render it an inconvenient habitation, though sufficiently so for every purpose of romantic beauty. The high road from Manheim to Rastadt was not very distant from us; and as the whole of the intermediate ground was occupied by oak and beech woods, the drive through the forest from the high road to the chateau was exceedingly beautiful, acquiring new charms as it approached the foot of the mountains, and penetrated more deeply into the haunts of the deer.

Some time before my father had relinquished public life he had begun to express his weariness of it, and since he had conceived the idea of devoting his time to my education, he seemed to have expressed more than his former disgust at the manner in which he was compelled to pass his days in the suit of an ambassador; but now, being suddenly raised to a very distinguished situation in his wife's country, and finding himself in possession of a very ample property, he resolved to indulge himself in that mode of life for which he had long secretly sighed; namely,

an elegant and classical retirement, where, with his books, his daughter, (for he was excessively fond of me,) and a few friends, he might bring together all that he conceived really desirable in the present life.

My father had lived many years with foreigners, and could speak German and French with perfect ease; it was not therefore necessary to his comfort that his literary companions should be Englishmen; but such was his predilection for the classics, that he never considered any man a real gentleman who was not well versed in these studies.

With such plans of future enjoyment, my father lost no time in adding such decorations to his house and grounds as he judged they were best capable of receiving. It was not a gothic castle, but a classic villa, which my father wished to possess; and although the Apennines might have afforded a more suitable situation than the Schwatzwald for a Roman villa, yet my father was not sorry to have such beauties of nature at his command, as those which the Schwatzwald presented, at so remote a distance from Rome as the banks of the Rhine.

The house which I am here describing stood in the centre of a large and rich domain. It was situated on the side of a hill, in the centre of a lawn, wholly inclosed by woods; those in our neighbourhood being composed of chesnut, beech, oak, and the silver-shafted birch, while those which were more remote presented only one mighty mass of dark fir-trees.

From these woods arose, in one vast range, and stretching from north to south further than the eye could reach, innumerable summits of mountains; some bare and rocky, some entirely covered with wood, and others frequently clothed in mantles of snow; some forming prominent features in the landscape, while others appeared to withdraw from the eye in colours almost as faint as the blue ether of the higher latitudes. The house was surrounded by a park abounding with deer, and containing within a moderate compass every possible variety of hill and dale, waterfall and rock, cool grotto, breezy lawn, and shadowy glade; —scenes of endless variety, and such as were calculated to give inconceivable delight to one already perhaps too much devoted to the pleasures of fancy.

The inhabitants of that part of Germany concerning which I am here speaking, are not behind their more western neighbours in their taste for statuary; and great encouragement is given to the arts of painting and sculpture in the principality of Baden. It was not, therefore, difficult for my father to find artists of sufficient eminence to execute all his plans of this kind; and since a better and purer taste has marked his character, through the divine mercy, he has often smiled at the recollection of his persevering activity, and the diligence he used in converting his house and pleasure-grounds into a kind of pantheon. This trifling taste is undoubtedly not so common now in England as it formerly was; but it is impossible to take the air in a nobleman's garden on the Continent without coming into contact with gods and goddesses, fauns and satyrs, wood-nymphs and water-nymphs, in marble or bronze, ill or well executed, suitably or unsuitably accompanied. Scarcely a fishpond can be found on the Continent, in the centre of which there is not a frowning Neptune with his trident; nor a summer-house which is not set forth with the loves of the Graces. There is hardly a little inn throughout all Germany whose walls are not adorned with the representation of some classical story; and I have frequently seen the greater part of the metamorphoses of Ovid represented on coarse paper, with a coarser pencil, and employed as a substitute for tapestry, in houses where it was almost doubtful whether a single person could read.

These things are absurd; but if they were only absurd, we might pass them by without wishing them otherwise. But they are worse than absurd; for the influence of these things is decidedly corrupting; and every one who thinks at all must feel them so to be. And although, as I before remarked, the worthy people of England have in some degree renounced their taste for leaden gods and marble goddesses, (a taste which probably never prevailed in our island in the degree it has abroad,) yet it must be allowed, that ideas are the same, however conveyed, whether by words or symbols, their nature and influence not undergoing the least alteration by the medium through which they are brought to the mind.

It may perhaps be pleaded, that the ancient authors are not read on account of their mythological allusions;

that no person now living believes in the existence of these ancient demi-gods; and that no one receives them with more faith than they do the tales of Riquet a la Houpe, and Pett Ponche. For the sake of argument we will grant all this, and that the shocking narratives of the degrading conduct of these fabled personages produce no effect on the youthful mind: yet let it be remembered, that when the fountain itself is corrupt, the waters which spring from it must necessarily be equally corrupt. The ancient heathen authors were either entirely without religion, or the religion they professed was of the most polluting description: hence the poison of infidelity, or the abominations of a vicious polytheism, were distilled into their hearts, and flowed abroad through their writings; and these writings, thus polluted and replenished with poison, are delivered to our children, yea, and pressed upon them with every argument which parental authority can adopt with any chance of success. The child who neglects these studies is threatened with correction; and the youth who declines them is told of the shame which must accompany him through the whole of life.

But without saying too much in this place on a subject to which I must again call your attention in a further part of my letter—I must request you, my dear Madam, to represent me to yourself at the age of fourteen, settled with my parents in the chateau of Worinheim, among the most beautiful and least rugged environs of the Schwatzwald. The house we occupied stood upon the site of an ancient castle; which having fallen to complete decay, had risen again in the form of an excellent modern house, though still possessing many of the interior and exterior beauties of ancient Grecian architecture. On each side of this building towards the east and west were colonnades of polished granite. These colonnades were composed of coupled columns of the Corinthian order, and the interior peristyles, with their ceilings, were richly decorated with foliage and interacements carefully executed. Above the doorways which led from the peristyle into the interior of the house were many classic groups, executed in low relief of excellent workmanship; while a variety of beautiful figures, after the antique, ornamented different parts of the house and pleasure-grounds.

The prospects from the two fronts of the house, namely, towards the Rhine on one side, and the mountains on the other, were equally beautiful and striking; the forepart being filled up by the ornamented pleasure-grounds, which formed a most striking contrast with the more wild scenery in the distance. This pleasure-ground, on our first arrival at the chateau, we found arranged with too much art: but my father soon contrived to destroy this stiffness, and to introduce the line of beauty and the ease of nature into regions, which the late possessor had laid out entirely by the rule and compass.

There is something peculiarly wild and impressive in all the scenery of the Schwatzwald; a certain appropriate character, which when once seen cannot easily be forgotten. But it was necessary to pass the more ornamented grounds surrounding our habitation, in order to enjoy an unobstructed view of these more savage prospects, which derived an additional degree of grandeur from a comparison with the beautiful lawns and walks by which they were approached.

There are nearly sixteen thousand inhabitants spread over these mountains, who have no other subsistence but what they derive from their cattle and the tillage of their fields. There are few towns and villages in these wilds: solitary cottages scattered here and there, afford the only habitations of these mountaineers. These houses have many windows, and are surrounded with galleries of wood; the thatched roofs of which project so far on the back part of them as entirely to cover these galleries, and sometimes to touch the sloping sides of the hills on which these little tenements are built. These habitations afford not a single specimen of masonry, and their large black beams suggest the idea of deep gloom. Many of these buildings have small chapels, the little bells of which are daily heard calling to morning and evening prayers.

The inhabitants of these mountains were, as may be supposed, so extremely ignorant, that it was impossible for my father to find a companion among them: he was therefore rendered more entirely dependent for society on those learned men who thought it worth their while to come from a distance to enjoy for a short season the charms of retired life and literary ease.

In the mean time, my father found constant amusement in the decoration of his place, and in the cultivation of my intellect; wishing to effect that change in my character by polite literature and a refined taste, which can only be produced by the influences of the Holy Spirit working effectually on the heart.

As my father was a man of real taste and rectified feeling, he could not but greatly admire the excellency of virtue. He had an exalted idea of female perfection. He seemed precisely to know what ought to be the result of a good education; but mistaking the means which were to produce that result, he lost himself and his daughter, for a time at least, in seeking among the rubbish of heathen writers those treasures which exist only in the word of God.

It might perhaps fatigue my reader, were I to note down precisely the order in which my father brought me acquainted with the ancient classic writers. Suffice it to say, that I pursued much the same course as is generally followed by young men in England who receive a classical education, with this exception, that I was not required to write Latin. I was also made to study the Greek and Roman history, to write correctly in English and French, as well as to read and appreciate the best authors in these languages. My father was at no time an enemy to religion: so far from it, that when, in the course of these lectures, any religious sentiment or any notice of holy men or holy things came before his view, he would not only receive them favourably, but even speak of them in the warmest terms of approbation. These matters, however, took no hold of his mind; he would pass them over almost immediately, and scarcely give them a secondary weight when compared with the objects of his literary attention. Yet one thing I must remark, as happening to him, I believe, in common with many other well-meaning persons who are devoted to classical studies, that he would always speak of the Bible with respect, especially when it happened to be forced upon his attention, and would assert very coolly, and wholly without any appearance of self-reproach, that it was in order to enable me to understand the Scriptures fully, that he had taught me the ancient languages; asserting that it was his intention at some future time to go through a regular course of Scriptural reading, taking with

him all the helps which his knowledge of ancient languages and customs could supply; not considering that if he spent so much time in the vestibule of divine knowledge, little would be left for the study of its interior parts. But even granting, by way of argument, that the Latin and Greek classics may sometimes afford a little assistance towards making out the meaning of certain obscure passages of Scripture; it may yet reasonably be doubted whether they do not frequently form a Babel in which the language of Zion is confounded with the tongues of unconverted men.

But to hasten from this disputed ground, where I fear I shall bring down upon me the indignation of the wise and prudent of this world, I shall proceed to state the effect which the education I received had upon my mind, and to describe the kind of person I was in my seventeenth year.

I must begin with saying that I was naturally lively, and from the unrestrained liberty I enjoyed, in amusing myself among the various beautiful scenes which our large domain included, I was remarkably healthy and active.

The education, however, which I was receiving, and the society with which I mixed, prevented this exuberance of health and spirits from degenerating into coarseness. I had been accustomed to all the more refined decencies of high life; I had been early acquainted with courts, and I knew that it was expected of me that I should appear to be every thing that was accounted amiable. Neither was I without pride, nor yet without a just sense of what is graceful and estimable in woman: so that I had various motives for endeavouring to set myself off to the highest advantage. My passions, too, were not of that overpowering nature which demand their gratification at every risk. I therefore passed well in the eyes of all who knew me, and my poor parents, no doubt, rested content in their work. In the mean time, however, nothing but disorder reigned within my breast. I was alternately a prey to eager longings after pleasure, and strong risings of resentment against the lawful and necessary restraints of society. At one time my overflowing spirits would carry me beyond all the bounds of propriety, and at another I became a prey to painful regrets: for there was not in fact one single rec-

tified idea in my mind, nor one solid point through the whole wide region of my heart whereon reason might fix its stand to take just views of human life. And here permit me to remark, that reason itself, without the aid of revelation, can throw but little light on the present circumstances of man; being utterly unable to unravel the mysteries of fate, to account for the contradictions exhibited in the human character, or to conceive how such multiplied imperfections should exist in the works of an all-wise and omnipotent God.

I believe it to be a very common thing for young people, and those especially whose imaginations are naturally lively, and whose intellects are highly cultivated, particularly when frequently alone, to become the prey of very disorderly thoughts. Many excellent persons being fully aware of this, strictly forbid their children the use of novels and romances, with such works of the English poets as are not the most correct of their kind; and in so doing it cannot be doubted that they fulfil an important duty. But I ask, do these parents act consistently by being thus guarded with respect to the authors of our own country, while they place the writings of the heathen in the hands of all their infant sons? or, is it possible that they should not perceive that there is scarcely a single novel of the present century which does not contain more pure sentiments and more proper rules of life than could have been extracted from the whole Alexandrian library, had its thousand volumes been consulted for this only purpose? We of course except the sacred volumes of the Jews. And may it not further be asked, are not the works of men who have made the classics their chief study, and derived their sentiments from those polluted sources, generally speaking the worst productions of the English press? I speak not of books which never find their way into polished life.

But not to digress from my point.—I speak from experience when I assert, that all the worst effects of novels, with respect to filling the youthful mind with ideas which should, if possible, never be admitted into it, are produced in a stronger degree, and in a much more dreadful form, by these celebrated works of the ancient heathen; and I am fully persuaded that more persons have been prepared for

vice in after life by books of this description, than by any other engine which Satan ever devised.

The form in which the images presented to me in these writings first took hold of my mind was apparently more pleasing than dangerous. It was soon after my arrival at Walenburgh, when I first found myself removed at some distance from the hurry and confusion of more public life, and in a situation to enjoy the beauties of nature, and to range at liberty through the wild scenery which surrounded my father's house—it was in these circumstances that I first began to combine and arrange in my own mind those ideas which had been instilled into me from infancy. The writings of the ancient heathen are replete with exquisite images and striking symbols, which render them unspeakably fascinating to youth, and thus enhance their danger; inasmuch as these elegances of style are frequently employed sometimes to set forth the most unworthy actions, and sometimes to conceal the most atrocious deeds.

In early infancy the fable is often read, and the emblem committed to memory, with the same simple view as that under which the child considers the offering of Abel and the sacrifice of the paschal lamb. But as in one case the seeds of truth unfold themselves in after years, and shed their sacred influence over the heart; so in the other case the serpent, long concealed beneath the flowery emblem, after a while raises its threatening head, and poisons the whole soul in which it had long lain dormant.

It was accordingly at that precise period of life in which a young person begins first to think and use those stores of knowledge, whether good or bad, which he has acquired in childhood, that my mind first began to make those classic images its own with which it had been so sedulously stored: and having every help that the most beautiful scenery could afford, together with the aid of solitude, it was then that I began to people my usual haunts with the creations of fancy. In the purple light of the morning, beaming over the sombre Schwatzwald, I failed not to represent to myself the daughter of Hyperion and Thia, who, as the poets pretend, opens with her rosy fingers the gates of the east, and pours the dew upon the tender grass, causing the flowers to unfold their enamelled cups, and shed their odours through the ambient air. I fancied that I could see her chariot

rising above the fir-crowned heights, while darkness fled before her—the celestial bow, the arch of the covenant, the token of our better hopes, brought no other image to my unsanctified imagination than that of the fabled Iris with her variegated robe—and the sun in his meridian glory had not power to excite in my mind any ideas more exalted than those which the heathen poets supply, although I must even then have heard that wonderful description of this glorious body in the Psalms, which, in point of poetical beauty, as much exceeds all classical images, as the majesty of the human countenance surpasses in glory the physiognomy of the noblest of the brute creation.

All this, however, may be considered as childish. I grant it. But what can reasonably be considered as more mean and puerile than the conceits of heathen authors? and what should be the object of a well directed education, but to keep out of sight all childish fancies, and supply the mind with proper materials for meditation? I must be permitted to remark in this place, that where no counter-acting means are used to rectify the disorders of a puerile imagination, the evil must necessarily increase with increasing years. A wicked child may be sometimes quieted with toys and sugar-plums; but the restless imagination of an unsanctified young person cannot be so easily satisfied. The study of the Book of God is the appointed means for correcting and purifying our thoughts, and few were ever persuaded to adopt this custom without finding the divine blessing.

I have probably now said enough to lead you to conjecture that, as I advanced in years, my progress was rather from worse to worse than from better to better: and from this time till I reached my eighteenth year, though I grew in stature, and acquired some degree of important information, I deviated further and further from that straight and narrow way which leadeth unto life.

About this time, it was necessary for my father (I do not precisely recollect on what occasion) to pay a visit to the court of our sovereign prince, the Duke of Baden, who was at that time at his palace at Swetzinghen. As certain princesses were also then residing at the palace, ladies to whom my mother was not only well known, but distantly related, and as it was a season of public festivity in the

court of Baden, my father was pleased to make my mother and myself the companions of his journey. This was a gratifying incident, and I proposed to myself great pleasure in being introduced to such scenes of princely grandeur and festivity as the occasion promised.

Were it to my present purpose, I could say much about the satisfactions I enjoyed in this journey from my father's house on the Schwatzwald towards the higher provinces of the grand duke's dominions. We arrived at Swetzinghen on the third day from our leaving home; where my father having provided his family with the best apartments which so small a town could afford, he hastened to pay his duty to his sovereign, and was honoured with an invitation for my mother and myself to a gala, to be celebrated that very evening at the palace.

It was with no small delight that I saw myself arrayed in a magnificent dress for this my first appearance in a royal circle; and the sight of my own person in a large mirror, (for there are few houses of any respectability on the Continent which cannot boast of a piece of furniture of this description,) blazing in the family jewels, and sweeping behind me a train of the richest silk, very powerfully assisted my imagination in anticipating the pleasures which I expected.

It was after sunset, in a glorious evening in the early part of autumn, when we were conveyed to court in my father's coach, attended by such a train as the pomp of the occasion was thought by my mother to require; for the nobles of the German empire affect extraordinary appearances of pomp, though they are great contemners of what in England we call consistency. On reaching the palace, we were set down in a large court encompassed on three sides by buildings whose extensive and heavy architecture was any thing, as I thought, but magnificent; though their defects were in some degree shrouded by the dubious light. However, let the building be what it might, it was a palace, and the dwelling of a crowned head, and as such I entered it with trepidation, although it was far inferior in point of beauty to my father's habitation.

I scarcely recollect the various halls and antechambers through which we passed before our introduction into the presence of his serene highness, who received us in an

apartment blazing with all the circumstances of royal magnificence: where soon I found me with the various companies of presentation and introduction which took place before I found myself standing with a group of young ladies of my own rank in one of the most apartments of the suit which communicated with the presence-chamber, and where I was associated on a footing of equality and apparent intimacy with some of the fairest and most noble of the princely family.

It is not in human nature to stand in a group of strangers, and to see for the first time a number of faces, without feeling a predilection for some, and a distaste for others. There are persons, who, having had much experience of life, and possessing, moreover, a natural insight into character, are enabled at once to form a shrewd and almost an accurate idea of the state of mind and habits of all who come under their inspection. But it is seldom that young persons form a right judgment of others on a first appearance: while there are many, (and at that time I was one of these unfortunate individuals,) who really have not a correct idea of what is valuable in any character, and who possess neither taste nor principle sufficient to admire that which is excellent where it really exists. It cannot, therefore, be matter of wonder, if, amidst the splendid groups which surrounded me, I, who was, as I have before said, totally unsettled with regard to principle, should select, from amid the specious crowd, a companion who was perhaps the most unfit of the whole party to enjoy my confidence. This young lady was the daughter of a man of very high rank in Baden, and one who had often been employed as an ambassador in foreign courts. He was lately returned from France, where his daughter had been educated; and it was probably that easy and unblushing air, together with that caressing style of manners so usual among those with whom she had associated from infancy, which completed the fascination her countenance had begun. Her title was the countess Rheinswald; and she had an only brother, whom she introduced to me before our friendship had subsisted the short space of an hour.

I had been introduced to this young lady in common with many others, shortly after my admission into the palace, and had endeavoured to improve my acquaintance

by putting one or two questions to her on different subjects.

"You are a stranger to us all, then," she said, in answer to my last question; "and yet we all know you well, at least by report; and I can assure you that the rumour of your arrival excited no small sensation in the noble society here present."

"My arrival!" I replied; "how can it be possible that the expectation of seeing a person of so little importance as myself, should have affected a single individual in this company?"

"It affected all and every one," she answered, "at least among our younger people; for some desired, and others feared to see you: though I doubt not but that the hopes and fears of all have fallen infinitely short of the reality."

"You use enigmas," I replied.

"Perhaps I may," she said; "yet not of so dark a nature, but that you might readily understand them, did you only know your own advantages."

My wit was not so blunt, but that I then began to comprehend her meaning; and was no doubt better pleased with the compliments she paid me than if they had been expressed in less ambiguous terms.

Her next manoeuvre was to take me apart to a sofa at one end of the room, from whence we could see much of what was passing in the next apartment, where the duke himself was engaged with such of his visitors as were most distinguished either for their age, their weight in public affairs, or the rank they held in the principality.

"Come," said she, "sit by me; and as you know few persons here, I will be your nomenclator."

I accepted her invitation, and, seated by her, was much amused, for the space of half an hour, with the lively pictures she drew of every individual then within her view. In every description she conveyed something of satire, but it was with a delicate and courtly touch; and every little piece of raillery seemed to escape her as it were without her own knowledge. Some, indeed, of the figures which swam before us, (for it must be recollected that all this passed in the presence of a crowned head, though not on an occasion of ceremony,) were laughable enough, and might

have excited mirthful ideas in wiser heads than ours; for the countess was apparently little older than myself.

The style of dress at that period was extremely ridiculous; the heads of the ladies being branched forth with an exuberance of powdered curls, feathers, and flowers, while the lower parts of their costume not a little resembled the decorations of a maypole. Mingled with these figures, which were by far the most numerous, were some who retained the fashions of former days—certain old dowagers, and venerable heads of ancient families, who counted any deviation from the long waist, the stomachers, the mantuas, the doubled and trebled ruffles, the toupets, and lappets, of ancient days, as great an offence against propriety, and as decided a proof of the degeneracy of the age as could be evidenced by fallen man.

It must not, however, be supposed that we yielded to any visible expressions of merriment on this occasion. Had I been so disposed, I should have been warned to use contrary behaviour by the guarded manner of my companion, who had been too much used to scenes of this kind to discover any departure from the most correct manners.

While this conversation was passing, and while every moment increased my confidence in my new associate, a young gentleman entered the room, whom, from the strong resemblance, I instantly discovered to be the brother of my new friend, though he was undoubtedly much handsomer, and possessed a certain expression of countenance, which, when once seen, could not easily be forgotten; nevertheless, as I was then no deep physiognomist, I could not exactly ascertain what this expression signified. The young man was, however, the accomplished gentleman in his manner and deportment: and he had not been many minutes in the room, before my friend pointed him out to me, hoping, as she added, to have a speedy opportunity of introducing him to me, informing me, at the same time, that he had been educated in France, and had served in the army. Indeed, this last piece of information was unnecessary, since he actually wore a superb uniform, while his step and air were decidedly military.

The young man had taken his station at the upper end of the room, among a group of young ladies, with whom he seemed to be perfectly familiar; but, on observing his

sister, he advanced towards us; when having gone through the form of a regular introduction, he took a seat by me, and attached himself to me for the rest of the evening. While we remained in this situation, I recollect little that he said, which, on reflection, could either greatly please or displease. He spoke like a thousand others; and I remarked nothing in him but the peculiar change which took place in his countenance when he smiled; his natural expression being remarkably grave, and his handsome, though marked features, and dark eyes, with the fine contour of his head and well arranged hair being precisely such as might have been expected beneath the visor or helmet of an Orlando or a Tancred. It may be asked what remarkable change this was? But I can by no means describe it, otherwise than by saying it was striking, and such as fixed the attention of the beholder, and induced the unguarded young creature who had seen it once to look for it again.

Somewhat more than an hour had passed in the manner above described, when the commencement of the amusements proposed for the evening were announced. I had been previously informed, that a tragedy was to be presented in the rural theatre, which is still to be seen in the gardens of Swetzinghen. The hour being duly announced, the noble company began immediately to put themselves in motion; and as it was not supposed that there could be any danger in mixing with any part of such a society as this, my mother, being by this time deeply engaged with some old marchioness or princess of her former acquaintance, and my father not less occupied in immediate conversation with the duke himself, I was permitted to take the chance of the company, and to follow in the royal suit.

How the elder and more ceremonious persons were conveyed to the place of amusement, which was in no very distant part of the extensive gardens of Swetzinghen, I cannot say; but I recollect that I myself was persuaded by the young Countess Rheinswald and her brother, to linger somewhat behind the rest of the party, in order that we might better enjoy the beautiful gardens as seen by moonlight. It was, as I before remarked, a fine evening, in the early part of autumn, the air being perfectly dry, and scarcely a cloud visible in the heavens. It had been

very hot in the crowded assembly within the palace: I therefore experienced a considerable degree of pleasure, when I stepped forth into the cool air embalmed as it was with the breath of flowers; for the parterres on each side of the grand walk which proceeded directly from the front of the palace to the more remote parts of the garden, were chiefly composed of beds of roses. Although seen only by moonlight, the first view of the gardens of Swetzinghen was very imposing, notwithstanding their being arranged in the old stiff fashion which we know in England only by report. To our right and left were majestic groves, forming a long but very wide avenue. Directly before us were three tanks, at regular distances from each other, and separated by green lawns. Beyond the most remote of these artificial pieces of water, and at the utmost extent of the two lines of trees which formed the avenue, appeared a range of hills not to be distinguished at that hour from clouds resting on the horizon, unless by their undeviating forms and unchanging outlines. The borders of the tanks, the groves, and the parterres, were intersected by many broad gravel walks or ranges of trellis work, and scarcely an angle was seen in this many-angled garden which had not its statue to boast; insomuch, that those silent, cold, and motionless figures seemed as it were to people the whole scene: for while I stood looking on them, all the living beings with whom but now I had been surrounded had passed out of sight under the grove to the right, with the exception of the sentinels who were walking before the front of the palace, and the young Count and Countess of Rheinswald.

It seems that my companions were anxious, for some reasons of their own, which afterwards appeared, to detain me as long as possible in their company; for the young lady holding me back as I was turning after the rest of the party, begged me to stand still awhile to contemplate the beautiful scene. "You have the mountains of the Vosges directly before you," she said; "and were it day, instead of night, you might see the Hartzwald beneath the arched way, which runs under the palace, in a direct line with the opposite hills."

I stood still, and we remained motionless for a time, and in deep silence; the murmur of voices having died

away in the distance, and no sound disturbing the silence of the night but the rushing waters of the fountains which were playing in the centre of the nearest tanks, and throwing up their crystal waters to the height of many feet, forming sparkling arches in the moonbeams.

There is something peculiarly refreshing in the rush of waters, whether natural or artificial, in a hot climate; and upon my expressing some feeling of the kind, my young companions led me towards the first fountain, and we stood awhile on its banks.

While remaining in this situation, the young count endeavoured to draw me into discourse by certain questions and remarks, evidently intended to discern the depth of the natural talents and acquirements of the person he had to deal with. I wanted neither information on many subjects, nor quickness of wit, deplorably ignorant as I was of myself, my religion, and human nature in general; and I have no doubt that the count soon perceived that I was not a young person who had been brought up after the ordinary mode of the country in which we were: for he presently, though with great ease, and apparently without design, passed from more common to more refined topics, making several allusions to literary subjects, which proved that he had read largely, if not deeply.

A distant sound of music at length reached our ears; on which we resumed our walk, in the direction whence it proceeded, amusing ourselves, as we passed, with a conversation of which I remember little, till, having made many circumvolutions in the perplexed labyrinths of the extensive garden, and being sensible only of my approach to the place of amusement by the increasing sound of the music, we at length arrived at a part of the garden where, on a dripping rock, in a striking situation, from the neighbourhood of many clustered and deep shadowing trees, we beheld the god or demon Pan, larger than life, in white marble, and seated on the rock; his figure being the more prominent and striking from the shade in which every object around him was involved.

Although I had always been familiar with these silent breathless figures, to which our good neighbours on the Continent are so greatly attached, and had certainly, during my walk in his serene highness's garden, seen as

large an assemblage of them as I could possibly have expected in any other place, unless on paying a visit to the Pantheon at Rome; yet I was certainly somewhat startled to see the god of shepherds, the celebrated son of Dryope, thus appropriately placed and accurately represented, that is, according to the ideas I had always conceived of him; and I probably somewhat started back when first the large white figure flashed upon my eye. On which, my companions laughed; and the young count remarked, that certainly the ancient Grecians had the advantage over all other men, whether Hindoos, Chinese, Jews, or Christians, in the elegance and appropriateness of their mythological conceits. "There are some things vastly entertaining," he added, "in some of the conceits of these Grecians, some things exceedingly ingenious and amusing."

"And others," I added, not aware of the ground I was treading upon, "exceedingly elegant and beautiful."

"Undoubtedly so," he replied, in a graver manner; "the mythology of the ancients is as much superior to our barbarous monkish conceptions of it, as the Iliad of Homer surpasses the Contes de Fees de Monsieur Perault. And," added he, "the characters formed on the Grecian polytheistical religion, and the works inspired by the belief of it, are to this day the glory and wonder of the world, and will continue to be so as long as the earth endures."

He then entered, as we walked along, into what I have since found to be quite a commonplace panegyric on the classical writers, and the Grecian and the Roman characters, particularly the latter; and finished the whole as we approached the rural theatre, by hazarding a sentiment so decidedly contemptuous of the Christian religion, that I might have known what he was, and have learned thenceforward to shun him with unfeigned abhorrence, had he not chosen a moment for this declaration in which the new scene which opened upon me, by dividing my attention, prevented my displeasure from concentrating in one point.

The rural theatre in the gardens of his royal highness at Swetzinghen is nearly encircled by trees, excepting in the back of that part which is laid out for the stage, where is a beautiful temple of Apollo, built of polished stone, in the open portico of which is the figure of the demi-god himself, larger than life, and composed of white marble. Under

the front of the temple, which is considerably elevated, are two naiads holding vases, through which water flows perpetually into a marble basin placed between them. In the centre of this basin I had afterwards time to observe one of the most beautiful devices which I could have conceived to have been ever produced by the art of man. This was a water-lamp, the water being thrown up so curiously, and so arranged by art as to form the same protection to the lamp as that commonly supplied by a crystal vase. How it was contrived I do not pretend to say; but such was the appearance it made to me. The whole scene was richly illuminated with lamps suspended from the trees, and upon the light lattice work with which the whole theatre was surrounded; and the audience placed in a semicircular form, upon seats raised one above another, and composed of all that was gay, splendid, and magnificent, which the realm could afford, formed together a spectacle of no small interest to a young creature who had spent her few last years in retirement. A seat not very distant from my mother had been left for me and the young countess; behind which the count contrived to place himself, but so near to me, that he had only occasion to stoop forward a little to converse with me.

As we entered the theatre, a most exquisite band of music were performing a piece which I thought delightful. Perhaps the scenery and circumstances in which I heard this music added to its charms; but we were in a country celebrated for its superior taste for harmony. The music, however, was not the less pleasing from the orchestra not being visible.

All remained silent till the music had ceased: when a short pause ensuing, the young count addressed me by asking me if I did not think the whole arrangement of the theatre truly classical? "And I am happy to say," he added, "that I trust the representation which we are about to witness will harmonize so well with the scenery, that the illusion will be heightened rather than diminished thereby. We are to have nothing barbarous, nothing modern, but the language." He then broke forth into a warm panegyric upon the taste of the ancients; such a one as we may hear every day, and read every hour, from the mouths and pens of many good Christians, who continue to repeat

the cry of, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," because their fathers and grandfathers did so before them; without considering that they are thereby re-echoing the watchword of infidelity, and strengthening the hands of the arch-enemy of mankind himself.

I do not precisely recollect the words of this panegyric; but its tendency was to exalt the heathen character, the heathen genius, the heathen taste, and even the heathen morals, above those of the Christian world. He represented their mythology as having something in it of an inspiring and animating nature; and, looking up to the temple of Apollo, whose polished columns were richly illuminated by the lights beneath, the figure of the god himself being made more prominent by the disposal of the lights, he added, with a kind of affected fire, "And in truth, if I must need pay my adoration to blocks of wood and marble, I know not whether I should not be quite as well disposed to bestow them at yonder shrine, as to kneel before St. Anthony of la Barbe Salle, or le Bon St. Nicholas.

"Hush!" said his sister at this bold speech: "you are not required to make any choice among these different divinities."

In reply to this remark of his sister's the count returned an answer, by which, instead of retracting what he had before said, he ventured to implicate names infinitely more honourable and more dear to the real Christian than those before mentioned, yet with an ease and lightness of manner which might almost have lead to the supposition that he spoke more from thoughtlessness than design.

Had my education been wisely directed to the study of eternal truths, instead of those follies to which my thoughts were exclusively devoted, I should undoubtedly have shown my displeasure at the first intimation of that contempt of religion which the Count de Rheinswald evidently entertained, and have sought at once to cut off all intercourse with a character from which nothing but profligacy and violence could be expected; I should have expressed my dissatisfaction in some short and emphatic manner, and have allowed him no more of my attention. But while I was hesitating what reply to make, or whether I should let his blasphemous remark pass as if I had not heard it, since it was not addressed particularly to me—

the representation commenced, and my attention was wholly drawn towards the stage.

The piece was a modern one, but composed after the manner of the ancients; and the scenes represented were such as might have been expected to have taken place in the vicinity of the temple of Apollo. The actors were good, or perhaps I was just in the disposition to think them so; and nothing was wanting, at least to my imagination, of appropriate robe or buskin, of choral song or solemn music, to render the illusion complete.

During the interval which separated the acts, the Count de Rheinswald took occasion to express his pleasure, or to give his opinion; his remarks always running in favour of the ancients, and towards the depreciation of the moderns: from which he meant me to infer, as it afterwards appeared, that all taste and genius were lost on earth, under the depressing influence of superstition, under which epithet he evidently meant to include the whole system of Christianity. "Consider," said he, with some pomposity, which I at that time thought exceedingly fine, "the poor and low trash which we find in our modern comedies, and the tinselled ornaments of our stage. What are our lower orders to learn from the products of the present degenerate age, in which genius is cramped by priestcraft, and the human mind depressed by the horrors of superstition? But it was not so with the ancients; the unfettered mind of man was then left at liberty to soar to the highest summit of human perfection. Where do we now behold those heroic characters exhibited in the Agamemnon and the Eumenides of *Æschylus*? or the Antigone and the Electra of *Sophocles*? Where shall we find, among our modern authors, or where, indeed, among any authors except those of the ancient Greeks and Romans, that exquisite sense of the beautiful, those tender touches of the pathetic, that high estimation of human virtue, that harmony and perfection of versification, or that pure taste for the graceful and the sublime, which characterize their admirable performances.

Such were the remarks with which my new acquaintance filled up every interval of the representation; sometimes apologizing for entertaining me, as a female, with such subjects; and then, as the memorable Sir Philip

Sydney would have expressed himself on a like occasion, chastising his own words, and apologizing for his apologies in not having continually borne in mind that I was no ordinary female, but one who united an understanding and an education which few men could boast, with all the natural charms of the softer sex.

It would have been well for me on this occasion if some good friend could have whispered in my ear, that there might be other reasons for a young man wishing to please a lady besides her beauty or accomplishments, and reasons not altogether so flattering to her personal feelings. However, as no judicious friend was near me to suggest this idea, and as my own vanity was not likely to do so, the insinuating address of the count was left to produce all the effects of which it was capable. And although, as soon as the amusement of this classical evening was concluded, my parents took me between them, and brought me back to our apartments in the town, yet I thought of little else till I went to bed but the new acquaintances I had made; and if I dreamed that our villa in the Schwatzwald was converted into the court of the Thunderer on the summit of Olympus, there would be no great occasion for wonder, considering the fantastical nature of thought during those hours in which the heavier parts of our composition are enjoying their necessary repose.

As I have here given a very circumstantial account of my first evening at Swetzinghen, I shall not trouble you, my friend, with any very particular detail of the few ensuing days which we passed at this place; all of which were devoted to such amusements as are usual in the vicinity of a princely establishment, and especially on occasions of festivity. Suffice it to say, that, whether walking, riding, dancing, singing, or what not, I was continually attended by the count, and that with so much assiduity, that my father, though by no means of a suspicious temper, yet having heard from report the infidel principles of the young man, began at length to take alarm: and as his own affairs at court were not yet terminated, he conceived the sudden resolution of sending me home with my mother.

As my father did not at that time acquaint me with the real cause of this unexpected step, stating only that my mother was suffering much from the fatigue of too public

a life, I could not possibly plead any motive for desiring to prolong my stay. I even fancied that my father had not observed the attentions of the count. I therefore obeyed in silence, but departed in an ill-humour, that evidently gained strength during the whole of our journey, which was made with considerable expedition.

It may be asked, Had I become attached to the count? And I think I may reply that I had not: but he had rendered himself necessary to me by his unwearied attentions; he had soothed my vanity with his honeyed words; and I found a vacancy in my heart when separated from him, which nothing but religion could have properly filled up: but, alas! I had no religion.

I have no doubt that I behaved very ill during the whole of our progress: and immediately on our arrival at home, I hastened from the presence of my mother, in order to indulge my wayward sorrow in the solitude of my chamber. It was evening, and the last rays of the declining sun scarcely gilded the highest summits of the mountains, leaving their lower parts in a dusky shade. My imagination had wandered back to the gay scenes we had left, and my tears were flowing fast at the recollection of pleasures which I thought might never recur, when my mother entered my room in evident agitation, holding an open letter in her hand. I was alarmed; and on entreating to be told the contents of the letter, she informed me that it was from England, and contained an account of the sudden death of my sister, with the additional information that Mr. Gisborne, with the orphan, would probably be with us in a few weeks.

There are perhaps few feelings which can be conceived more painful to a mind of any sensibility, than to be suddenly and violently awakened from the indulgence of imaginary and selfish sorrows by the occurrence of real afflictions. To this moment I retain a lively recollection of the agony and horror with which I received this intelligence. It seemed that death was brought home to me in the person of my sister, who was only eleven years older than myself. And the effect of this stroke was heightened by my mother's sad exclamations—"Oh! my poor husband! your poor father! what will he feel when he hears this news, for he loved his daughter, and often spoke

not only of seeing her again, but of bringing her and her child home to his house, when her affairs should be properly arranged after the death of the old lady? How will he blame himself for delaying this so long? How will his tender heart be cut! Oh, Ellen! Ellen! how shall we break the news of this melancholy catastrophe to your dear father?"

Wanting comfort myself, and being, therefore, in no condition to console my mother, I remained weeping till she quitted the room, leaving me to my own sad reflections.

While I had been conversing on this melancholy subject, the shades of evening were become deeper, leaving the outlines of the mountains scarcely visible on the horizon, and presenting a just emblem of the darkness which reigned throughout my benighted soul. I now found indeed the fallacy of all those false lights which had been placed before my mind. Whence was any consolation to be derived on the near contemplation of death? for death, as I before said, seemed to have drawn nigh to me in the person of my sister. How, I say, was any consolation to be derived, when the mind was drawn to the consideration of death, of eternity, of everlasting joy or sorrow, from all those studies which hitherto had wholly and solely occupied my attention? or from those images and sentiments which had hitherto mingled themselves with all my thoughts and actions? Whither were fled all those inspiring passages of ancient poetry which I used to hold up as the standard of real excellence? They seemed now to present to my mind only a dark and confused mass of ideas, not a little resembling the pompous images which sometimes present themselves to the mental eye of him who sleeps under the influence of fever. And not only did the more fanciful passages of the heathen writers assume at this time a perplexing appearance; but when I recalled the heroic and haughty virtues of their most excellent characters, their love of vengeance, their unbending pride, their insolence of speech and cruelty of action, my thoughts became even still more confused; insomuch that I could not help inquiring of myself, "Are these the qualities which are suitable to a child of the dust? to a creature whose breath is in his nostrils? who is liable every moment to dissolution from a thousand accidents? and who after death must pass into

an unknown state of endless happiness or misery?—a state, oh! who can tell how awful! how full of terrors to him who has no acquaintance with the true God!”

In such reflections as these, mingled with sad recollections of the pleasures of which I had so lately tasted, together with some painfully tender thoughts of my departed sister and her orphan son, I wasted several weary hours, till at length, worn with fatigue, I fell into a profound sleep, from which I awoke again only to waste the next day in wretched feelings and perplexing thoughts.

In this manner several days passed, and passed like a dream of which I have little remembrance—when, at the period in which it was expected that we might look for my father's return, a courier arrived with all speed from Baden, whither my father had followed the court, to inform us that he had been engaged in a duel with the Count of Rheinswald, who had insulted him at a public table; and that he had received a wound which, although believed to be but slight, would probably confine him for some weeks to his bed.

This second disastrous letter affected my poor mother so violently as to render her incapable of using any means to soften to me this dreadful information; though there was reason enough to suppose that it would distress me beyond measure, as one whose folly had occasioned so terrible a calamity. I had undergone for some days past severe agitation of mind, and so overwhelming was the shock I received on the arrival of this last afflicting information, that I was seized with fever, became delirious, and remained for some time in such a condition as to know nothing of what passed around me, though my internal horrors were such as I cannot forget even to this day.

Since that period, and especially on the recollection of what I then suffered, I have often thought that the parent or tutor who labours to awaken the intellect of his pupil, and to cultivate his talents and imagination, without giving them a proper direction, is doing the individual as great an injury as he could possibly devise. Such parents are engaged in rousing up a sleeping lion, who may probably spend his fury without restraint on the surrounding world. It may confidently be inquired of every experienced teacher, whether, setting religion apart, he does not find

his most intelligent pupils always the most difficult to be governed? The awakened intellect of unregenerate man becomes a restless principle, ever propelling its possessor to action; and a right feeling being wanting, the individual becomes the torment of himself, if not the pest of society. It is well known that the intellectual powers of the greater part of mankind remain from the cradle to the grave in a state of comparative inaction; and I can conceive nothing more dreadful than a mighty population alive in every faculty of the mind, acute, lively, instructed, and yet without grace. It is impossible to appreciate the evil which might proceed from such a state of society; yet I believe this to be the state in which many young men are now turned out of our schools and colleges; and if our religious labours do not keep pace with our intellectual instructions, I fear that many such characters may be produced from our national schools and other inferior places of education. Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.

But to leave these reflections, which might carry me too far; I shall content myself with saying, that, during the illness of which I speak, my mental sufferings became so great, and my poor mother was so greatly alarmed on my account, that, instead of going in all speed to my father, as she had at first intended, she lingered by my bed till my father, whose wound being in the arm was not found to be so dangerous as was at first supposed, arrived at home to receive the melancholy tidings of the death of one child, and to find another extended on the bed of sickness.

My father had been at home some days before I had so far recovered my recollection, as to recognize that dear parent, whose unhappy adventure had been the cause of my suffering. But never shall I forget that sweet moment, when, the crisis of my fever being past, I opened my eyes, after a deep sleep, and saw both my parents watching anxiously by my pillow, my father holding my hand, which I had unconsciously placed in his; his fine countenance, expressive of the strongest feelings of parental tenderness, and his noble person, rather rendered more interesting than otherwise by a suit of deep mourning and the silk scarf in which his wounded arm was suspended. "O, my father!"

I exclaimed, trying to lift myself up to him, but sinking again from weakness on my pillow—when I instantly felt the relief of a flood of tears, without which it was thought that I might have relapsed into my former confusion of intellect.

“My child! my Ellen!” repeated this tender father; “then I am not at once to be bereaved of both my daughters; our Ellen is restored to our prayers.”

I cannot describe the scene which followed; it was such as no words can do justice to: and I well recollect, that, from this moment, through the gradual progress of my recovery, I was constantly attended by one or other of these beloved parents, who administered to all my wants, and continually supplied me with such amusements as I could best enjoy.

I have said that my father was no infidel, that he had a respect for religion, and that he always looked to and spoke of some uncertain time when he intended to devote his mind to sacred subjects; steadily affirming that the knowledge of divine things should be the end and aim of all literary research, but still deferring that noblest of all studies to some indefinite time, which in the common course of things could never have come. On occasion, however, of my restoration and my sister's death, which was described in the letter as having been full of holy hope and divine confidence, the result, under the divine blessing, of a religious life, he expressed himself more than once in a very pious and touching manner, spoke of the necessity of being always prepared for death, talked of the uncertainty of earthly things, and the comfort of constantly looking to a better world. But as he became familiar with the idea of the death of his firstborn, and as he saw the rose of health blossoming afresh upon my cheek, his serious impressions seemed to wear away; so that in the short space of three months since our visit to Swetzingen, every thing had returned to its usual course in the castle of Worinheim: and as the house was filled with visitors about the time of the Christmas festivities, my father's health as well as my own being entirely restored, a stranger would not have supposed, excepting from our sable habits, that our house had been so recently a house of mourning.

But before I entirely dismiss the subject of our visit to

Swetzinghen, I must account for the duel which had taken place between my father and the count de Rheinswald. It seems that this young man had taken offence at my father's sending me from Swetzinghen at so short a notice, and before he could have had time to be apprized of my departure; and that having no doubt of my father's motives for so doing he had taken occasion to remonstrate with him on the subject, and to solicit my hand by a decided declaration of regard. My father treated him with politeness, for he was incapable of rudeness, but declined the proposed connexion; soon after which the count took occasion to insult my father at a public table; when anger arose to such a height between them, that it was thought necessary by the company present, for the honour of my father, that the matter should be determined by a duel.

My father, who was naturally a remarkably gentle character, was, however, capable of high irritation; and having no strong religious principles to restrain him, he allowed himself to be persuaded, from a sense of false honour, not only to endanger the life of a fellow-creature, but also to hazard his own. And he had reason, as he often afterwards declared, for the utmost gratitude to God, that a more sorrowful termination was not permitted to this affair than a slight wound in his own arm, without any injury whatever done to his adversary.

Were it to my present purpose, I might here say much, very much, on this dreadful practice of duelling, so frequent on the continent. But I refrain, in consideration that my history has already run to a considerable length, and that I believe there are now few persons in England who have not just and correct opinions on this subject.

The winter passed away at Worinheim without being marked by any event worthy of notice; and when the spring arrived, it brought with it the hope of little Alfred's speedy arrival, together with his tutor the excellent Mr. Gisborne. No sooner were we informed that they were actually on the Continent, than my father proceeded to Cologne in order to meet them, as Mr. Gisborne had chosen the route through the Low Countries in order that he might visit an old friend who at that time resided at Bonn.

When my father reached Cologne, he found that Mr. Gisborne's friend expressed so strong a desire to detain the

gentleman in his house for a few weeks that he judged it to yield to his solicitations; and accordingly, leaving one of his own servants to take care of the venerable father, and bring him forward in his own time, he hastened back to his family, accompanied by his little grand-

son. It may well be supposed that I was a little anxious to see his child, who was the only representative of a sister I never known; and having been told that he was a young boy, I had already attributed to him all the external perfections with which the poets have adorned Hyacinth, or Narcissus, or the youthful Ganymede; so that during my father's absence I was exceedingly impatient, and felt the wings of time to move with an exceeding heavy load. At length a courier having announced the speedy approach of my father's carriage, I had scarcely time to run into the portico, before the little traveller, preceded by his companion, sprang from the carriage, and was folded in my arms.

"And whom do you resemble? and what are you like?" said my father, as I drew back, and held him at a distance, while my teen and eager gaze brought blushes into his cheeks, and he struggled, though gently, to get from me. "Alas!" I said, "you are not like what I expected, though you have golden hair and sparkling eyes; but I imagined you to be very different from what I now behold."

"And what might you have expected, my Ellen?" said my father, coming up to us at the moment. "See you how you perplex this little stranger? he has a tender heart, and every thing in this country is new to him. Come, my boy," he added, taking his hand, "you need some refreshment, no doubt;" and, so saying, he led me before me into a saloon, where supper was prepared. It was impossible for me, as I sat at supper, to keep my eyes off the child: though my father hinted to me more than once, in German, that my close examination of him tended to perplex him, for he coloured perpetually, the blush continually mounting in his delicate cheek, and the light sometimes starting in his dark blue eyes. Still, though he was thus disconcerted, and though he verified a single idea which I had formed of him, nor any deduction I had ever heard of him, yet there was a certain
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something about him, a dovelike softness in some expressions of his sparkling eye, a grace, a courtesy, a humility, and a childlike innocence, so remarkable in all he said, and all he did, that he appeared to me like the creature of another and a sinless world; so that I could not help saying to my father, in German, "This boy is charming, he is all that is lovely. But what is it which makes him to differ so entirely from every other child I ever saw?"

My father looked at him with eyes beaming with love, and confessed the truth of my remark; but said, that, during the few days they had passed together, he had not been able to induce him to converse much, as he had appeared somewhat bewildered at the variety of new things which presented themselves to his observation, as well as dejected by his separation from his tutor.

I knew that Mr. Gisborne had been left at Bonn, and I took occasion to ask my father what he was.

"We know him to be a good man," he said, "and I have found him to be a polite and even an elegant man in his manners; a neat old gentleman," added my father, smiling, "who would die rather than commit a breach against politeness. But I have conversed very little with him, and can give no account of his intellectual acquirements; yet I should hardly think they are very remarkable."

"But the child looks intelligent," I said.

"At any rate," replied my father, parting the golden ringlets on the brow of the child, while the lovely boy raised his gentle eyes to his grandfather, as if to inquire what we were saying of him, "this is no ordinary, no common, no vulgar countenance; and yet it is not the mere beauty of flesh and blood, of red and white, of shape and feature that charms me; neither is it altogether an intellectual glory which beams from those eyes; for though there is sufficient fire, yet it is a fire so quenched by love, so shrouded by modest and tender feelings, that I hardly know what to say or what to think of it: but this I know, that Raphael himself could not have desired a fitter subject from whence to draw the features and expression of an infant Jesus."

Thus my father and I reasoned about the expression of this child's countenance, being incapable at that time, and

for a long while afterwards, of appreciating his real character, which was that, I have every reason to think, of one truly converted to God, and bearing in heart and character the impression of his new birth; for, as old John Bunyan beautifully remarks in his *Pilgrim's Progress*—"The Lord setteth a seal upon the foreheads of those whom he hath washed in his blood, which maketh them look exceeding fair."

During the first few days after little Alfred's arrival, he seldom spoke, and seemed rather uneasy when particularly addressed. In the mean time, I often saw the tears tremble in his eyes, notwithstanding his efforts to suppress them. But, as the sorrows of childhood speedily pass away, so when the little boy became more accustomed to those about him, the pensiveness of his manner gradually disappeared, and he became more cheerful.

At the end of a week, my father suggested, as it was not certain how soon Mr. Gisborne might arrive, or how long his absence might be protracted, that it would be well to supply the child with some employment. But before any thing of this sort could properly be done, it was necessary to ascertain what the child had already learned, and how far his mind had been cultivated: I accordingly undertook to investigate these matters, without going through the awful process of a regular examination. It was now the time of year when nature, reviving from the stern influence of winter, begins to adorn the fields and groves with every variety of budding beauty, and when every breeze is filled with the odours of the new-born flowers. I invited my little nephew to walk out with me, and, by way of encouragement, promised to take him to a narrow valley not far distant from Worinheim, which it was said had been inhabited in former times by a water nymph, who used to entice unwary travellers into her place of residence, and there destroy them.

"How," said the little boy, as he stepped out with me upon the lawn, in order to commence our walk, "how did this water nymph persuade people to come to her?"

"Through the sweetness of her voice," I replied.

"Ah, then," replied he, with quickness, "I know well of what substance she was made, and I doubt not but her voice is as sweet now as ever it was, unless some of

the rocks or hills which surrounded her habitation are removed."

I was surprised at the acuteness of his reply, and said, "I mistake, my little boy, if you have not studied the history of the unfortunate daughter of Telles and the Air; you have undoubtedly read the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid?"

He made me repeat the question again; and then answered, "I have never heard of Ovid."

"Then how," I asked, "came you to fancy the water nymph was only an echo?"

"Because," he answered, "I know that there are no such things as water nymphs; but I have heard echoes many times in solitary places."

"But how do you know," I said, "that there are no such things as water nymphs? Perhaps you do not believe in fairies?"

He looked up to me with a wonderfully sweet and intelligent smile, and said, "O aunt Ellen, I know very well what things we ought to believe, and what things are only invented for entertainment."

While I was preparing to answer him, we were come to the brow of the hill on which our habitation was situated, and were approaching a temple erected in that place to the goddess of hunting, whose statue, as large as life, was set up within the temple, with her bow and quiver, and her feet covered with buskins. The ascent to this temple was by several marble steps, and I asked my little companion if he would sit down and take a view of the mountains which were seen from that spot to the greatest advantage: for a wilder or more magnificent scene than that which presented itself where we had taken our station, is perhaps not to be found throughout the Continent, unless it may be among the snowy regions of the mountains of Switzerland. Directly before us was a deep valley, through which poured a rapid mountain stream, dashing and foaming, and, as it were, fretting itself, as it made its way through numerous impediments of huge stones and rocks, which seemed to have fallen from the heights above. On the other side the valley were hills tumbled upon hills in various forms of rude magnificence; some bare and rugged; some clothed with verdure, and affording many a fragrant sheep-walk and breezy dale; while others were black with forests of pine,

the growth of ages, dark, intertangled, and impenetrable, excepting to the wild beasts of the forest, or the most savage and lawless of the human race. Here and there a few thatched dwellings were scattered in groups, or single, and at considerable intervals, among the hills or within the valleys; and, from time to time, the tolling of a bell, or the striking of a clock, from the roof of some house, reminded us that there was something like civilization even among these desolated regions.

I know not what passed in the mind of the child while he sat contemplating the view above described; but on hearing a bell, he turned to me and said, "Are these people Christians?"

"What people?" I asked.

"The people who live in this country," he added, "are they Christians?"

"Certainly," I answered. "What made you ask the question?"

He rather hesitated, and slightly turned his eye towards the figure in the temple.

I observed this motion of his eye, and said, "You don't suppose, I imagine, that any one here worships these images? They are only put in these places for ornament."

"O!" said the little boy, seemingly satisfied with the explanation; but again returning to the charge—"is it not wicked, aunt Ellen, to make images?"

"Wicked!" I answered, "why should it be wicked?"

"Because of the second commandment," he answered. "You know that the second commandment says—'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth.'"

"And is this the whole of the second commandment?" I asked.

"No," said the little boy, "there is more—'Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and shew mercy unto thousands in them that love me and keep my commandments.'"

Strange to say, I found myself quite embarrassed with this child's questions, and began to feel myself a little un-

easy in my situation. I therefore made no further reply to his inquiries respecting images, but referred him to his tutor, and, in pursuit of the object for which I had sought this *tete-a-tete*, I inquired of him what his studies had been before he left England?

At the name of England his colour heightened, and he hesitated a moment; but at length he informed me that he had been taught to read the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament, though he still knew only little of either of them. I then questioned him respecting the Greek; and was surprised to find that his knowledge of the language was by no means despicable, considering his tender age.

I then proceeded to question him on the subject of history, and found that he was far from being ignorant on that point; though his knowledge was of a kind which in some degree confounded me, and left the game wholly in his own hands: notwithstanding which I found no great difficulty in concealing his triumph from him, so great was the amiable simplicity of his nature. I had commenced my inquiries by asking if he had ever learned history; and upon his replying in the affirmative, I inquired if he could give me the outline of any one history which he had studied. He immediately and without hesitation obeyed; and taking up the history of Assyria, he traced the whole story of that people, from their forerunner, Ashur, son of Shem, down to the time of our Saviour.

I was certainly amazed, and almost afraid to question him further, lest I should betray my own ignorance; however I ventured to put a few other questions to him, and was astonished to find him almost equally clear on many other branches of ancient history, insomuch that he was enabled to trace almost every leading family of mankind up to the sons and grandsons of Noah, showing a perfect acquaintance with the Scripture name of almost every nation which had existed before the Christian era, and how they were connected with each other in their great progenitors. All this he explained to me, not with the air of one who knows more than the person to whom he is speaking, but as believing me able to correct him if he made a mistake, and, indeed, as if half afraid of my censures in case of any error.

Much as I was amazed and interested by his communi-

cations, and even puzzled to conceive by what luminous arrangement so young a creature could have been brought to receive, retain, and retail so much information, I was not sorry to quit this subject of history, where I might have been said to walk upon thorns, every moment dreading some home push which might compel me to betray my ignorance; and feeling at the same time that so constant a reference to Scripture, and this mode of treating the high and mighty nations of antiquity (the haughty Assyrians, the self-sufficient Grecians, and the Roman conquerors of the world) merely as so many families of wayward children, all under the immediate control and disposal of the Father of all men, produced such an instantaneous and powerful effect in lowering my notions of human glory, I at length became so thoroughly disconcerted, as really for a moment to feel half-offended at the innocent cause of my perplexity. Neither is it improbable, that I might have commenced some discussion with him upon this new mode of learning history, had I not been admonished of the folly of entering into the lists of disputation with such a champion, by his suddenly drawing his hand from mine, for the purpose of throwing himself head over heels down a little descent, which the delicate softness of the verdure and the very gradual slope of the hill pointed out as a very safe and proper theatre for such an exploit.

The motion was so quick, that it seemed but a moment from the time of his withdrawing his hand out of mine before he appeared at the bottom of the slope, standing erect, and measuring with his eye the space of ground over which he had made his somerset, his whole face glowing with health and delight. Gay, however, as he appeared to be in the enjoyment of those feelings, he allowed me to take his hand when I came close to him, and made no objection to walk quietly by my side, answering such questions as I further chose to put to him. . . . But it is probable, that I had not quite recovered my good humour when I renewed our discourse, for I perceived the little boy look very earnestly at me when I spoke.

"I wonder," I said, "I am amazed, that your tutor does not teach you Latin, Alfred. It is the finest language that was ever written or spoken, and boasts some of the finest authors in the world."

"But, the Bible, aunt Ellen," replied the child, "no part of the Bible was first written in Latin."

A certain something, which I cannot now define, prevented me from uttering what was actually on my tongue—"the Bible! the Bible! what nothing but the Bible?"—and while I hesitated what reply to make, I looked at the child, who seemed quite to have forgotten the subject of our discourse, his eye being fixed on a golden eagle which had perched on the pinnacle of a rocky point projecting from the nearest hill on the opposite side of the dingle. For a moment the eagle kept his position; then suddenly rising and spreading his wings, he flew from us, directly in the face of the sun, taking his course over a mighty forest which formed one uninterrupted sweep towards the south.

It was impossible to recover the attention of Alfred while the eagle was in view; but when he had almost disappeared, and his vast expanded wings showed no larger than a mote in the sunbeam, I again addressed my little companion, and said, "So your tutor does not approve of your learning Latin, Alfred?"

"I did not say so, aunt Ellen," he answered, "you must have mistaken me; for I have learned the Latin grammar for some time, and when I am better acquainted with the Bible, I am to study Latin: but it will be a long time before I have gone through all the Bible in the ancient languages."

"The Bible again, Alfred!" I answered, "I hope you will thoroughly understand the Bible by the time your education is finished!"

The child did not comprehend the irony of my retort, but answered me in simplicity, "I hope I shall; but there is so much in the Bible, that it might be read for ever, Mr. Gisborne says, without a person's knowing every thing contained in it."

We were now descended into the depths of the dingle, where the mountain torrent before spoken of came pouring down from the higher grounds, which, after many windings occasioned by the irregularity of the ground, was lost to the eye beneath the shade of a thick wood of pine. On the side of the dingle from whence we came, the ground acknowledged, by its fair and smooth appearance, its swell-

ing lawns, and clustered trees, its submission to the hand of man; while all on the other side was bold, abrupt, and rugged, the rocks and hills seeming to have been tumbled together, as if they had been hurled at each other during the fabled contests of the Titans. It was necessary for us to cross the stream, in order to reach the valley of the water nymph; and for this purpose we proceeded a little lower down the valley, to where a wooden bridge was thrown over the brook. The scenery from this bridge was so remarkably beautiful, that, though I had passed the place a thousand times, yet I always stopped upon this bridge to contemplate the objects which there presented themselves above and below, the wild region above receiving an additional charm to my classical eye from the circumstance of a few columns of the Temple of Diana, together with a part of the ornamental cornice of the portico, being visible above the rough and shadowy objects with which it appeared to be surrounded; though it stood, in fact, on that side of the dingle which had been so pruned and smoothed by the hand of man: as to partake entirely of a milder character.

Immediately beneath the apparent sight of this shrine of the hunter goddess, the brook burst suddenly forth from the deep shade of overhanging rocks and underwood, and falling many feet with considerable noise, pursued its way towards the bridge, underneath which it passed with a troubled and agitated motion, not having yet lost the impulse of its rapid descent. Beneath the bridge, such a region of rich and wild beauty presented itself as I dare not presume to describe, but which was not the less admirable from the contrast between its rough and various wonders, with the sullen, smooth, and majestic figures of certain heights of the Swartzwald seen beyond, some of which seemed to penetrate the clouds, being rarely divested of the hoary mantle which winter seldom fails to throw over them.

I had always been accustomed to view this scene with poetic eyes, and to associate every part of it with some classic image. My style of reading led me to this mode of embellishing natural objects with elegant conceits drawn from the books I had studied, or such at least as I thought elegant; and I prided myself not a little on this effect of

what I considered as a very superior education; and I well remember, that as I stood on the bridge at this time, leaning against the parapet, I felt a strong desire to animate my little nephew with somewhat of my own classical feelings. For, notwithstanding the evident quickness and spirit of the child, and though I had lately suffered such a defeat in my conversation with this youthful student, yet I could not divest myself of the idea that his mind was in a coarse and inelegant state; for how could it be otherwise, seeing he had never read one single work of the many authors, whom I conceived to be the grand depositaries of all literary elegance and beauty? I had however experienced that some caution was necessary in dealing with my little companion, since there were points on which he was as much my superior as I counted myself to be his superior in others. I therefore commenced my attack by asking him if he knew what poetry was; going on no doubt with some pomposity, to state that poetry did not consist in mere versification, but in beautiful ideas, elegant symbols, fine imagery, &c. &c.: whence I proceeded to say, that I rejoiced to hear that he had learned Greek, and was soon to learn Latin, because there were certain authors in those languages who had produced works of genius which surpassed any thing that had ever fallen from other pens. I then expatiated largely on the taste of the Greeks and Romans, pointing out how those nations had excelled in statuary and in architecture, and with what exquisite tales and fables they had adorned their mythology.

The boy, who had never been used to hear any thing but truth, and whose lessons, as I before remarked, had been for the most part drawn from the word of truth itself, looked at me with that innocent amazement which we sometimes see in amiable and unaffected children; but I could not discover exactly what he thought of my eloquent oration. At length he replied, "I don't quite understand you, aunt Ellen: are you talking about the fable-book? I had a Pilpay's Fable Book at home; and Mr. Gisborne said I might read it when I had done my lessons. I had also a fairy-tale book, about Blue Beard, and the Master Cat; but he said these were only books intended for the amusement of little children, and that grown-up people did not take much pleasure in them."

"Pilpay's Fables, and the Fairy Tales!" I repeated in high classic indignation; "I was not talking of such nonsense as those books contain; I was speaking of the beautiful imagery and descriptions which are to be found in the poetical works of ancient Greece and Rome, and expressing my sorrow that you should be withheld from the study of them; because these are compositions by which the taste of young people is to be corrected, and by which their minds are to be raised from ordinary things to the contemplation of all that is beautiful both in art and nature."

The child still looked hard at me, as well he might; for, right or wrong, I was certainly got far above the reach of the intellects of one of his age; of which, being presently aware, I changed my tone, and said, "If good Mr. Gisborne would but let you read the ancient Grecian and Roman poets, you would find such sweet and beautiful things in them, as would delight you far more than Pilpay's Fables or the Fairy Tales. They contain such glorious descriptions of ancient kings, heroes, and demi-gods, as well as of the noble actions which they performed, that you would long to resemble them, and wish to think and act as they did: such studies, my dear boy, would exalt your mind, and teach you to behave no longer like a child but like a man. I then repeated, in the English translation, some of the finest descriptions of the heroes of Homer, summing all up with the following stanzas:—

"Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,
Ajax the less, Oileus' valiant son:
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight.

"The proud Mycenæ arms her martial powers,
Cleonæ, Corinth, with imperial towers;
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,
And crowded nations wait his dread command
Proud of his host, unrivall'd in his reign,
In silent pomp he moves along the main.

"Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands,
Of Gnossus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands,
These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the God of war.

"From Practius' stream, Percoté's pasture lands,
And Sestos and Abydos' neighbouring strands,
From great Ariëba's walls and Sellé's coast,
Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host:

High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,
His fiery coursers thunder o'er the plains."

Pope's Homer's Iliad.

He listened with considerable attention, and then replied, "But Mr. Gisborne once said to dear mamma, before poor mamma went to heaven;" and then he sighed, and a brilliant flush rose in his cheeks, not unlike a rosy cloud passing over a fine landscape, "that a certain chapter in the Hebrews contained a more noble list of great and glorious men than ever could be found in all the boasted heathen writers together."

"What chapter?" said I, startled at such a reply from my little auditor.

"O!" said the little boy, "that pretty chapter in the Hebrews."

I might have said, "What do I know of the Hebrews?" but that would have been confessing my ignorance; I therefore contented myself with remarking, "If the chapter is so admirable, I suppose you can repeat it."

"I think I can remember part of it," said the little boy, "for mamma made me learn it at the time."

"Part of it then," I said, "let me hear part of it, if it is so very fine." You may be sure this was said in no good humour; for though I did not doubt the goodness of my own cause, yet I felt that my little adversary had more to say for himself than I had at first expected...

"And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gedion, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets; who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection: and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented, (of whom the world was not worthy) they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and

caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.—(Hebrews. xi, 32—40.

It was impossible for me, after having heard this quotation from the Hebrews, this exquisitely simple and beautiful enumeration of the sufferings and triumphs of the holy men of old, not to feel that I had never read any thing in the classical writings of antiquity equally touching. Nevertheless, I was in no humour to give up the contest, because I had been baffled in a single instance: I therefore replied, that I thought the quotation very pleasing, but little to our present purpose; and the sun at that moment just darting his rays upon us from behind a cloud, I took occasion from thence to bring forward in the translation of Dryden, that fine description of the sun, and his progress through the heavens, which is found in the first Georgic, again expressing my regret that my little companion, by his ignorance of Latin, should be rendered incapable of reading such choice passages in the original.

“Through twelve bright signs Apollo guides
The year, and earth in several climes divides;
Five girdles bind the skies: the torrid zone
Glow with the passing and repassing sun; —
Far on the right and left, the extremes of heaven,
To frosts and snows and bitter blasts are given;
Betwixt the midst and these, the gods assign’d
To habitable seats for human kind,
And, ’cross their limits, cut a sloping way,
Which the twelve signs in beauteous order sway.
Two poles turn round the globe; one seen to rise
O’er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan skies;
The first sublime in heaven, the last is whirl’d
Below the regions of the nether world.
Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
And, like a winding stream, the Bears divides,
The less and greater, who by Fate’s decree
Abhor to dive beneath the northern sea.”

The child looked earnestly at me while I was repeating this quotation, and then said, “By Apollo, aunt Ellen, do you mean the sun?”

“Yes, I said. Do you not know that Apollo was said by the ancients to have been the charioteer of the sun,

and to drive the sun in his course through the heavens every day?"

He made me no answer for a minute, and then replied—"O! now I understand what is meant by the signs and the girdles."

"And do you not think, Alfred," I asked, "that these verses are very beautiful, and should you not like to read them in their original language?"

"Yes," he replied: "but if I had not learned about the zones, and the signs in the zodiac, and the poles, I should not have understood them."

"But you understand them now, Alfred?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "some parts of them; but I can make out those verses in the Bible about the sun much better, and I like them much better."

"Indeed," I said, "and why so?"

To this he made no reply, for he had stooped down to pick up some pebbles: but I was resolved to make him speak, and therefore desired him to repeat these same verses, which he thought so fine.

"In Hebrew, aunt Ellen," he replied, blushing at the same time in a very pretty manner, "I cannot repeat them."

"Well," I said, "then let us have them in English. You know that I gave you my quotation in English."

He then without hesitation repeated the first part of the nineteenth Psalm; which, although so well known by those to whom this letter is addressed, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving at full length in this place.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

While the little boy was repeating this beautiful passage, I blushed, and was utterly confounded. To be so overcome by a babe was what I could not bear: I really felt indignant, and looked at the child to see if he was conscious of

his victory; but so far from that being the case, it seemed as if he had already forgotten the subject of our discourse, for having picked up some pebbles, he was now making ducks and drakes, as the children call them, in a smooth part of the brook, unmindful at the instant, not only of the sun himself, but of all things under him, excepting of the circles in the water made by his pebbles. So young, I thought, so truly child-like, and yet possessing a mind so clear, so luminous!—how is this? This child has been educated in no ordinary way. Was I his equal at his age? Am I even his equal now, although my education has been thus laboured. Can this be the effect of studying the Holy Word, simply and continually pursued from childhood? I knew not how to answer these questions, which had thus suggested themselves to my mind, and excited many uneasy thoughts. I walked on, and took the way directly leading to the valley of the water nymph, and having conducted my little companion through a shadowy and intertangled copse on the bank of the rivulet, we passed between two small hills into a narrow valley, where the tender herbage, enamelled with a thousand flowers, and the high and rugged rocks on each side, forming natural grottos, through whose cool recesses trickled several pellucid streams, of extraordinary coldness, suggested I know not what ideas of calm repose and untroubled solitude—

“Here,” said I to the little boy; “here formerly dwelt the Ondine of whom I before spoke; and if you were to ask the country people round about, they would tell you a thousand traditions of her having attracted various persons to this spot by the charms of her voice, and then betrayed them into unknown snares and perils.”

The little boy smiled. “Ah, aunt Ellen,” he said, “you should not speak against fairy-tales and fables, for you love them very much: you have told me nothing else since we came out.”

“And does your tutor never tell you fairy-tales or fables?” I replied.

“He often talks to me, when we walk, about my Hebrew: he made me begin with the Psalms, and he tries to make me understand the types and emblems contained in the Bible.”

“And pray what are these?” I said.

He looked at me again with some curiosity, and then smiled; but, without answering my question, he asked, "Shall I call the Ondine, and hear if she will answer me?" and, without waiting my reply, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "Lady of the woods or waters, whichever you be, you will surely answer me if you hear my voice."

The echo replied, at five different times, each repetition being more remote and softer than the last, "Hear my voice."

"I do! I do!" said the child, laughing heartily and clapping his hands; and then turning to me, "There, aunt Ellen, there now; what do you think of that?—The lady answers me!"

"I think," said I, "that she must be no very dull lady who can answer you, Master Alfred;" and taking a little narrow path which wound its secret course up the side of the little valley of the water nymph, I went musing on, while my nephew followed me.

I began, during this walk, for the first time, to entertain some doubt as to the superiority of that education which is called classical, and to question the wisdom of presenting to the youthful mind such images as are false, however beautiful they may be, previous to its having received a knowledge of the truth. While meditating on these subjects, doubt after doubt rose in my mind; till I became completely bewildered.

In the mean time we were continually ascending; till, having passed through the wood, we came out upon a lofty pasture ground, such as in Swisserland would be called an alp—a high and breezy lawn, fragrant with thyme and other aromatic herbs—from whence, as in a panorama, all the adjacent country became visible. Here was a shepherd in a russet coat, with his staff of office in his hand, watching his flock as he sat upon the grass, while the quiet sheep were feeding around him.

The view from these heights was so peculiarly beautiful, that this charming spot had many times previous to the present occasion been visited by me, sometimes alone, but oftener in company with my father; and I could not forget that my father had one day caused me to sit down in this place, while he read to me the famous passage, so full of pathos, in the Pastorals of Virgil, wherein the shepherd

bids adieu to his flock and the pastures in which he had been accustomed to feed his fleecy care.—

“Farewell, my pastures, my paternal stock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock !
No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme !
No more, extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain’s brow
The prickly shrubs ; and after on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air !
No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew ;
No more my song shall please the rural crew :
Adieu, my tuneful pipe ! and all the world, adieu !”

It cannot therefore be a matter of surprise, if these verses, which I give you in their English garb, should have recurred to me in this very spot, on the occasion of my visiting it with little Alfred, and on my again beholding the very pastoral scene which had recalled them to my father’s memory. But while I was considering them, and trying to recollect their order, my nephew exclaimed, “Aunt Ellen, I never saw a real shepherd with a crook till I left England ; and I was very much pleased when I saw the first shepherd, though he was feeding his flock on darnel, by the side of the road. But this shepherd now before us looks like what I used to fancy of shepherds a great while ago.”

“Why, what did you know or think about shepherds a great while ago ?” I asked.

“O,” replied the child, “I used to think a great deal about them when we were reading the Psalms in the Hebrew Bible, and when Mr. Gisborne showed me that chapter in Ezekiel, and the other in St. John, about the True Shepherd.”

“The True Shepherd !” I answered ; “and who is the True Shepherd ?”

The boy looked at me with an arch expression, and then exclaimed, “Now, aunt Ellen, I have found you out ; you are pretending not to know that you may try me.” And he laughed so heartily, that, had we been in the valley of the echo, he would have made every grotto and every cavern to resound with his merriment.

I was vexed and ashamed ; for my ignorance was not

affected, and my countenance showed my displeasure. He observed it; and instantly repressing his mirth, he said to me in a sweet and plaintive accent, "Don't be angry, aunt; I did not mean to displease you."

"Well then," I replied, "repeat to me some of those passages you were speaking of, respecting the True Shepherd."

"I cannot remember them in Hebrew," he answered; in some perturbation, perhaps expecting my further displeasure; "but I can repeat them in English."

"Very well," said I, "let us have them in English."

He then repeated the following passages.—"*The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.* (Psalm xxiii.) *As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered, so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. And I will bring them out from the people, and gather them from the countries. I will feed them in a good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be: there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel.*" (Ezek. xxxiv. 12—14.)

It was impossible to feel the beauty of these short specimens of Hebrew poetry, without secretly acknowledging that no heathen writer had ever produced any thing equally tender and affecting. I felt that this child had obtained a complete triumph over me; and in order to conceal my embarrassment from one who would never have penetrated the occasion of it, I arose in haste, and walked towards home.

We had scarcely reached the lawn in the front of the house, before we discovered a carriage approaching us from a small distance, within which the eager eyes of the little

Alfred soon discovered Mr. Gisborne; and no sooner had he made this discovery, than he darted from me, like an arrow from a bow, and was at the side of the carriage before the good old gentleman could make the coachman understand that he wished to get out to receive his pupil. The meeting between the old gentleman and the little boy was very interesting, though witnessed from a distance: for never did I see more entire love and confidence between age and youth than that which was manifested between these two persons. Never shall I forget the glee with which little Alfred presented his tutor to me, and the exultation with which he exclaimed, "This is Mr. Gisborne, aunt Ellen!" as if there never had been, and never could be, a second Mr. Gisborne.

The good old gentleman, however, wanted not the commendation of his pupil; for it required not the observation of a moment to be convinced that this beloved tutor of his was not only the perfect gentleman, but an amiable and intelligent man. He was a clergyman of the Established Church of England, a little man, and considerably advanced in years: and, though just concluding a very long journey, he was the very perfection of neatness, his hair being carefully powdered, his linen white as snow, and his shoes resplendently bright. And all this attention to the exterior was so admirably suited to his extremely polite, though somewhat formal manner, and the perfect accuracy of his elocution, that I could scarcely, while I accosted him, retain the recollection that I was addressing a man for whom I had just before conceived a dislike, from the idea that he was narrow-minded, and an enemy to every species of classic lore.

I do not precisely recollect the circumstances of Mr. Gisborne's introduction to my mother; but this I well remember, that, before the close of the day, the old gentleman appeared to be much at his ease with us all, and had, together with his pupil, taken possession of a range of apartments, prepared for their use, where for several days they pursued their usual employments, and we seldom saw them till we met at dinner: for breakfast is not a meal which is commonly taken in public by families on the Continent.

In the mean time, although there were many points, and

those of no small importance, in which my father's opinions did not seem to coincide with those of the old gentleman, yet there were on both sides such a spirit of forbearance, and so much real politeness, that no varieties of sentiment ever led to unpleasant arguments, or to any thing like heat or want of respect.

Mr. Gisborne had been with us several days before I found a convenient opportunity of asking my father's opinion of him, or of giving him a minute account of the conversation I had held with Alfred during our walk.. He listened to this account with attention, and when I ceased to speak, remained for some moments silent.

"You are thoughtful, Sir," I said, after a considerable pause.

"I am, Ellen," he replied; "I have lately had many thoughts which never occurred to me in former days. I have been, as you well know, an enthusiastic admirer of those authors which are commonly called classic, by way of eminence, as being universally approved and undeniably excellent. My youth, and the best part of my more mature years, have been devoted to those studies, and it never occurred to me, till within a few months past, to question the utility or propriety of being thus devoted to this description of writers.. On the contrary, I have always entertained an habitual contempt of all those persons whose studies had not been more or less directed to these objects, from a strong persuasion that no person could be said to possess any thing like intellectual pre-eminence who was not skilled in those writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which I had been accustomed to consider as the standard of perfection. Such were my sentiments for many years, and such are the common sentiments, I am persuaded, not only of many men who are really well acquainted with the classic writers, but of many others who have little more to boast in these respects than mere school-boy information. But I was as little sensible of the arrogance of my feelings with regard to these matters as I was of my deficiency in many others, till your illness, my Ellen, and the death of your admirable sister, led me to make these inquiries, viz.—Whether the studies in which I had hitherto so greatly delighted, were calculated to promote the advancement of real virtue in this life?

or whether any hope and comfort could be derived from them in the hour of death?"

"These are serious questions, Sir," said I, "and I must acknowledge that some such inquiries as these have lately suggested themselves also to my mind."

"I hope," replied my father, "if I have lived in error on this subject through my past life, that my eyes may be thoroughly opened, and that it may please God not to visit on you, my Ellen, the ignorance and sin of your father. If light should shine on my own soul, O may it also shine on that of my child! But this I have resolved, that I will not interfere with Mr. Gisborne's plans respecting Alfred, till I have more maturely considered the different tendency of the two modes of education; namely—the more common one of initiating youth in the ancient Greek and Latin authors, and, what is of more rare occurrence, *that* of commencing the education with biblical instruction; causing the pupil first to study the Hebrew Scriptures, and afterward the Greek Testament, and finishing with the Latin authors (which I presume is Mr. Gisborne's plan) at the age in which the strengthened reason is enabled to discern the good and reject the evil. But," proceeded my father, "the more I consider these subjects, the more I am perplexed. For if I have passed an erroneous judgment on the heathen authors, almost the whole reading world must be equally wrong: since I have never seen, nor even heard of any person, who seemed to consider classical studies as improper for very young people, or who undertook to represent our devotion to these studies as an offence against God."

"And does Mr. Gisborne assert so much as this?" I asked.

"Certainly he does, if not by words at least by actions," replied my father; "and I hope when a little time has increased my mutual confidence, that I shall induce him to declare his whole mind on this subject, which has for some time occupied my most serious thoughts."

Here my father broke off the discourse. But it was not many days afterwards, before he renewed the subject with Mr. Gisborne himself, in my presence, requesting him, in a very serious manner, to state to him the motives which had induced him, in the case of Alfred, to depart from the

usual plan of education, in order to pursue a path that had hitherto been rarely tried; a circumstance which he could regard in no other light than that of a hazardous experiment.

"Sir," returned Mr. Gisborne, "as the parent of my pupil, you have the best right to put this question to me; and, if it is your pleasure, I shall state to you the motives of my conduct at large—premising, that it was not without deep reflection that I dared to quit the beaten path, fully aware that I should be subjected thereby to the disapprobation of the world in general. But the lady your daughter, now no more, strengthened my hands on this occasion, and upheld me when I should undoubtedly have fainted; and now she receives the reward of her well-doing, and rejoices in glory unspeakable, in that she was enabled to choose the better part for that dear child whom she was so soon to leave behind her in a corrupt world."

My father seemed much affected by these last words of Mr. Gisborne; and, struggling to conceal his feelings, he assured him, that it would be with no inferior interest that he should listen to all he had to say on the important subject in question.

Mr. Gisborne bowed; and speaking with his usual deliberation, "I presume sir," he said, "that I am addressing one who admits the Bible to be the word of God, and its precepts the indisputable rules by which the fitness and unfitness of every action can alone be measured."

In reply to this, my father bowed, and acknowledged his entire acquiescence in these orthodox views.

"Such being the case, continued Mr. Gisborne, "I shall not despair, my dear Sir, of making you comprehend the motives of my conduct respecting your little son. This holy book, my good Sir, has always been my guide and counsellor; at least, I have wished especially to make it so, in the arduous task which I have undertaken of conducting the education of an immortal creature."

"You could not have done better than to take the advice of such a counsellor, my good Sir," replied my father, "provided that the sacred writings are found to afford lights sufficient for the management of this business. But were I to give my opinion, I should say, that the word of God, affecting higher matters, does not descend to such particu-

lars as would enable any one to shape his conduct, in regard to the education of a child, precisely according to any specified rules.

"Sir," returned Mr. Gisborne, "I can hardly agree with you in this particular: and I will venture to assert, that if the Scripture does not throw sufficient light on the subject of education, we have no other guide whatever on which we can reasonably depend; for he that made man, and alone knows what is in man, must undoubtedly be the only adequate judge of the proper mode of regulating this creature, the work of his own hands."

"Sir," replied my father, "I cannot dispute the truth of this assertion. Without all doubt, the heart of man is known to God only, and he alone is in possession of all those secret springs and counsels by which the will of the creature may be best directed, his intellectual powers improved, and his passions subdued. I am not so impious as to entertain a doubt on this subject; but I candidly confess that I am not aware in what part of Scripture the Almighty has vouchsafed to give such lights as may assist a teacher, in the intellectual improvement of a child, although, in the articles of filial obedience and morality, it affords a very decisive rule of conduct. Nevertheless, my good Sir," continued my father, "the subject is of such importance, that I am anxious to hear all you have to say upon it; and, if possible, to profit by your experience and learning."

Mr. Gisborne bowed and proceeded. "Sir," said he, "when I first undertook the charge of youth, I was led to consult my Bible with a reference to this work, then entirely new to me. I there was reminded of this awful truth, that man, in his natural state, is incapable of happiness, and that my pupil was in consequence not only in danger of eternal misery, but inevitably exposed to it, unless such a change should take place in the whole constitution of his mind, soul, and feelings, as no human efforts could possibly produce. Such, then, I found to be the real state of the case: the human being in whose interests I was becoming deeply engaged, was in a situation of such imminent danger, as rendered it utterly beyond my power to accomplish my rescue. The Bible, however, was at hand; and having further consulted this unerring guide,

I discovered certain passages, wherein assurances of final success were held out, if I laboured in the strength of the Lord, and leaned not to my own understanding. Having proceeded so far in my discoveries, I was next led to inquire, in what does this strength consist? and where is true wisdom to be found? To this inquiry I found an immediate reply in that exquisite passage in the first Psalm—*Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful: but his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.* (Psalm i. 1—3.)

“By a serious consideration of this passage, I was brought to see that prosperity in my new undertaking was promised upon the condition of my making the law of God my delight. And being here again brought back to the word of God, I was further led to this result; that the blessings which I could not obtain for the little Alfred by any effort of my own, were to be sought in the word of God, which I was commanded to impress upon his mind in every possible way which I could devise, directly and indirectly, in season and out of season, according to a very explicit rule laid down in Deuteronomy:—*And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.*” (Deut. vi. 6—9.)

My father in this place interrupted Mr. Gisborne, by saying, that he perfectly agreed with him in his opinions respecting Scripture, and even allowed that a critical knowledge of Scripture ought to be the ultimate object of all human learning; and then, with a degree of self-deception which might appear almost incredible to one who is not an accurate observer of human nature, he very coolly and calmly asserted, that it had been his sole view, in all my

instructions, to bring me into a condition thoroughly to appreciate and understand the Scriptures in their original languages.

I trust that I shall not be deemed disrespectful to the memory of a beloved parent, by bringing to light those little inconsistencies, and that self-deception, to which he was unhappily liable in his unchanged state.

I rejoice to say that this tender father was wholly changed before his death, and expressed himself particularly anxious that I should state in writing the several circumstances and anecdotes which I have collected together in these few sheets, wishing that others might be benefited by the errors into which he himself had fallen. But to pursue my narrative.

After making the above assertion, which Mr. Gisborne did not dispute, my father proceeded to give the old gentleman an outline of my studies, to which Mr. Gisborne listened in perfect silence: but on my father's ceasing to speak, he made answer to the following effect—"I do not question," said he, "that your aim, my good Sir, in the arrangement of your daughter's studies, was what you assert it to have been; neither do I doubt but that many others of the learned and excellent of the earth, have had the same ultimate purpose in view, when they led their pupils, first, through the Latin, and, secondly, through the Greek classics, namely, to put them in a condition to read and understand the Scriptures in their original tongues. Nevertheless, I have three important objections to make to this plan."

"I should like to hear your statement of these objections," said my father somewhat hastily.

"Certainly, Sir," returned Mr. Gisborne in his usually calm and unruffled manner. "In the first place, (allowing as I do that accurate biblical knowledge is the object to which the tutor wishes to bring his pupil,) I assert, that, according to the ordinary plan, the compass commonly fetched before the pupil can be conducted to the point intended, is so wide, that the best part of man's life, and the whole period commonly allotted to education, is generally exhausted before the pupil can be brought through the avenues of human learning into the sacred and pure retreats of that which is divine."

"Your second objection, my good Sir?" said my father, with an expression of countenance which I could not quite decipher.

"My second objection is this," replied Mr. Gisborne, "that, even supposing the tutor's intention to be of this pious kind, there is great danger that he may lose himself, and the integrity of his own purpose, amid the mazes in which he has chosen to walk, and in which he has no promise of the divine direction: so that, notwithstanding the supposed purity of his first design, he may at length be led to sit down contented with the agreeableness of human genius, and proceed no further towards the goal for which he first set out."

"You have stated two objections to your old system, Sir," said my father; "what is your third?"

"You are not displeased with my straight forward manner?" said Mr. Gisborne.

"By no means," replied my father with a cordiality which did him honour. "You have not displeased me; but you have called my thoughts to subjects which never before engaged my attention. And now, my good Sir, for your third objection."

"My third objection, Sir," said Mr. Gisborne, "is this—that, while the circuitous progress of education recommended by the old system is going forward, the ideas and moral habits of the child remain uncorrected, at least so far as his studies may affect them. In the first place, he does not enjoy the advantage of those correctives of sin which are found only in the word of God; he has no absolute standard of truth in his own mind—nothing solid or sterling against which to weigh or compare the objects immediately surrounding him; nor yet any principles or laws by which he might be enabled to judge his own heart, so as to approve or condemn his own actions. And in the second place, he is liable to receive some impurity from every lesson which he learns, even allowing that his tutor uses every precaution to select and extract for his study the least impure or hurtful of the classic writings; which, after every possible modification—as they neither proceed from the Spirit of God, nor are influenced by the word of God, but are the products of the unsanctified imagination of unconverted man—must remain so radically polluted

as not to admit of that entire purgation as might render them wholesome and salutary food for such as ought to be fed with milk, even the sincere milk of the word; and who cannot be supposed to have attained, if it is ever attainable by corrupt man, such spiritual strength of mind as to enable them to reject all that is offensive, and every thing that has a tendency to pollute as soon as it is perceived."

"Mr. Gisborne," said my father, "I will candidly confess, that you have made me very serious and very uneasy; nay, almost indeed inclined to quit the field of contest, perhaps not altogether vanquished, though certainly puzzled and confounded. I will freely acknowledge, that I am half disposed to think you right; notwithstanding which, I must be allowed to say, that some objections to your system occur to me. Are you not of opinion, that a constant application of the mind to the study of Scripture, to the exclusion of the classical writers, which I think I understand to be your plan, would lead to an extremely narrow and illiberal mode of thinking?"

Mr. Gisborne replied, that before my father decided, he wished to make him thoroughly acquainted with the whole of his system; "which," added he, "will not perhaps be found so narrow as might at first be supposed."

My father bowed, and Mr. Gisborne proceeded. "Before I enter into a full statement of my plans, my good Sir," said the old gentleman, "I shall take the liberty of giving you the results of my experience. I have observed on many occasions, that a serious perusal of Scripture produces certain effects on the human mind which never result from the study of other books. The first of these effects I consider to be that peculiar illumination of the mind, which is thus alluded to by the Psalmist. *When thy word goeth forth, it giveth light and understanding to the simple.* This effect is, of course, observable only when the Scriptures are read with attention by the pupil, and held up by the tutor as an infallible rule of life. And it is remarkable, when the Scriptures are thus used, how wonderful an effect they produce in correcting and settling the principles; and how soon even an infant is taught thereby to bring his actions to the standard of holy writ. The motives of action presented in every book, but those of Scripture, and such as are written on decidedly scriptural views, are various and

names and origins of nations! In studying chronology, where do we find fixed dates and sure resting-places but in the Bible? And, without Scripture, what is ancient history but a web, so intricate and involved, as absolutely to pass all the skill of man satisfactorily to unravel it?"

"If any man on earth can render the study of one book, or of one set of books, interesting to a young person at all times, I believe that you are the man, Mr. Gisborne," said my father: "nevertheless, I am not able to conceive how you can avoid rendering this perpetual reference to Scripture tedious and disgusting to a child."

"The Bible is a book," replied Mr. Gisborne, "which is invariably found to acquire new interest by frequent study; and it is only the careless reader who ever complains of weariness. There are times, indeed, when children will feel a disinclination not only to studies of every kind, but even to every kind of amusement. An idle child is as wholly incapable of pursuing any play with energy, as of following up any kind of study with perseverance. But these feelings must be contended with; since no character is of any value, or can ever be relied on, which is not accustomed to combat them, and regularly to follow up a duty, notwithstanding occasional sensations of disgust or fatigue. I have never, however, found that the study of Scripture excites this mental weariness more than that of any other book; but I have remarked, on the contrary, that it has decidedly the contrary effect, and that a taste for divine things and holy contemplation increases with the exercise."

"I understand," said my father, "that you make Scripture the vehicle of two languages, namely, the Hebrew and the Greek, and that you teach these languages grammatically. Does your plan then entirely exclude Latin?"

"Undoubtedly not," replied Mr. Gisborne: "but inasmuch as all the best Latin writers were unenlightened heathens, I reserve them till such times as I may hope that my pupil, being well grounded in Scripture, and armed with the knowledge of better things, may be enabled to discern and reject the evil which they contain, and to derive from them such benefit as they are calculated to afford. Much as I disapprove of placing these works in the hands of untutored infancy, there are many reasons for not wholly

rejecting them. Many of these writings were composed by the most able men of their day; men who, with the exception of the inspired writers, are to be considered as authors of first rate talent and ability. They describe scenes and circumstances of extraordinary interest: with a more than magic skill they lead back their readers to ages long gone by, setting them suddenly in the streets of Troy, of Carthage, and of Rome; they bring before our eyes the palace of Priam, the tent of Ulysses, the banquet of the Tyrian queen, the ancient ideas of beauty, glory, and fame: in addition to which they afford us some of the finest examples of purity and simplicity of style. Now when the deep and solid basis of Christianity and scriptural knowledge is laid in the mind of a young man; when he has been made acquainted with history as referring constantly to Scripture, and has been led to consider the human race as they are described in holy writ, as so many families under the immediate control of God; when he has been accustomed to contemplate the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them as the hire of sin in the hands of Satan; (*Matt.* iv. 8, 9.) and when he has attained such an age as may be supposed to render him capable of eschewing evil and doing good; (*1 Pet.* iii. 11.)—in such circumstances there will certainly be less danger in his studying the Latin classics, since we may then reasonably hope that he will be influenced to reject such parts of them as are obviously of a pernicious tendency. But when we put these books into the hands of our little children, is it not, my good Sir, somewhat like sending our lambs among wolves, or heaping thorns upon our fairest lilies?"

"Sir," said my father, "allowing these books to be so radically and thoroughly corrupt as you seem to think them, your reasonings are certainly correct, and I will grant that they ought not to be put into the hands of very young persons. But I must confess that I am by no means aware of this deep and inveterate corruption in our celebrated classical writers, of which you speak."

"Sir," replied Mr. Gisborne, "if your thoughts have never been turned to this subject, I can very easily conceive, from the force of habit, and from your having been, in common with other gentlemen of liberal education, accustomed to look on these writers as almost sacred, and

of unquestionable merit, that it may never have occurred to you to consider their natural tendency, or to trace their relationship to those abominable idolatries which polluted the whole civilized earth before the coming of our Lord, which prepared the way for all those heresies which have since arisen in the Church, and which are still shedding their influence over the present age, in a manner not so apparent indeed in England, but so evident on the Continent, that I can hardly imagine how it has been possible for such a circumstance so long to escape the notice of our Christian writers. Certain it is, indeed, that the time is now past for the actual worship of Jupiter and Juno, and that the mysterious rites of Ceres and Cybele are no longer observed in Europe: but as there is a certain reflected light diffused from true Christianity, which affects thousands and tens of thousands who are not decided Christians; in like manner there is a lurid and baneful glare shed from a false religion, which may confound and mislead multitudes who are not themselves confessedly its votaries. Thus the imaginations of our young people may be polluted, and their hearts corrupted, by the writings of the heathen, although they may be persuaded that the whole of their mythology, as the word itself imports, is nothing but fable, and are continually reminded that their sentiments are not correctly just. Vain is the attempt of the careful tutor to prune and weed these writings from their most gross defects. When all that can be done in this way is completed, the spirit of heathenism still breathes in every page; the thirst for blood and the desire of human praise are continually extolled and held up to imitation; while the mind of the reader becomes gradually accustomed to the ideas of polytheism, and tutored in the blasphemous use of expressions which ought only to be applied to the immortal, invisible, and only wise God."

Here Mr. Gisborne paused; and looking at my father and me as if he would make some apology for his warmth, he said, "I fear, my good Sir, that you will think me rigid, as I am undoubtedly singular in my opinions on these subjects, and especially in supposing that this rage for the heathen writers, and this love of classical imagery, so particularly prevalent in these countries, is not altogether without its tincture of idolatry. Nevertheless, my good

Sir, entertaining these opinions, you will no longer blame me for having conducted the education of your little son in the manner which I have described.

Here Mr. Gisborne paused, as if waiting my father's reply; but he might have waited long, for my father remained silent, with every appearance of being lost in deep meditation. At length Mr. Gisborne ventured to express a hope that he had not given offence by so sincere and explicit an avowal of his opinion.

"Offence, my good Sir!" said my father, rising and giving the old gentleman his hand; "far be it from me to take offence at the manner in which you have pleaded a cause of such paramount interest. Your opinions are so entirely new to me, that I cannot at once receive them; but I respect your motives of conduct, and more than suspect that you are right. And if you are right, then we are all wrong, and acting under a kind of influence which we little suspect. My daughter will commit your arguments to writing; I will take occasion to meditate upon them; and will sometime hence give you the result of my meditations. In the mean time, my good Sir, go on with the blessed work which you have begun. I commit the sole representative of my departed child to your care without reserve; only, do not leave my house; do not take my child from me; but rather allow his only remaining parent the benefit of your conversation. You may perhaps be enabled to effect such a revolution in my mind as you now have little reason to anticipate."

So saying, my father left the room; and a few moments afterwards, I observed him as he hastened out of the house, to meditate, no doubt, in solitude on the late conference.

For some months after the above discussion, it appeared that both my father and Mr. Gisborne purposely avoided any renewal of this particular subject of discourse; although my father not unfrequently, when alone with me, acknowledged that he had been considerably affected by Mr. Gisborne's arguments, and that he even began to entertain strong suspicions that the cause of true religion had long been, and continued to be, greatly injured by the prevalence of heathen writings, heathen imagery, and heathen principles, not only on the Continent, but also in England itself, that blessed country, where the purest doctrines of

the Gospel are maintained and disseminated by the highest earthly authorities.

I could say much of what passed between my father and myself at these times, but should probably be only repeating many things which I have had occasion to put down in the former part of my narrative. Suffice it to say, that my father's conviction of the truth was so much stronger than mine, and my own tenaciousness in favour of former prejudices so unyielding, that I did not scruple to avow to him that I was so far from being convinced by Mr. Gisborne's statements, that, on the contrary, I felt an assurance, if his plan was to be universally adopted, we should presently witness a return of Gothic barbarians, and have another edition of the dark ages.

I have hitherto represented myself, at least, in a tolerable point of view; but the depravity of the human heart very rarely appears in its true colours, until something arises to stir up and awaken its naturally unhallowed propensities. A river which runs in its channel without obstruction, may rush along with violent force, though this force may neither be observed nor suspected by the person who walks quietly upon its banks; but when any obstruction is presented to its passage, it fails not to evidence such a magnitude of resistance as no artificial mound can effectually oppose. So was it with me, as long as my father's general habits and opinions coincided with my own:—while he presented no obstruction to my general ways of thinking and acting, I appeared all that was amiable and accommodating; but when, influenced by Mr. Gisborne, he once began to suggest the idea that we might perhaps have been mistaken in many of our former views, I failed not to feel in my own mind a considerable degree of displeasure, while I evidenced a very unbecoming degree of irritation.

My father had always entertained some general respect for religion, and it seems that, by the divine blessing on his late afflictions, his mind had been in some degree prepared for the reception of Mr. Gisborne's opinions. But I, who had sympathized very slightly with my father in his troubles, was by no means so prepared; and looking upon religion as a gloomy, unsocial feeling, by the adoption of which I should be debarred from all elegant enjoyment, and whose influence would have a tendency to deprive me

of all my pretensions to superior wisdom, I obstinately resisted every conviction, and endeavoured to pour contempt on all that Mr. Gisborne said in its favour. And such, after a while, became the insolence of my manner, as to cause a sudden cessation of all agreeable intercourse between my father and myself; for as his anxiety to convince me very naturally increased with the growth of his own convictions, I at length became so thoroughly exasperated, as to discover the utmost dissatisfaction both with him and with every body about me.

And now my thoughts frequently reverted to that short period of my life in which alone I had tasted what I conceived to be real pleasure, insomuch that, with other bad feelings, an emotion of resentment was excited in my heart against my father, for having cut short what I judged to have been my happiness: and these feelings were indulged so far as to produce a persuasion that, if my father had suffered for his conduct on that occasion, it was no more than he deserved.

The selfishness of the unregenerate heart can hardly be painted with too great strength of colouring. If the saints of God have continual reason to deplore the power of selfishness, even when under the control of grace, how much greater must be the force of our selfish passions when under no control whatever, and allowing of no regulations, but either from considerations of prudence, or from that calculating spirit which, considering what it conceives to be most for its own interests, never gives up the gratification of *one* passion but in the expectation of some higher feast for *another* on a future occasion; or from the dread of some punishment which it considers as more than equivalent to the proposed gratification!

With respect to myself, I was not only wholly unchanged by grace, but greatly corrupted by education; almost every idea which I had received from infancy being false, and in many instances of a polluting tendency: and it was at this period when youth naturally begins to throw off somewhat of parental control, and to look out of itself for satisfactions, that these corrupt principles began to produce their worst effect. When I first experienced, in any strong degree, the feeling of dissatisfaction mentioned above, (which dissatisfaction, so commonly felt by young people,

is nothing more than the workings of inbred corruption; I sought to be much alone; I avoided my parents' society; I repulsed my little nephew whenever he wished to approach me; daily feeding my imagination on the sickly conceits with which my style of reading had supplied me, and which served to heighten rather than allay the feverish restlessness of my mind.

Young persons who have been made acquainted with the principles of true religion, need not be told that our present state of being on earth is not a state of perfect happiness. They are convinced, not only that they must meet with trials, but also that much advantage may arise from them; they have not been accustomed to hear fortune, the fates, or the higher powers, accused of injustice when a great man suffers, or when a beautiful woman is made to shed tears; but they have been taught at least to acknowledge that they are guilty of impiety and ingratitude, if they do not bear the common lot of their sinful race with a decent resignation. Very little however of this submissive spirit is recommended in heathen writers: and though I, who was the early pupil of such writers, could have submitted to any kind of trial attended with circumstances of a splendid and heroic nature, yet I could not endure the thought of spending my youth in the dull and calm routine of domestic life, which was become still less interesting to me since Mr. Gisborne had made one of our party, putting to flight by his grave and formal manner, together with the solidity and seriousness of his remarks, several of those sprightly visitors in whose society my father used to take pleasure.

And now my mind being thus prepared for all manner of evil, Satan speedily provided a temptation for me precisely suited to my case. A letter was, one evening, put into my hand by a servant, who had, no doubt, been bribed for the purpose, from the young Countess of Rheinswald.

Though the artful servant had given me no hint respecting the propriety of concealing this letter, my own evil heart dictated to me the necessity of so doing; and accordingly, on the receipt of it, I hastened to my own room, and closed my door, in order to read it without interruption.

It contained, in the first place, much of that common-

place trash which is so frequently found in the correspondence of young people, viz. violent expressions of regard, long extracts from poetical writers on the charms of sympathy, the eternity of friendship, the union of hearts, &c. &c.; together with lamentations for our long and continued separation, mingled with pathetic descriptions of her own miserable feelings in being parted from me, and her utter inability of sustaining life much longer without receiving some short notices respecting my welfare. "Your image, my Ellen," said she, "such as it appeared to me when first I beheld you in the halls of Swetzinghen, is ever present to my imagination, blooming and charming as you then appeared, when the roses in your bosom, and the diamonds which shone in your lovely tresses were eclipsed and put to shame by the brighter bloom of your cheeks, and the brilliance of your sparkling eye. The sweet tones of your voice still vibrate on my ravished ear, while the purity and elegance of your sentiments continue to delight my enraptured heart. O Ellen! would that I had either never seen you, or had met you never more to part!"

Much more was added to this purpose; and had there been volumes, instead of a few pages only, in this style, all might have been well. But like most ladies' letters, the real purport, after an immense redundancy of words, was contained in a few short lines at the end—a kind of postscript, in which the countess mentioned her brother, spoke of his unhappy rencontre with my father, attributed it to the violence of his feelings, and described the ill-fated youth as nearly reduced to despair by remorse and disappointment: remorse, for having injured the man he revered most on earth; and disappointment, with regard to the greatest earthly happiness he had ever dared to promise himself.

I read this letter again and again, feasting on its flattery, and taking deep draughts of the poison contained in the postscript. I well knew that the name of Rheinswald was held in abhorrence by both my parents; while therefore I determined not to show them the letter, I resolved to answer it clandestinely—a determination which I soon put in execution, confiding my answer to the care of the artful servant above mentioned.

My epistle to the countess contained nothing very re-
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markable, except a return of the same sort of fine and tender sentiments and high-flown compliments as those with which my young acquaintance had honoured me. However, I also added my little postscript, which, although very short, was probably the only part of my letter to which much attention would be paid. It contained an expression of concern for the illness of the count, worded indeed with some coldness, yet somewhat sweetened by a fine panegyric on the heroic duty of forgiving of injuries, the application of which I left to the young lady herself, or her brother, as either of them should be pleased to make it.

A second letter from the countess arrived as speedily as possible after the reception of mine. It came flying, as the young lady expressed it, on the wings of love and gratitude. It announced an amendment in the health of the count, spoke of balms, precious ointments, sweet sympathies, recovery from death unto life, &c. &c.; very earnestly requesting me to finish the work of consolation which I had commenced by another letter.

In this manner was our correspondence continued for some time; till, at length, the countess announced her intention of leaving Baden for Switzerland. And as she must needs pass near the gates of Worinheim, she requested me to give her the meeting, were it only for a few moments, on an appointed night, in a small grove, of which she pretended to have retained a faint recollection from a former visit in the neighbourhood.

I will own that I was startled at this request: but I had too little principle or discretion to deny it. Indeed I was rather pleased than otherwise at the idea of an adventure: so, without decidedly inquiring what I proposed to myself, or what the countess proposed, by this meeting, I consented to it; encouraging myself with the idea, that no harm could possibly arise from an interview with a young person of my own sex, even though that interview was one which I knew my parents would not approve.

But I was at that time to all intents and purposes an infidel; my morality, if I had any, was partly derived from heathen writers, and partly from some confused sense of the fitness and decorum of things; while I had no kind of principle within powerful enough to contend with the strength of my natural evil inclinations. In short, I agreed

to this meeting ; and the day and hour being fixed, I prepared to rush into the snare thus craftily laid for me : for it must be remembered, that entitled as I was to an immense property, I was a prize worthy the pursuit of a family who had but slender means of supporting a high hereditary rank.

It was about one year from the time of our visiting the court of Swetzinghen, that I one evening stole from the presence of my parents ; and being accompanied by the servant who had been the confidant of my secret correspondence, I made my way through the most obscure paths of the pleasure-ground to the little grove, where I expected to meet my faithless friend.

This was the first daring act of disobedience of which I had ever been guilty ; and it was not without some degree of trembling that I made my way through the shrubs and covered walks, then dropping with the damps of night. We had chosen a moonlight evening for our purpose, and the moon was just rising above the misty heights of the Swartzwald as I struck into the little coppice where I expected to see the countess.

I had passed the gates of our own domain, and pursued a private road which led into the highway for some hundred yards, when I discovered a carriage and some persons waiting at a distance. The figures of several men standing with the carriage filled me with alarm ; though this was no more than I had reason to expect : since I could not for a moment suppose that the countess would travel alone. However, being come under the shade of the coppice, the voice of the countess arrested me at the very moment when I was about to turn back ; and the next instant I felt myself closely embraced by my perfidious friend.—“ And do I at length clasp my Ellen in my arms ? O ! happy hour ! O ! exquisite moment ! O ! infinite delight ! ” were the words, or something like the words, with which she saluted me, as she drew me further beneath the shade of the trees.

“ I can only speak to you, I can only bid you one long adieu,” I said, “ and then I must return : ” for my indiscretion now began to stare me in my face, and I looked apprehensively towards the figures of the men, clearly discernible by the moonlight.

I know not what she answered ; but the words of flattery

which fell like honey from her lips, tempted me still to stand and listen.

"A little while, my Ellen," she said; "give me your company but for a few short moments, and let me tell you but a little of what I have suffered in your absence. Permit me to convey the consoling tidings to my brother that you forgive him. I dare not ask you to see him: I dare not ask you to pronounce his pardon with your own lips."

More she said, much more, to the same purpose, still holding my hand and endeavouring to conceal her too evident agitation by the affectation of excessive pleasure.

While I still endeavoured to withdraw myself from her caresses, and expostulated against any attempt which she might make to bring her brother to speak to me, I suddenly heard approaching steps. I saw a figure pass in a direction opposite to the carriage; and an instant afterwards a confusion ensued among the persons without the grove. The sound of voices immediately followed, as in loud and angry expostulation. The countess seemed terrified; and, feeling myself freed from her embraces, I darted from the grove, and ran back to the gate of the park. I heard the countess call me; but her voice was presently lost in the louder voices of men; and looking back a moment, I observed that some violent contest was taking place among the persons about the carriage. I waited not to ascertain the cause of this; but still running towards home, I had scarcely passed a little gate which opened into the park, when the report of a pistol reached my ear. Terror now added new wings to my flight, and I arrived, almost breathless, in the portico of the chateau, where I rested a few seconds to recover myself, and the doors of the saloon standing open, I saw my mother sitting calmly at her needlework, Mr. Gisborne and Alfred being placed opposite to her, engaged with their books.

The sweet tranquillity of this scene, compared with the apprehended horrors, and real danger of that which I had left, struck me very forcibly; and at this moment, for the first time in my experience, a verse of Scripture came with power to my remembrance. The passage was this—*Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.* (Prov. iii. 17.) It was, however, several minutes before I

felt myself sufficiently calm to appear before my mother; and when I at length resolved on so doing, I took a turn round the house, entered a side-door, and came into the saloon as if I had come from my own apartment.

I had lately affected to be much alone, and my mother was one of those gentle and quiet characters whom it is never very difficult to deceive. No question therefore was made respecting my absence, and I had sat perhaps an hour in the saloon with a book in my hand, (for I was too much agitated to read,) before my mother, calmly raising her eyes from her work, and looking at a time-piece which stood on a pedestal in the room, asked me if I knew any thing of my father.

Never shall I forget the effect which this question had upon me, or the train of horrible ideas which it suggested to my mind. The figure which I had seen passing the grove in the direction from the chateau, the altercation which had ensued near the carriage, and the report which I had heard of a pistol, altogether, combined with my own indiscreet conduct, and the apprehended absence of my father from the chateau at this late hour, filled me with such terrors as I had never before experienced, and such as I hope never again to encounter. "My father!" I repeated, on my mother putting the question; "my father! Oh! I have murdered my father!" and casting my book from me, I was about to rush out into the park, when Mr. Gisborne seized my hand, arrested my progress, and, with some difficulty, drew from me such hints as directed him where to look for his patron, before I sunk senseless on the floor.

In the mean time such consternation was excited, that no one had leisure to consider my case but little Alfred, who, though unable to raise me from the ground, rendered me all the assistance which his tenderest feelings could suggest: and when I recovered my senses, I found my head raised upon his lap, while he was bathing my temples with cold water. But, with the exception of Alfred, no person was in the room, and, from the deep silence, the house itself seemed to be abandoned. "Oh, Alfred! Alfred!" I said, as I raised myself so as to sit upright on the floor, and looked wildly round me, "what has happened? Where is my father? my mother? are all gone?" and I burst into tears.

The child rose, and stood by me. "Don't weep, aunt Ellen," he said; "they will come back; God will take care of our dear father." But the child trembled, and shed tears as he spoke.

"Oh, Alfred! Alfred!" I said, "I now wish I had the confidence in God which you have; but——" and I was silent, and looked round with a kind of terror on the various paintings and statues, all of a heathen character, with which the room was surrounded; the long shadows of these last shedding a kind of gloomy horror over the apartment: for the large room was but feebly illuminated by lamps fixed in girandoles, supported by the statues themselves, all the lights having been removed from the table round which we had been sitting.

The child again pressed on me the duty of confidence in God, and I have no doubt that I uttered many shocking avowals of my entire unacquaintedness with these things, in reply to his entreaties; for I hardly knew what I said, so great was the terror and agitation of my mind. At length, however, recollecting myself, I arose, and was advancing into the portico, when the sound of approaching footsteps and of many voices from without, reached my ear. The voices were not those of pleasure, and the steps were heavy, as of persons carrying some weight. For another moment I seemed incapable of reflection, and had hardly time to sustain myself against one of the pillars which supported the roof of the hall, before the persons I had before seen near the grove entered the room, bearing the body of my father, apparently in a lifeless state. My mother, Mr. Gisborne, and the rest of the family, followed the dreadful procession, while the groans of the former alone disturbed the general silence.

Still clasping the pillar to prevent me from falling, my eyes were fixed on the figure of my father, which now lay stretched upon a sofa, while Mr. Gisborne, who alone seemed to retain his presence of mind in this awful scene, laid open the upper part of my father's dress, in order to assist his breathing, which, it seems, was hardly perceptible. It was a question, I perceived, with all present, whether my beloved father was not actually dead; but it was a question I dared not ask. Mr. Gisborne, however, lost no time in ministering the only relief which could

be afforded. He ordered my father's arm to be bared with astonishing composure, produced a lancet from a small case of instruments, and making an incision in a vein, the blood began to flow, and presently, in consequence of the friction which was applied, it began to flow freely; on which Mr. Gisborne exclaimed, with a warmth of feeling for which I ever afterwards loved and honoured him, "He lives! he lives!" when my mother burst into such an agony of mingled emotions as I never before witnessed.

I now ventured to come forward, and stand at the foot of the couch, to witness the gradual recovery of my beloved parent. I saw him open his eyes, and look round; and the first words which he uttered were—"Where is my daughter? where is my Ellen?"

I approached nearer—and never shall I forget the change which passed on his countenance when I presented myself: it was a mixture of satisfaction at my presence, and bitter reproach. "Miserable daughter!" he said; and the words struck to my heart; "and more miserable father! But I have deserved this, Mr. Gisborne: I deserved this when I forsook the fountain of living waters, and hewed out broken cisterns of my own from whence to satisfy my child."

Every eye was turned on me as he spoke, and every countenance seemed to ask, "What can all this mean?"

"Unhappy father!" repeated my parent. "But I have deserved all; yes, all that I have encountered; yea, and more also. When I forsook the living God, when I threw reproach on the divine instructions of my heavenly Father, could I have expected otherwise than that my child should bring reproach and sorrow upon me?"

"Compose yourself, my dear Sir," said Mr. Gisborne.

"Oh, Mr. Gisborne!" said my father; "did you but know all!"

"We will speak of this hereafter," said Mr. Gisborne: "your health is now the first concern; I beseech you to be calm. If your daughter has in any wise done wrong, she now, I am convinced, sees her error:" and so saying, he brought me forward to the head of the couch, where, falling on my knees, I implored my parent's forgiveness with such an agony of tears, as my father, who was naturally the tenderest of men, was unable to endure. Never, never

will that moment be erased from my memory, when he graciously extended his arms to me, and I sunk, almost fainting, on his bosom.

But although Mr. Gisborne had thought it best to yield, in the first instance, to this explosion of feelings on both sides, the occasion of which was still an enigma to all, it was now absolutely necessary for him to put an end to this scene; and a medical man, who resided not very far off, being by this time arrived, my father was removed to his own chamber, where he was immediately put to bed, and such further remedies applied as his situation required. In the mean while I was left to give such an account to my mother of what had passed as I was enabled to do; and which I did without prevarication, though I could give no satisfactory explanation of the motives which had induced my father to follow me, or of the circumstances which had reduced him to the situation in which he had been brought back to his family. However, it was not long before my dear parent found himself enabled to fill up all that was wanting in my dreadful narrative.

It seems, that he was walking in the portico at the very time that I left the house; and having seen me across an alley of the garden at a small distance, he had been induced to follow me, being greatly surprised that I should have chosen such an hour for a walk. Having, however, pursued my steps for some time, he caught sight of me again at a distance; and still following me, he came to a little eminence, from whence he perceived a carriage by the light of the moon. Alarmed at this combination of extraordinary appearances, he still went on; when passing the small gate of the pleasure-ground, and the entrance of the grove in which I then actually was, he advanced to the carriage, and there encountered the Baron de Rheinswald, from whom he demanded his daughter, not doubting but that I was in the carriage. Violent words ensued on the part of the count. My father became enraged, and struck the young man. Whereupon the latter discharged a pistol at my father's head, the ball of which passed through his hat, without doing him any injury: but it is supposed that by some other act of violence he was brought to the ground in a state of insensibility. What further happened my father was unable to say; but no doubt the treacherous

party thought it wisest to make the best of their way from the scene where they supposed that murder had been committed.

Thus had I, by my incorrigible obstinacy and self-will a second time brought the life of my beloved parent into the most dreadful peril, and furnished such evidence of the fruits of an ill-directed education as might seem sufficient to carry conviction to every heart. For, vile as the nature of man is, and depraved as his inclinations assuredly are, it cannot for a moment be conceived possible, that, if I had been brought up in a right sense of religion, and with a proper dread of infidelity and heathenism, I should have allowed myself to be thus misled by persons who avowed their depraved sentiments without disguise, scarcely qualifying their infidel sentiments by the affectation of a refined taste, and the love of classic lore.

But mine is not a solitary, though, from its remarkable and almost romantic circumstances, perhaps, it may be considered as a striking instance of the evil effects of those loose principles which are generated by too great familiarity with heathen literature; and I much doubt, if the histories of many other lovers of these profane writers were as faithfully recorded as mine, whether they would be found to be less stained with gross and dreadful error. And here I might repeat much of what I have already selected from the conversation which passed between Mr. Gisborne and my father on the need of such correctives of the youthful passions as are found in Scripture, had I not already extended my narrative to an unwarrantable length, and were I not convinced of my inability to add any thing further on this subject likely to strike conviction to the heart, if all I have already said has failed of its purpose. This only I must add—that if Christians would more maturely consider the extreme abhorrence in which idolatry, with all that hath reference thereunto, is spoken of in Scripture, they would assuredly become more circumspect in the use of those classical authors, to the study of which our children are now almost universally constrained, to the almost entire exclusion of the word of God, and of that instruction which leadeth unto life.

I close my memoirs in this place, and cannot do so without expressing my most grateful thanks to Almighty God

for the strong convictions of sin with which he was pleased to visit me immediately after my commission of that dreadful act, by which I had nearly sacrificed the life of the most tender parent.

This endeared father soon recovered from the shock he had received; and being thoroughly reconciled to me, he devoted the rest of his life to receiving and giving that blessed instruction which in his earlier days he had considered but as a secondary thing. He was assisted, after some time, to exclude from his imagination all the rubbish of the heathen writers, and so richly to store his mind with divine knowledge, as to render it no longer doubtful, that the Father of lights had liberally bestowed upon him that true wisdom of which he Himself is both the author and the end. And now it was, that the Christian graces added such an ornament to his outward appearance, and so highly embellished his manners, which were at all times of the noblest order, that it was remarked of him by all who knew him in the latter part of his life, that he exhibited the finest specimen of the gentleman which could possibly be conceived; every courtly habit being united in his person with the pure courtesy and humility of the Christian; his human learning being rendered entirely subservient to his spiritual intelligence, and never brought forward but to throw light on those passages of holy writ which otherwise would have remained in obscurity.

After the grievous offence of which I had been guilty, I was received again, on due submission, to the affection of this dear parent; and I have reason to think, that the shame to which I was subjected on this occasion was rendered useful to me, as the means of lowering my high thoughts, and convincing me that superior intellectual endowments of a certain kind are very compatible with extreme want of prudence in common matters, and that they even tend to destruction when they exalt the creature at the expense (if the term may be allowed) of the Creator.

The troubles which broke out in France soon after the events above spoken of, induced my father to come to England when I was in my twentieth year; my mother, Mr. Gisborne, and Alfred, accompanying us of course. In this highly favoured island my parents resided some time; and here I left them, to become the wife of one of the best of

men; a man not less distinguished by his elegant manners and intellectual endowments than by his superior piety.

In England we were rendered peculiarly happy by falling into such society as confirmed all those desires which, under the blessing of God, had been first excited in our minds by the conversation of Mr. Gisborne. My beloved mother died before the termination of the war upon the Continent. And as we were enabled, after the peace, to dispose of our possessions in Baden on advantageous terms, we no longer consider ourselves as allied to foreigners, excepting by those ties of affection which ought ever to unite those who partake of one common nature; but considering England as our home, we desire to live and die in this country, and to devote the remainder of our lives to the dissemination of that truth which has formed the happiness of our lives for some years past, and gives us the assurance of still greater happiness in the life to come.

Mr. Gisborne still lives, and still pursues his calm and uninterrupted course, though bent down with years, and sometimes reminded, by his increasing infirmities, that ere long he may look for a removal to a happier home. My father, who is younger than Mr. Gisborne by many years, clings to him with the most tender regard and unmingled esteem; and Alfred, who is now as fine a youth as England can boast, (and if England, surely all the world beside,) is the fairest and most faithful prop of the declining years of that excellent man, who first introduced him to the way of holiness.

And now, my dear madam, I close this long epistle, or rather this little volume, hoping that what I have said may confirm you in the opinions which you have professed, and induce you, as much as in you lies, to substitute the word of God in the school-room of your sons in the place of those heathen authors, the study of which I scarcely think can be admitted, in the way it is, without the breach, if not of the letter, at least of the spirit, of that commandment which saith—"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth

generation of them that hate me; and show mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments."

The lady of the manor having concluded the history of Ellen Temple, and finding that the evening was further advanced than she had expected, dismissed her young people, after having engaged with them a short time in prayer.

A Supplication that we may be enabled rightly to comprehend, and duly to attend to, the Spirit of the Second Commandment.

"Blessed and glorious Lord Jehovah Almighty, the Omnipotent God, thou only adequate object of love and adoration, thou who alone hast any title to our reverence, submission, confidence, and obedience; impress our minds, we humbly entreat thee, with such a sense of thine excellence and glory, that we may never suffer any creature to be thy rival in our affection. Set us free, we earnestly supplicate thee, from that spirit of idolatry which insinuates itself into the heart of every unregenerate man. Grant us power to set our foot upon the neck of every idol, and enable us henceforward to worship Thee alone. Thou hast represented thyself in thy blessed word as a jealous God; thou hast spoken of the idols of the heathen as abominable and detestable things, threatening destruction to all those who shall yield them reverence or respect; thou hast set forth the state of the heathen as utterly corrupt, and hast forbidden all intimate intercourse with such. O Almighty Father, preserve thy redeemed ones from all the evil effects which yet may threaten them from the heathenism of former ages. Grant that we may be wholly kept from all the influence which Satan may still endeavour to exercise over our minds through the medium of infidel writings, and the prevalence of ancient infidel customs. May we no longer be induced, by the idolatrous productions of former ages, to call evil good and good evil, to seek earthly honour and human praise, to delight in violence and bloodshed, and to forsake those rules of life which are laid down in thy holy word.

"Preserve us also, O blessed Father, from all human

idols. Grant, that it may ever be present to our minds that thou art the source of all created excellence, that at thy word it is brought into exercise, and that at thy word it perishes. There is nothing desirable on earth but what is made by thee, nothing glorious in heaven but what is the produce of thy power. The finest efforts of human genius are only admirable when devoted to thy service; and when otherwise employed, the wisdom of man is turned into folly. Pardon, O blessed Lord, our former blindness to thy excellencies; forgive us for having overlooked the glories of thy word, and forsaken the living fountains of water to hew unto ourselves broken cisterns, and for perversely shutting our eyes against the light of heaven, in order to walk by those sparks which the unhallowed imaginations of the besotted heathen were employed in kindling, during the darkest ages of a benighted world.

“Increase the light of truth unto the glory of a perfect day. Dispel the mists of heathenism throughout the world. Reveal the truths of thy blessed word, and the glories of thy adorable name to all the surrounding nations. And in the mean time, assist us, who have already renounced the profession of heathenism, effectually and for ever to renounce its fascinating influence, that henceforth we may acknowledge no other Lord but Him whose name is incommunicable, even the Lord Jehovah, the glorious and only true God and Father of all created things; to whom be all honour and praise, now and for evermore. Amen.”

CHAPTER XV.

Third Commandment.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his Name in vain.

THE discourse this evening at the manor-house was commenced by the lady of the manor, who, having repeated the third commandment, addressed her young people with this question: "Having heard this commandment, my dear young friends, shall we confess that we are guilty here also? or shall we presume to say that we are innocent?"

"A few weeks ago," replied Miss Emmeline, "I think I should have ventured to answer, that of this offence, at least, I am free: and I should have made this assertion upon the childish supposition that this commandment applies only to common swearers, and such profane persons as use the name of God in ordinary conversation. I cannot, however, now entertain a doubt, but that, when the spiritual nature of this commandment is explained, I shall find myself to have been as grievous an offender here as in all those other points of the divine law which have come under our consideration."

"I rejoice to find, my dear Miss Emmeline," replied the lady of the manor, "that your mind is opening upon these subjects. The wise man says—*The ear that heareth the reproof of life abideth among the wise. He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul; but he that heareth reproof getteth understanding. The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom, and before honour is humility.*" (Prov. xv. 31-33.)

The lady of the manor then, addressing herself to the company in general, said, "The commandment which is to supply the subject of our consideration this day, appears

to have lost much of its influence on well-meaning persons by having been constantly applied to common swearers, and men of a profane conversation. Such, indeed, are the persons whose transgressions of this commandment are open to every eye: but there are others, (and the reflection is an awful one,) who, in the all-seeing eye of Almighty God, are more continually, and perhaps in many cases with equal deliberation, committing this offence, than the profanest persons we meet with in the street.

"The characters to which I allude, are such as affect religious feelings which they have never experienced, and assume a high tone in religious societies, while their hearts are far from God, and wholly devoted to the world. It is to be feared, that the most sincere Christians are too often convicted by their own hearts of hypocrisy and formality in their sacred duties; and though we are not capable of forming any judgment of the degree of hypocrisy which may exist in our own hearts, (much less in that of any individual among our acquaintance,) yet of this we may be assured, that hypocrisy dwells more or less in every breast; and that the human creature lives not, whose affections are ever flowing in their right channel, or whose wandering thoughts, and mixed and worldly motives of action, do not very frequently lead him to offend against this solemn injunction, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.'

"It is certain that we cannot call ourselves too strictly to account for the imperfection of our spiritual duties, as well as for the deadness and coldness of our religious feelings. But, since our blessed Saviour has adopted the use of parables as the medium of divine instruction, and as this mode of communicating knowledge is particularly attractive to young people, instead of entering into a further serious discussion of this subject, I shall read to you a short story, which is particularly to our present purpose."

The lady of the manor then took a manuscript from a drawer, and read as follows:

The History of Anna.

On the western acclivity of one of those ridges of hills which in part separate England from Wales, there stands

an old-fashioned farm-house, which, from some remains of ancient splendour, might be known to have been formerly the habitation of some greater man than its present occupant. To those who approach on the Welsh side, where a thymy down or sheep-walk arises abruptly above the house, its loftiest summit being crowned with a group of venerable oaks, a porch presents itself of very ancient construction, through which, by folding doors of oak, strengthened with knobs of iron, there is admittance into a very large low hall.

This hall was formerly wainscotted with some kind of wood, which time had made quite black, and which was set forth with grim and faded portraits of the ancient lords and dames of the mansion. On one side of this great hall was a large parlour, to which there was an ascent by several steps. This parlour was hung with faded tapestry, and its brown, highly polished floor, exhibited the housewifery of her who, at the time of which I am speaking, presided within the venerable walls. The heavy chairs and settees, covered with old-fashioned needlework, were in perfect keeping with every visible part of the mansion, while they afforded curious specimens of the laborious notability of the ladies of the seventeenth century. On the opposite side of the hall was a large kitchen, smelling of wood smoke, and well stored with fitches of bacon and other appearances of plenty; while, in one corner of this kitchen, a little parlour, which had been redeemed from some old pantry or store room, afforded a refuge to the farmer and his wife, at so convenient a distance from the servants' apartment, that the good people found it no difficult matter to issue their domestic decrees, and to chide and commend, without stirring from their usual elbow chairs, on each side the fire.

About thirty years ago, this antique mansion, with the lands appertaining to it, was rented by an elderly man, of respectable family, and of a character more upright than is commonly met with among persons unacquainted with true religion. He had married, rather late in life, a woman in most respects very suitable to him, but wholly deficient, among other desirable qualities, in that sprightliness which makes home agreeable to a man when returning to his house after a hard day's work. The farmer, however

was not of a temper to fret himself very deeply because his wife wanted wit, so long as she kept her dairy clean, and saw that his supper was well cooked, and neatly set on the table: and though the society of a more cheerful companion might have been desirable, yet, considering that he might have done much worse in marriage, he was contented to take things as they came, and make the best of them.

Farmer Williams had been married several years before he had any prospect of becoming a father, and he was, therefore, the more delighted when he found himself in possession of a little daughter, to whom he gave the name of Anna.

This little girl, who had arrived so unexpectedly, would have, no doubt been the darling of her parents, had she promised in infancy, to have possessed no attractions superior to those of the notable dame her mother. But it was so ordered that Anna should be such a child as every parent must have delighted in; and though it could not be denied, that there was something in her face not wholly unlike her mother's, yet it was a resemblance at once so agreeable and so pretty, that it was impossible for her parents not to look upon her with pride: since, as I before remarked, they were not subject to the influence of religion.

It might be supposed, that such a child would be the darling of any family, even had there been many children to share their parents' tenderness: but little Anna, being an only child, engrossed the whole affection of her fond parents, and, in consequence, experienced, during the first six years of her life, every species of indulgence which it was possible for her injudicious mother to show her.

Farmer Williams and his wife were, at that period, as I before said, wholly unacquainted with the religion of Christ; it was impossible, therefore, for them to impart to their child truly Christian instructions; neither did it ever enter into the head of the fond mother to suppose that her smiling Anna could stand in need of correction. Accordingly, whenever the farmer hinted the possibility that even a good child might be indulged too far, the displeasure of the old lady commonly rose to such a height, that the good man always quitted the scene of engagement without further trial of his strength, leaving his wife to spoil his child to the utmost of her heart's desire, he himself being

by no means fully convinced of the dreadful consequences which might ensue to his daughter from such indiscretion.

If parents only consulted the happiness of their children in this world; without any view whatever, to the next, they would accustom them early to a prudent restraint; because there is no imaginable state of life in which it is not necessary for an individual to submit his will to that of others. And even were it possible, that all the world should unite in humouring the caprices of one person, yet how many uncontrollable circumstances must there necessarily arise by which the desires of such a one may be frustrated, and his expectations utterly destroyed!

On finishing her sixth year, her parents, who were at that time in good circumstances, began to consider how they might procure for their little Anna what they called a good education; when her mother proposed that she should be sent to a boarding-school. After much discussion, a school was chosen for their daughter in the town of L—, which was about forty miles from the place of her birth. This school, which was kept by two ladies of the name of Barber, was selected by the mother, from having heard a certain squire's lady say, that it was a very genteel school; and it was approved by the father, because he kept two fairs in L—, and, in consequence, should have the opportunity of seeing his little daughter at school once between each vacation.

Influenced by these weighty reasons, the parents consigned their little girl to the care of the Misses Barber; and Mr. Williams conveyed her to and from school twice a year in his market-cart, which he kept neatly painted for these occasions.

Anna was kept at this school from her seventh year till she was turned fifteen, a year longer than her parents had at first intended, as the Misses Barber, when she was about to be removed, at the age of fourteen, had requested that she might be permitted to stay one year more, under the character of a parlour-boarder, in order that this last twelvemonth might be devoted to giving her the final polish, and introducing her into company. Miss Barber also, in order to persuade the kind father to submit to a year's longer separation from his child, assured him, that she should not charge a single farthing more for all the privi-

leges Miss Anna would enjoy as parlour-boarder; confidently asserting, that this last year, if properly employed, would be more advantageous to the dear young lady than all the foregoing instructions she had received, since she might acquire such manners, during this interval, as would fit her to associate with the best company.

Mr. Williams accordingly, although a man of sense and discernment in many things, allowed himself to be persuaded by Miss Barber to leave his daughter with her another year, in order that she might be introduced into company, and acquire polished manners; never considering that a taste for company was almost the worst taste she could possibly acquire, as her future residence was to be in a solitary farm house on the Welsh hills, and that highly polished manners, if they could have been acquired at L——, would render her unfit either for his own society or that of her mother.

But we will not stop to wonder at the farmer's imprudence on this point; because our experience in life must be small indeed, if we have not seen repeated instances of the same kind of conduct in parents much better instructed than Farmer Williams.

While Anna remained at the Misses Barber's, she saw her mother regularly twice a year; and as she was allowed every indulgence at home, and always received with open arms and heart by her tender, though falsely kind, parent, she had formed a very pleasant idea of home, accustoming herself to talk of the time when she was constantly to live at home, as a time of continual holiday and never-ending festivity. It was no wonder indeed that the youthful Anna did not foresee that a gay boarding-school education was by no means a fit preparation for the duties of a solitary farm house, when her parents, with all their experience of life, had not once made this reflection.

Anna had a good temper, and was quick in learning. Her person was pretty, and her parents paid well for her tuition, frequently sending to her governesses sundry presents of cheese, fruit, cakes, and fowls ready plucked and prepared for table. It was, therefore, no wonder that she was a favourite with her governesses, although her character, if minutely looked into, would have presented very few, if any, marks of real excellence. Like other school

girls of ordinary character. Anna had attached herself to one of her companions in particular, of whom she always spoke in terms of the most exaggerated affection. This young lady, whom we shall call Miss Charlotte Parker, was the daughter of a widow lady in L——, a person of considerable figure and fortune in the town; and Miss Parker was, in consequence, made very much of by her governesses, who were, as my reader may have already discovered, persons by no means above worldly considerations. Miss Parker had one sister only, who, as well as herself, was a school-fellow of Anna's. But Miss Jane was considerably younger than her sister; and being a lively child, and much spoiled, was at one time the plaything, and at another the torment of her youthful companions. It is necessary to add, in this place, that these young ladies had each of them a large fortune, independent of their mother, into possession of which they were to enter on coming of age.

The former years of Anna's school career passed, like those of most other school girls in common boarding schools. She idled a great deal of time, and learned very few things that were likely to be useful. The last year, however, which she spent as a parlour-boarder, unfitted her more for her duties as a farmer's daughter than all the preceding years which she had wasted under the Misses Barber's roof. Her friend, Miss Parker, had now left school; and Anna's whole time during this twelvemonth was spent in dressing, preparing for dress, and visiting, either with her friend, or in company with her governesses.

These twelve months of folly began immediately after the Christmas vacation; and as they were the last twelve months to be spent at school, it was settled that Anna should not go home during the summer holidays, in order, as Miss Barber said, that she might enjoy every advantage which the summer months might afford from the best society of the town of L——.

It is not my present concern to enumerate the assemblies, plays, and tea-parties, to which Anna was introduced during this year. It is sufficient that they were all duly recorded, with certain other important particulars, in a lady's memorandum-book for the year, which Anna purchased for the occasion, and to which she often referred, in

after life, with the same painful kind of feelings, as those with which a deposed monarch might be supposed to contemplate the insignia of his former exaltation.

At length the year began to wear fast away, and as the months flew by, Anna began to make some reflections upon the solitude of her father's house, and the very great change she must experience on leaving her present situation as parlour boarder in the Misses Barber's family, to become an inhabitant of the mountain of Wales.

As the time approached for her quitting school, her unpleasant feelings became stronger; so that she not unfrequently awoke in tears, after having dreamed of the great hall and long galleries of her father's house. She had by this time totally lost the pleasing impressions of the days of early childhood, when she was accustomed to dance with delight along those wide galleries, and to address the grim pictures in the hall as ladies and gentlemen come to visit her. She had forgotten the peaceful hours in which she used to sit humming by her mother's side in the little parlour to which she now looked forward with so much dread, and the many happy times when she had accompanied the dairy-maid, to milk the cows, and returned laden with buttercups and cowslips.

Poor Anna had lost all her taste for simple pleasures, and had acquired, on the contrary, that love of worldly amusements, dress, company, and admiration, which hastens the destruction of thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow creatures.

Anna's unpleasant feelings about home were at length become so strong, that when, at the beginning of the Christmas vacation, she saw her father's little neat taxed-cart drive up to the door, instead of running to meet her parent with joy, it was some time before she could venture to appear at all in his presence, so excessive was her grief. It was natural indeed that she should feel at parting with her governesses and school-fellows, and it would be harsh indeed to blame her for the indulgence of such feelings; but it was much to be lamented, that she should have received such an education as rendered her domestic duties, the retired life to which she looked forward, and the society of her parents, objects of apprehension to her. And here I cannot but observe, how necessary it is for

parents to pause, and consider whether they are giving to their daughters that kind of education which is calculated to fit them either for the situations they are probably to fill in their parents' houses, or to become the wives of men of the same rank as their own brothers.

We have, as yet, during the course of our narrative, said nothing of religion, or of those higher motives by which a Christian parent should be influenced to train up his son or daughter in an humble course in order to their future exaltation, in submission to the will of our blessed Saviour, who hath said, *Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.* (Matt. xx. 26, 27.) But we have hitherto addressed ourselves to mere worldly persons, endeavouring only to point out the dissatisfaction to parents themselves which must follow from the ambitious views of fathers and mothers respecting their children, by which they not only render them unfit for the duties of home, but deprive themselves of that comfort which they might more reasonably expect to receive from humbler children.

We will pass over the very strong expressions of Anna's grief when she took leave of her school-fellows and governesses, and found herself seated, by her kind old father, in the taxed-cart. The travellers had already gone some miles before she was able to assume any degree of cheerfulness; and when they stopped for the night, (the farmer's horse not being able to take them through in one day,) at a little inn on the side of a common, which Mr. Williams called his half-way house, Anna was glad, while the farmer looked after his horse, to be alone for a few minutes, in order to give way to her grief.

Farmer Williams was not at any time very clear sighted, and was withal so much delighted with the prospect of having his dear child at home, that he had no suspicion of the real cause of Anna's grief, namely, her reluctance to exchange the gaieties of L—— for the retirement of a lone farm-house: he therefore, being quite at ease, ordered a hot supper, and sat down, full of glee, to enjoy it. Anna wept herself to sleep that night, and awoke in very low spirits the next morning to continue her journey; during which, however, she succeeded in keeping her grief from

her father. But, I am sorry to say, that neither the appearance of her native home, nor the sight of her affectionate mother, had power to raise her spirits, even for a minute, during the whole day after her arrival; and that when she went to bed at night, in a large old fashioned apartment, which was thenceforward to be appropriated entirely to her use, she moistened her pillow with many tears.

The following day Anna found some relief in unpacking her clothes; and she was pleased to find that her father having bought her a small piano-forte at a neighbouring sale, had it placed for her use in the little parlour before mentioned.

The return of Anna, and the feast of Christmas, occasioned some little stir in Mr. Williams' house for a few days. The curate of the next village, his wife and daughter, spent one day at the farm, and their visit was returned the next. Some Welsh friends also came from six or eight miles distance over the mountains, to spend a few days with the family; in addition to which a feast of plum pudding and roast beef was given by the farmer to all his work people. All these little events diverted, for a short time, the mind of Anna; but when the visitors were gone, and every thing returned into its old course, Anna again had leisure to indulge her melancholy, and lament her separation from the gay companions she had left at L——.

It would have been well for her at that time, if she had been required to execute any household work; but this not being thought necessary she was allowed to spend her time in whatever way she pleased. It may therefore be supposed, that, like most other persons, who think themselves unhappy, she chose to do nothing, or next to nothing; for had she employed herself industriously, in any way whatever, her fancied afflictions would have disappeared.

She spent her mornings in idly practising a few tunes on her piano-forte, in altering her clothes, or in looking over her keepsakes and other trinkets which she had brought from L——, together with the important memorandums at which I formerly hinted, and with which she fed her grief when likely to abate, crying out frequently, in the bitterness of her heart, "This day twelvemonth, I was preparing to go to the play with my dear Charlotte: O,

happy day! and how differently will the same night be spent by me this year—in listening to the whistling wind, and making tea for my father and mother.

Thus passed several weeks, during which time she was daily expecting a letter from Miss Parker! At length the letter arrived, and she ran up to her room to read it at leisure, and to be at liberty to give free course to her tears.

The letter was long, and crossed backwards and forwards. It brought no very important tidings, neither did it contain any thing very pathetic; nevertheless, it had power to draw floods of tears from Anna's eyes. It concluded with an account of a play at which Miss Parker had been present, and which she declared she could not half enjoy, because of the absence of her beloved Anna. In a postscript was added this information, that "Harry Low, the smart son of the man who used to cut our hair, and who came, you remember, one day, instead of his father, to cut the ladies' hair, is turned actor, and appeared last night, for the first time, in some very fine character, I just now forget what, and was extremely admired: he has engaged himself to the manager of the theatre, and goes from L—— with the company." The arrival of this letter occasioned a considerable increase of grief in the mind of Anna for some time, as it revived all her regrets for the loss of those pleasures which were so common among the inhabitants of L——.

After tea in an evening, instead of talking or reading to her mother, assisting her in her needle-work, or trying to amuse her father when he came home after a fatiguing day, she used to make some excuse, and slip away, either to her own room, or perhaps to stand for half an hour on the landing-place of the great old-fashioned oak stairs, from a window of which she could overlook the garden-wall, and see a high ground, which was an object from some parts of the town of L——, and which was rendered visible at night by certain glaring lights arising from the coal and iron works carried on at that place: to this barren eminence she would talk, and pour out her sorrows because of the fancied connexion it had with her dear L——.

Thus, for want of a proper education, were those affections which might have formed the happiness of her parents,

thrown away upon persons and objects which they could in no way affect. The injudicious training which Anna had received was doubtless in some measure the cause of this evil; but religion alone can direct the depraved feelings of man into their proper channel, and, at the time we speak of, Anna had no idea of religion.

Anna answered Miss Parker's letter, and waited anxiously for another in return. But, as this second letter seemed to linger long on the road, she began to look about her for some other object to divert the tedium of her solitary life. She recollected that in a light closet, in the room generally appropriated as the sleeping apartment of the few guests who visited the farm, there were a number of books which once belonged to an old lady who had lodged many years in the house, and died there. As neither of her parents were readers, these books had not been disturbed for many years; and it now struck Anna that she might find some amusement among them.

This idea was no sooner admitted than acted upon. She ran to the closet, and having examined the books, she found that they consisted of a mixture of the novels of the beginning and middle of the last century, with books of devotion and divinity in general. She did not stay to inquire into the nature of these last, but eagerly looked over the novels, among which she discovered all the works of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, with many others which possessed all the defects of these authors, without exhibiting their genius. From these she selected the one that seemed best to please her fancy, and carried it down stairs.

Mrs. Williams knew so little of the nature of books, that, like many other illiterate persons, she conceived that any individual, if employed with a book, must be in the way to improvement; she therefore never interfered with her daughter's studies. But Anna instinctively hid her book in her work-bag, she hardly knew wherefore, whenever her father came into the room; and, consequently, he had no opportunity either of approving or disapproving what she was about.

It was nearly two years before Anna had exhausted the contents of the closet; for some of these volumes were very closely printed. And, although she had sometimes found

the tedium of a day relieved by the perusal of them, yet had they not failed to produce in her mind all the evil tendencies which these kind of writings are calculated to generate. She was dissatisfied before with her situation; but, from the representations of life which these books set before her, she had been led to form such ideas of the happiness to be met with in the world, that her own humble lot appeared to her more deplorable than ever. There was no fair damsel in any of these romances who was not flattered or persecuted; yet Anna was fair; and nevertheless she was allowed to live quietly and sleep in peace. She considered this and many other circumstances in her lot as a very great injustice done to her; and yet she knew not whom to charge with these injuries. Were her parents to be blamed? or must she carry her discontent to a higher tribunal? A certain kind of religious awe, however, prevented her from breaking out into open murmurs against the Ruler of all things; although her discontent and ingratitude were thereby not a whit diminished in the eyes of that God who is *a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart*. (Heb. iv. 12.)

And now, my young friends, let me pause and inquire, whether something like that state of mind, which we all see to be so highly blameable in the subject of this memoir, has not in some measure marked your own character. If so, attend seriously to the concluding part of this story, and learn how Anna was at length delivered from her impious pride and discontent; and may you all, my dear young people, be favoured with equal relief.

Two years or rather more had passed away since Anna's removal from the town of L——, during which time her parents, though they could not account for it, had not found that comfort and satisfaction in her society which they had promised themselves—when a change took place in the little circle of Anna's acquaintance among the hills, which produced consequences of the highest importance. The rector of the parish dying, the benefice was given to a conscientious minister, who, though possessing a small property of his own, independent of church preferment, yet resolved to reside in the parsonage-house, which was as mean and solitary a dwelling of the kind as can be supposed to exist in this highly privileged island. This

parish, like many others in the west of Britain, had not been blessed with a resident minister during the memory of man; so that service had only been performed every other Sunday in its little barn-like church, where dust and damp continually strove for pre-eminence, adding to the gloom inspired by mouldering monuments, and a preacher who knew no Saviour.

The repairing of the exterior of the parsonage, with sundry improvements of the interior, such as papering and white-washing, painting and glazing, foreran the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Mills; and when the garden was put to rights, the parsonage-house presented quite an inviting aspect, and could hardly be recognized for the desolate habitation which had before disgraced its name.

As soon as the very severest month of the winter was over, Mr. and Mrs. Mills arrived, preceded by wagon-loads of books and neat furniture; and, by taking the week before them, they were tolerably settled in their new situation by the ensuing Sunday, when Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and Anna, called upon them and were extremely delighted to find their new rector and his wife very agreeable persons. The farmer said that he hoped they should be good neighbors. And Mr. Mills took occasion to reply, that he hoped so too, and that in the true sense of the word: "for," said he, "that person only can be called a good neighbour, who looks to the spiritual welfare of all around him."

Mr. and Mrs. Mills were not young people, and had no family, but were exceedingly attached to each other, and seemed to have but one object in view, which was the advancement of the interests of the invisible Church. Neither did Mr. Mills, as far as he was concerned, neglect the interest of the visible Church; for he did all that lay in his power to restore order to his long neglected parish; in addition to which he pressed such persons as were able to assist him in repairing the church, and making it clean and comfortable.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills were much interested in the appearance of Anna, and tried to engage her in conversation; by which they presently found her extreme ignorance with respect to religion. Upon this occasion, Mr. Mills remarked to his wife, "Our neighbours in the town we left

were pleased to say that we should find this place dull, and have nothing to fill up our time; but I fear, on the contrary, that we shall not be able to accomplish one half of what we have to do for these few poor sheep in the wilderness."

"If we go forth in the strength of the Lord, and make mention of his righteousness, even of his only, (Psalm lxxi. 16,) we shall assuredly be able to prevail in this place," replied Mrs. Mills; but if we depend on ourselves, probably we may never know that one soul has been given to us."

As the story of Anna will unavoidably run into some length, and as the purport of it is not so much to display the doctrines of our holy religion, as to show what mode of conduct they are calculated to produce, and to point out the dangerous mistake into which many are falling in this age of profession, of satisfying themselves with crying, "Lord, Lord," without showing any considerable change in their habits of life; I shall not enter into any very detailed account of the means which Mr. and Mrs. Mills made use of to lead Anna from the darkness of her natural state to the glorious light of the Gospel. Suffice it to say, that they had not been acquainted with her a year, before they had reason to suppose that the eyes of her understanding were opening, and that her heart was considerably affected by Gospel truths.

During her early intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Mills, she, after the manner of young girls of seventeen or eighteen, laid open her whole mind to her new friends. That these friends were worthy of her confidence, happened, by divine mercy, to be the case; but had it been otherwise, the openness of Anna would probably have been no less entire. Among other things she had held several strong arguments with her new acquaintance on the subject of her favourite books, and had strenuously maintained, that they did not hurt her in the least, but, on the contrary, afforded her much innocent amusement in a place where she was utterly cut off from all the pleasures of society; and that they added so much to her happiness, that she could not part with them.

"As to these books amusing you for a few hours," replied Mrs. Mills, "I can readily give credit to that asser-

tion; but I am inclined to deny that they can add to your happiness: on the contrary, the false views they hold out of human life must be constantly preparing disappointment for you. I do not maintain this gloomy sentiment," added the good lady, "that there is no happiness to be found in this present state of being: no, I maintain rather that there is more happiness to be met with on earth than the most fanciful novel-writer ever described."

Anna started, as if much surprised at this assertion, and Mrs. Mills went calmly on.

"There is happiness," continued she, "beyond what was ever yet conceived by any unhallowed imagination, to be obtained, and enjoyed with little interruption, even in this frail body, and for a long succession of years. But the mischief which all irreligious writers of every denomination do to inexperienced persons is this—that they put them in the wrong road for obtaining this happiness. They add, by their sickly fancies and depraved imagery, to the natural blindness and wilfulness of fallen man, withdrawing him still further and further from the path of contentment and peace. Could there actually be found so admired and fortunate a creature as Sir Charles Grandison, it might quickly be discovered that all those external circumstances which raised him above other men, were of a nature too poor and imperfect to afford him one moment's enjoyment of real happiness. For if any individual of the human race is possessed of true happiness, it will always be found that he derives it from that sacred and unsealed source of joy, which has no connexion with any outward circumstances whatever. And this may serve as a proof that all those writers who hold out any other kind of happiness than that which flows from a real union with Christ, are like persons who hold forth false lights as guides to the traveller, and thereby do all that in them lies to involve him perhaps in irremediable destruction."

After however several vehement struggles in their defence, Anna was at length persuaded not only to give up her favourite books, but also to restrain herself, for a time, from going into the apartment where they were kept.

After Anna had been enabled to make this sacrifice, she soon found a secret satisfaction arising from it. She was delivered from many vain and foolish imaginations. She

became also more capable of receiving amusement from those little events which served to vary the even tenor of her life. The Bible, with the divine blessing, acquired a new degree of interest in her heart; and the books of divinity once so despised, in the old lady's collection, now became objects of research to her; among which she found many precious volumes abundantly stored with instruction and comfort.

There were in Mr. Mills's parish two little hamlets: one of which, consisting of about six cottages, was situated about a quarter of a mile from the house in which Mr. Williams resided, and the other at about the same distance from the parsonage; these hamlets being a mile and a half from each other. As a ridge of the hill intervened between them, it was impossible, in bad weather, to bring the children of both hamlets together. Mrs. Mills, therefore, proposed to Anna, that she should obtain permission from her father to establish a school on her side of the parish, while she did the same on the other.

Young people are fond of new projects, and Anna's life wanted variety. She accordingly undertook the business recommended to her with alacrity, collected about ten little ignorant creatures in the house of an old woman who had been a servant of her father's, visited the children with tolerable regularity, and was very particular in making them walk to church in an orderly manner.

In the mean time, her kind friend Mrs. Mills watched her closely, and guarded her against an over warmth and eagerness at first in her new employment, which might, she feared, gradually subside into languor and coldness.

Anna, however, started with amazement, whenever Mrs. Mills hinted that such a thing was possible as that she might become weary of the duties she had imposed on herself; and in that lively manner which was natural to her when not under restraint, she would ask her friend if she thought her insincere in her profession, and not really inclined to fulfil her engagements?

"No, my dear Anna," Mrs. Mills replied, on one of these occasions, "I have no suspicions of your sincerity. But of this I am convinced, that you do not as yet know your own heart, nor are aware of the perverseness of our common nature, nor of the mixed motives by which man is

actuated—motives of which he is himself seldom aware. And thus it happens, that many young persons in these days of religious profession, when charitable actions are admired by the world, and counted of special service to society, are induced to make exertions, apparently in the cause of God, while, in fact, no vital change has taken place in their feelings, and the world is still suffered to reign triumphantly in their hearts. Nothing, my dear Anna," continued this excellent lady, "nothing is more easy than to acquire a something like the language of Zion: though, to pursue the metaphor, there are, I fear, comparatively few who do not betray their foreign origin by the inconsistencies of their speech. Neither is there any difficulty in following, or even taking the lead, in the bustle of works of charity: though I have seen too many, who, after having done all these things, and more also, have betrayed the hollowness of their profession, and manifested the unchanged state of their hearts. Therefore, my dear Anna, I am jealous over all young people; and, where I can be allowed the liberty, I never fail to admonish them of the necessity of looking inwardly on all occasions, of seeking the divine help, and of being cautious about mistaking the effervescence of youthful vivacity for feelings of genuine piety."

Anna indeed listened to all this: but few there are who will become wiser by the experience of others. Her mountain stood strong, and she had no fear of any change: religion was a new thing to her, and her school was a delightful amusement, as long as the summer lasted, and she could lead her children in due order to church. But when the east wind began to blow over the hills, and it became necessary to confine herself to the cottage with her little pupils, she began, at first, to feel a slight degree of lassitude, which increased upon her, till strong symptoms at length appeared of that restlessness and discontent which had formerly rendered her life so wretched: and in proportion as these feelings increased, she neglected her duties, both at home and abroad, more and more. And when she happened to read, in the different publications of the day, (to which she had access through Mr. Mills,) concerning the splendid exertions making by the saints of the Lord for the advancement of their Master's glory in different

parts of the world, she was again led to lament her own secluded situation, and to regret that her lot had not fallen in a more active scene, where more important duties might have claimed her attention—duties, in the performance of which she might have exhibited I know not what wonders of perseverance and self-denial.

In the mean time, the letters from L—— became less and less frequent; till, after a while, poor Anna's dear Charlotte seldom wrote more than one short epistle in six months. At length, however, after a longer silence than usual, her father, on his return from market, put a long letter in his daughter's hand, directed in the well-known hand of Miss Parker.

Anna, according to the long established rule among young ladies who form very great intimacies at school, retired to read her friend's letter; and, as it was summer time, she very properly chose an arbour of honeysuckle at the bottom of the garden as the most convenient place to retire to on this very affecting occasion. The letter was long, and duly crossed with red ink, and very different in its whole style from any thing Anna had ever before received from Miss Parker.

The letter opened with strong expressions of unabated friendship, which rather surprised Anna, as her friend's affection had evidently been on the wane for some time past. The letter then proceeded to say, that a very great revolution had taken place in L—— since Anna had made one of the society in that town, and indeed since Miss Parker had enjoyed the pleasure of writing to her friend. "Those," said the gentle writer, "who formerly crowded our theatres, filled our ball-rooms, gathered round our card-tables, and frequented our races, have at length discovered, that they have interests in life of a more serious nature than the mere pursuit of light and evanescent pleasures. They have discovered, that the longest life must speedily close; that man's applause is but as a summer breeze, and that the breath of calumny is but a passing storm, which this day assails our house, and to-morrow is forgotten. Our old people have ceased to covet the dirty pelf of this world; and our young people, regardless of the bloom of their youth, and despising the admiration of the world, devote themselves to the comfort of the afflicted, the

of the sick, and the support of the aged. Such is the my Anna. And to what is this wonderful change attributed, my friend, but to religion? of which we knew nothing formally, and of which we might all have died in ignorance, had it not been for a circumstance which I shall tell the pleasure of relating to you by and by."

The young lady then went on to inform her friend of the nature of that religion which she had learned; speaking so clearly and so well on some of its most characteristic doctrines that she might have led a person far more experienced than I to believe, that, if her heart was not touched, it was only not because her head was not well stored with knowledge on points of the most vital importance.

I return to our letter, some passages of which I refrain from repeating on this occasion, lest my serious reader should think me chargeable with a breach of that command-which saith—"Thou shalt not take the name of the thy God in vain." Miss Parker, having covered three sheets of foolscap with the communications above noticed, recourse to her red ink, wherewith to account for the sudden revolutions, which she did by attributing them to the preaching and conversation of a pious clergyman who came among them. Much was said of the melodious voice, the wonderful fluency, and peculiar gracefulness, of this excellent man; with much more to the same purpose which I have not leisure to repeat. She spoke of the moment when his discourses had been brought with to her own heart; talked of her conversion as a thing which could not be questioned; represented herself as having given up the world, and devoted herself wholly to the duties of religion; entering into a long description of delightful religious meetings that had taken place, of insignificant parties which had formerly engaged her heart; and closing all with an account of the various plans then in agitation.

The letter concluded in a manner which again opened the eyes of Anna's eyes; though I doubt whether the sentiments contained in this conclusion will have sufficient pathos to produce the same effect on my tender reader. The pathetic passage was to this effect—"Why, my Anna, why are you not here to partake of Charlotte's happiness? The pleasures I now enjoy

are not such as I am ashamed to ask a dear friend to participate. Why are you not here to assist me in my labours? What a sphere of usefulness would open to you, were you now in this place! How would all my duties be sweetened by the presence of my Anna! But no, it cannot be: I must therefore resign myself to the decrees of Providence. This life is a state of suffering: we cannot have all we wish; but my Anna will not forget her Charlotte, and this shall be my consolation under all my trials."

Poor Anna, after a repeated perusal of this letter, was so much affected, and wept so violently, as to prevent her observing two inconsistencies therein, which might, perhaps, have been detected by a less interested reader. The first of these was, Miss Parker's speaking of her very great happiness in the former part of her letter, and of her severe trials and sufferings in the latter: the second was, that while the young lady so bitterly deplored the absence of her Anna, there was nothing like a request throughout the letter, that she would take the trouble of visiting the town of L——. But, be this as it may, the letter met with so kind a reception, that, to use the proper language on this occasion, the gentle Anna failed not to blister the paper in many places with her tears: and she was still thus tenderly engaged, when, looking up, she saw her good friend Mr. Mills standing before her.

"My dear little damsel," said the good man, lifting up his hands and eyes in amazement, "what mean these floods of tears? Your father and mother are well, I know; for I am but this moment come from them. Has any mischance befallen the Guinea-fowls or the pea-hen? or am I to understand that the paper you hold in your hand contains some very affecting intelligence?"

Anna, ashamed to be found in tears, yet too sincere to conceal the cause, after having shown her friend's letter, told Mr. Mills that she had long ceased to regret the worldly pleasures of L——, as being objects utterly unworthy the attention of a Christian; but that the representation her dear Charlotte had made of the improved society in that place, of her own many delightful occupations, and the wide sphere of usefulness which had opened to her—these things had indeed once more revived her feelings of regret at being shut up in a place where she had no Chris-

tion society of her own age, and little which she could do to advance the cause in which her heart, she trusted, was so deeply engaged.

Mr. Mills smiled, but it was with an expression of sorrow. Then shaking his head, and beginning to pace up and down the little area which spread itself before the arbour, "What!" said he, angrily, "cannot those who cry, 'Lord, Lord,' without doing any thing else, let us alone in this our lodge in the wilderness?"

"Sir!" said Anna, looking up with astonishment.

Mr. Mills immediately recollected himself; and instantly altered his tone. "Excuse me, my dear Anna," he added, "if I have spoken with unusual warmth: however, permit me, at least, to say, that I knew Miss Parker before I came here, though I have never happened to visit L——; and I must confess that I should not think her precisely the proper person to become your spiritual directress. And now," added he, "if you can give me a little of your time, I should wish to open your mind on certain points which do not appear to me to have been duly considered by many excellent Christians.

Anna was silent, and looked down while Mr. Mills pursued his discourse.

"When I was a boy," said this excellent man, "there were no doubt many pious persons in this country; God forbid I should think otherwise; but religion was, nevertheless, little understood and as little respected; while those who made open profession of being more serious than their neighbours, were liable to considerable ridicule. The case is, at present, reversed: religion is now become creditable, and, in many places, it is a step to honour. There are now few large or even small communities, in which there may not be found a number of persons who are counted pious. Among these, no doubt, there are multitudes of the true servants of the Lord; yet it is to be feared, that there are also mingled with them many hollow professors—persons whose religion consists only in words and outward forms, and who are seldom found adorning their profession by a consistent conduct—persons who may be generally known by their noisy declamation, their constant reference to self in all their discourse, their idolatry of human teachers, and a certain restlessness, whereby

they are induced to forsake their own especial duties and peculiar posts in society, in order to strike out something new, which new plan is probably no sooner proposed than forsaken.

"I do not," continued Mr. Mills, "presume to say, that there may not be restless and injudicious characters among the real children of God; but I will venture to say, that in the degree in which a real servant of God is restless and injudicious, he is proportionably deficient in the Christian character. True religion has a peculiar tendency to procure peace, to make a man contented with his actual situation in life, and to lead him to do his duty in that state in which it has pleased God to place him.

"Your friend Miss Parker, my good girl," proceeded Mr. Mills, "did she rightly comprehend the nature of that religion which she professes, if she felt herself called upon to give you her opinions at all, ought to have advised you to stay at home, to read your Bible, to comfort and assist your poor neighbours, and do your duty as a daughter, rather than lead you to fancy that you are out of your place at home, and that you might do better, and be happier in another situation. They who know themselves, my good Anna, and are aware of their own peculiar imperfections, are more anxious to bring their one talent to profit, than to receive ten talents, which they might, perchance, wrap in a napkin, and bury in the dust."

Mr. Mills proceeded to remark, that the posts of most persons in this world are so fixed and determined, and their duties so decidedly indicated by Providence, that no one can well be mistaken with regard to them. "And though an individual," said this good man, "may now and then, as it were, for a moment, find himself thrown into perplexity concerning some particular step to be taken; yet I feel assured, that if the way is not made clear before it is necessary to act, he that trusteth in the Lord, will, though blind, be brought by a way he knew not of, and be led into paths that he had not known, till darkness shall be made light before him, and the crooked places straight. (Isaiah xlii. 16.)

"But in your case, my dear Anna, proceeded Mr. Mills, "and in that of most young women with regard to their parents, and of most wives with regard to their husbands,

the duties which are required of you are so strongly marked and so exactly defined, that they cannot be mistaken but by those who mistake them wilfully. In every situation there may, and must be, many unpleasant circumstances, many things which we fancy might be altered for the better. But if our religion be substantial, and not merely consisting of words; if, when we call ourselves by the name of the Lord, we do not use that sacred name altogether in vain; we must consider ourselves bound to fulfil unpalatable duties, as well as those which are altogether agreeable, if we pay any regard to that memorable declaration of the Saviour, *He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.* (Matt. x. 38.)

"Now," continued Mr. Mills, "I have always been in the habit of considering a patient performance of the simple duties belonging to the station of any individual, as the most decided, the most rare, the most valuable, and the most acceptable proof of the excellency of piety, which can be possibly given by any faithful follower of Christ; and I feel my esteem for such a person very little affected by the circumstance of his being called to act in a wide or narrow sphere. He or she who does every thing to the glory of God, is, doubtless, equally precious in his sight, whether inhabiting a cottage or a palace, whether stationed in a crowded city, or fixed on the side of a Welsh mountain."

Mr. Mills here stopped a moment, expecting Anna to speak; but as she did not seem inclined to interrupt him, he went on.

"Your duties lie first, my good girl, in your own family, and you owe to God a more decided fulfilment of these; but you cannot expect to derive any pleasure from the performance of them till your heart is more deeply interested in their success, and they become, as it were, a part of your religious exercises. Till you are made a real partaker of that grace which marks all the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, I shall never hope to see you such a daughter at home as I could wish: and if you find your filial duties not sufficient to fill your time, and occupy your mind, your poor cottages and little school present you with further occasions of service. In short, the Almighty has, even in your little sphere, confined as you may

think it, given you, that to perform for which no man of himself is sufficient.

Anna replied, that she thanked Mr. Mills for his reproof, and hoped that she should have grace to consider her own duties more seriously, and to perform them, by the divine help, in a more exemplary manner. She confessed that she had always been inclined to indulge a dissatisfied spirit ever since her return from school; and that, even in her religion, she had hitherto considered herself more than the glory of God or the good of her fellow-creatures.

"You may hereafter see reason," continued Mr. Mills, "to thank God for the retirement in which he has placed you, and to be grateful for his having kept you out of that professing circle which Miss Parker describes as a state so truly desirable. In these societies, unless very judiciously conducted, young people are taught to use the language of religion before the spirit of it has touched their hearts, and to make a parade of their Christian virtues, while in fact they had nothing more than the semblance of them. The name of Jesus is put into their mouths, but in other respects they differ not from the rest of the world. Thus are they drawn into a state of self-deception in consequence of which they believe themselves to be far advanced towards Mount Zion, when, in the language of Bunyan, they are still in 'the Valley of Destruction.'

"In these societies, moreover, young women are frequently led into other dangerous errors. They are taught to suppose that they have given up the world, because they no longer frequent the playhouse and assembly-room, and because cards are interdicted in their families; at the same time that they are so frequently called abroad by popular preachers and speakers, religious societies, and different kinds of meetings, that the young Christian (if such an expression may be permitted) is lost in one continued round of religious dissipation. And thus it often happens that those domestic and retired duties which ought to be considered as the peculiar glory of women, are considered only as secondary objects of attention: whereas it admits of no question, that in the fulfilment of these quiet and humble duties the female character chiefly discovers its appropriate excellency and loveliness."

Anna here interrupted Mr. Mills, to ask him, whether he

disapproved of females being engaged in the promotion of those public charities and great undertakings now in hand for the conversion of the heathen, which she understood to have called forth an extraordinary degree of female exertion.

Mr. Mills answered, that he should not consider himself a Christian, if such an idea could ever enter his head. "I oppose not," said he, "the *doing* of the thing, but I object to the manner of doing it. The time, the place, and the temper in which it is done make it commendable or otherwise. There is, as I before suggested," continued this good man, "a certain post appointed to every Christian on earth. The parental abode is assuredly the station assigned to most unmarried Christian females. When every domestic duty, however irksome, (and there will be some irksome duties in every situation) is duly and diligently performed, as in the sight of God, and with a view to his glory, then every spare hour may be well devoted to such services for the people of God as the party may be qualified to engage in; always however remembering, that in every state of life, or line of duty, self denial must be daily practised and the cross be taken up. The vanity of dress, the vanity of praise, the vanity of pre-eminence, must all be renounced; and these two difficult qualities must, at least, be aimed at—a consciousness of the imperfect manner in which every present duty is performed, with a readiness to undertake new duties, provided that there be sufficient evidence of their being prescribed by the Almighty. But, my good girl," added the pious man, smiling kindly, "there is much inconsistency in a young Christian, like yourself, crying out for a wide field of usefulness, when she has not even as yet attempted to fulfil the duties of her own little domestic circle."

Anna seemed a little disconcerted by this remark, and asked, with some degree of impatience, by what failure she had deserved so severe a reprimand.

The good man smiled again and answered, "There are few services less thankfully received, or less useful, than that of acquainting people with their faults."

"To be sure," replied Anna, fretfully, "it is a service that our friends are seldom thanked for; but, at any rate, I should have judged it a useful service."

"It is useless, in general, for this reason," replied Mr.

Mills, "because most persons are sensible of their faults before they are told of them."

"But indeed," said Anna, "I do not exactly know wherein I have failed in my duty to my parents."

"Not exactly!" said Mr. Mills; "then you have some indeterminate conjectures on the subject? But, to speak more seriously, use the light you have, my dear Anna, in correcting your faults, and more will undoubtedly be bestowed on you."

Anna now somewhat peevishly requested Mr. Mills to point out some of those faults to which he alluded. But he answered seriously, that having given her the hint he thought necessary, he should now leave her to a better teacher; and so saying he walked into the house to drink tea with Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Anna soon followed Mr. Mills, and he judged favourably of her, by observing that she had quite recovered her good humour, although she still appeared pensive.

According to Mr. Mills' supposition, the hint he had given to Anna by the divine blessing proved sufficient; for she began to consider more deeply, and with prayer, the nature of her past life, with her many short-comings. This soon enabled her to discover, even in her religion, so much error, as to humble and depress her in no ordinary degree. She speedily perceived herself guilty of a breach of that commandment which saith, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain:" and this led the way to a painful conviction how greatly her practice had fallen below her professions, and that not in a few solitary instances, but habitually. She had been, of late, continually crying "Lord, Lord," even while she was bringing reproach upon the name of her Saviour, by the inconsistency of her conduct, and that never-ceasing reference to self which marked her every action. *Self*, she found, had been nearly as much her object, ever since she had professed religion, as before; and she had even gone so far, under the cloak of increasing seriousness, as to desire a removal from the post in which God had placed her, in order to take a part in more splendid employments than she could find at home, and to enjoy the applause which she fancied her virtues could hardly fail to call forth when displayed on a more public theatre.

But without pretending to enter upon any description of the various workings of Anna's mind, I shall satisfy myself by saying, that, after a few days, her duty was made plain to her, and she was enabled to resolve, with God's help, to sacrifice every selfish thought, and to offer her assistance to her mother in all those plain domestic duties which her education at L—— had naturally led her to despise, and which the gentle entreaties, and sometimes less gentle complaints, of her mother could never yet induce her to attempt.

Mrs. Williams was therefore not a little surprised, when her daughter, one morning, followed her to the dairy, and asked if she could render her any assistance there. It would be no easy matter to describe the feelings which this new mode of address excited in the poor woman, though it may readily be imagined that they were of the most gratifying description.

Anna found herself, at first, rather an awkward dairy-maid; and her pride once rose, when the maid whose business it was to assist in the dairy laughed outright at her many uncouth attempts to shape the produce of the churn into a handsome form. Neither did she evidence more skill in the kitchen, whither she followed her mother in order to make herself acquainted with other parts of housewifery. Her poor mother was, however, delighted with these first attempts of her daughter to render herself useful, and could not forbear repeating Anna's exploits to her good man at dinner. Anna made her father equally happy some days afterwards, when she had overcome some of her difficulties in the dairy and kitchen, by asking permission to have the care of the poultry, a service which she had declined ever since she left school, although pressed to it by her father.

We do not in this place pretend to make any remarks on the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. It had always been weak and injudicious towards their daughter, so that by a want of judgment, and an abundance of improper indulgence, they undoubtedly made her difficulties greater. But the excessive tenderness of parents is no excuse for the disobedience of children; and it only shows a depraved and ungrateful state of mind where such excuse is ever pleaded.

When Anna found herself capable of accomplishing what she had first undertaken, she proceeded to encounter other

difficulties, extending her attention from butter to cheese, and from the poultry to the lambs and calves; and she sanctified her culinary duties by preparing, with her mother's approbation, broths and jellies for the sick. These she carried with her own hand, sometimes to considerable distances over the mountains; and as the sick and dying had souls infinitely more precious than their bodies, she found herself involved, on the occasion of these visits, in duties still more awful, and requiring more self-control, than any she had hitherto undertaken. To the performance of these duties she found herself totally unequal in her own strength, and this brought her to the throne of grace, where she received strength sufficient for every exigence—*For they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.* (Isaiah xl. 31.) Neither can it be supposed, that all this time she remained uninterested in the spiritual state of her parents. But here she was surprised to find her way made so easy; for the old people were ready to fall in with every proposed regulation which she thought might tend to the spiritual good of the family. They consented to establish morning and evening prayers at the first suggestion of their child, now become more dear than ever to them by her late cheerful submission to their will; and they never refused to hear her read on any religious subjects.

Anna now found that she need not look out for a wider sphere of usefulness than that which at present opened to her: she had occupations for every hour, and no time to think of fancied grievances, or rather, she had no grievances to think of. She insensibly became cheerful and animated, manifesting such an interest even in her domestic duties that the busiest times in the farm appeared to be the most pleasant to her.

In this happy manner Anna spent her twentieth year; in the autumn of which year, a gentleman, in whose hands Mr. Williams had placed a large sum of money, suffered great losses, which filled the farmer with apprehensions lest he should himself be involved in such pecuniary difficulties as he had never known before: for although he was not a rich man, yet he had never contracted any debts; and he had a very proper dread of being compelled to do so. The

state of his affairs had depressed his spirits for some weeks before he could bring himself to open his mind to his wife and daughter. At length, however, on Mrs. Williams making some complaint of her upper servant, (for she had always been accustomed to keep two,) and saying that she must be obliged to part with her, the farmer thought this a proper occasion to mention his perplexities; adding, that he wished his wife could somehow manage to do with one maid-servant.

I need not in this place trouble my readers with all Mrs. Williams's ejaculations and outcries, which poured like a torrent from her lips, and might have borne down the more prudent counsels of her husband, had not the good man found out, from long experience, that, after giving vent to her first feelings of indignation, his wife never failed submitting herself to his will. He accordingly remained silent till he found that the good woman was losing her breath; when he quietly brought forward such arguments as he thought most likely to convince: so that, after a while, he had the pleasure of finding her willing to acquiesce in whatever he might think fit to propose. But as Mrs. Williams's head had never been fertile in expedients for trying occasions, and as the suddenness of the news she had just heard seemed to have entirely robbed her of the power of reflection, she had no counsel to offer on the present emergency, and, in consequence, remained silent.

In the mean time, the dutiful daughter, having offered up a silent prayer for direction, and having received an immediate answer to this prayer in the illumination of her mind upon the subject in question, hastened to give comfort to her parent: so rising from her place at the table, most remote from the fire, she ran round to her father, and, kissing his venerable cheek, "My beloved parents," she said, "I hope you will never want a servant while I have health and power to help you. I will be your willing handmaid, your servant in every respect; and I desire no other reward but to see you happy."

Mr. and Mrs. Williams were so much astonished, that they did not seem for some moments to comprehend the import of their daughter's speech. At length, the poor father, bursting into tears of mingled joy and grief, exclaimed, "O my child! my Anna! this is too much. And

would you take the place of a common servant? No; I cannot bear to think of this. I would rather endure any thing than permit it. We must be brought much lower before any thing of this sort can be rendered necessary."

"What!" said the mother, now at length comprehending Anna's proposal, "surely you would not undertake the work of our upper servant! Surely, Anna, after your excellent education, this would be a distressing change indeed."

Anna might have answered, "Certainly, my education has not been calculated to fit me for such a situation;" but it was far very far from her thoughts to utter any thing of a reproachful kind to her parents at that time. Her answer was to this effect, while taking the hand of each parent, as she stood between them, and looking on the face of each by turns—"If, my dear parents, there is such a thing as true religion; if our profession of the faith of our meek and holy Saviour is not a mere profession; if we are not living in the habitual breach of that commandment which saith, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain;' we ought not to hesitate about undertaking any duty which the Almighty, by circumstances, appears to prescribe to us. Did not our glorious Saviour, when on earth, take upon himself the form of a servant? and what, then, am I, that I should presume to think myself above the lowest offices of servitude? Remember, dear father, remember, beloved mother, that *God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.*" (James iv. 6.)

Anna said much more to her parents to the same purport; but I have not time to repeat her many dutiful and earnest pleadings. Suffice it to say, she carried her point. The next day, the upper servant was informed that her services would be dispensed with at the end of the month; and the interval was employed by Anna in preparing for herself two dresses, fit for work, and yet so neat as not to discredit the daughter of a respectable farmer. She also made use of this interval for certain silent observations on the nature of sweeping, scouring, brushing, &c. of which she found herself not a little in need.

At length the day of Mrs. Betty's departure arrived; and on the morrow, Anna, arrayed in one of her new dresses, had cleaned the little parlour, lighted the fire, and

arranged the breakfast-table with particular neatness, before her mother made her morning appearance, or her father came in from the field.

The parents were both affected by the neat and simple figure of their dear child. Mrs. Williams wept, with some feelings of mortification; but the farmer was unfeignedly delighted, declaring that he had never seen his Anna look so well.

Anna, having previously arranged her work, found far less difficulty in executing it than she expected; and she had great pleasure in discovering that her new employments did not interfere with pious meditations, nor with the learning of portions of Scripture, nor with the singing of hymns. At twelve o'clock in the day, she had generally finished all those parts of her work which required a particular dress. At this hour she assumed her usual appearance, and was ready to sit down to her needle, with her mother, till it was time to lay the cloth for dinner: after which, and when she had replaced every thing in its order, she found leisure to visit her school, or some sick person, always returning in time to prepare tea. The evenings were spent in reading the Scripture.

Thus passed the first month of her gentle servitude: at which time she told her father, that she would not give up her place for any other service whatever: since she never had found herself so thoroughly happy before.

"Well, my dear girl," said the old man, taking his child's hand, "if you are contented, I am sure I am; for though I have been a housekeeper, from first to last, these thirty years, I never had a servant I liked so well, or found so true and faithful to my interest. Besides, it does me good to see you going about with your broom in your hand, so tightly dressed in your neat little cap and blue apron."

But, not to enter too largely into the history of this family, I must be satisfied with saying, that Anna persevered for many months in the faithful discharge of the duties she had undertaken. Her mother unfortunately had an illness which deprived Anna of her assistance in the family for some weeks in the dead of winter; during which period she found her duties somewhat more laborious, and particularly as her dear parent required considerable attention: but the fatigue which she experienced at that time

only made her services afterwards appear more light and easy.

Although we have not lately mentioned the excellent Mr. Mills, yet he had not lost sight of Anna. Neither did he cease to encourage her in well doing, nor to guard her from any error into which she might be likely to fall. And he was particularly careful to guard her against self-righteousness, very earnestly cautioning her to beware of taking to herself any merit for such imperfect works as she had been enabled to perform through the assistance of the Holy Spirit: and with these views he frequently reminded her of those words of our Lord—*So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.* (Luke xvii. 10.)

Very little change took place in the state of Mr. Williams's circumstances or family arrangements during the summer: but early in the autumn, the farmer received a letter from the gentleman by whom he expected to lose his money, requesting to see him in a few days, at L——.

Mr. Williams did not anticipate any favourable turn in his affairs from this letter, supposing only that he was called upon to hear a confirmation of his misfortune: however, he did not hesitate to meet the gentleman, and accordingly repaired to L—— the evening before the appointed day.

As Mr. Williams had never been at L—— without calling on Mrs. Parker, he thought he could not deviate from his usual custom on this occasion, although the agitation of his mind about his affairs would have led him to prefer a quiet seat in the corner of the travellers' room at the inn. Accordingly, having put on a clean shirt, and combed his grey hair, he walked to Mrs. Parker's; and, being told that the family were at home, he was ushered into a handsome drawing-room, where he was soon joined by Miss Parker, who, receiving him with considerable warmth and liveliness of manner, insisted upon his drinking tea in her mother's dressing-room: for Mrs. Parker's weak and languid state had not permitted her for some years to come down stairs.

Mr. Williams, though still in low spirits, followed Miss Parker up stairs, and was introduced into an elegant dress-

in, where he found the old lady with her younger son, who was at this time one of the most fashionable women in the town of L——. In addition to these persons, there was in the room an elderly lady, of fine mind and great vivacity, who received Mr. Williams as an old friend, although the good man did not recollect having seen her in his life before: she soon, however, put her pretensions to his friendship, by informing him that she had been well acquainted with his charming daughter, when at school.

The lady, whose name was Humphreys, was a kind of confidante among the more serious persons in L——. She was acquainted with every anecdote which any body knew, and her advice was considered of such high authority as not to be appealed from.

Before certain compliments had passed on all sides, and especially tender inquiries had been made after the mind and spirits of dear Miss Anna, Mr. Williams was invited to take the refreshment of tea; and in the meanwhile Mrs. Humphreys gave him an ample account of the changes which had taken place in L—— during the twelve months.

As tea was over, Miss Parker, assuming a peculiar countenance, said, that she hoped her dear Anna looked well; adding, that she had been very uneasy for her lately, not only from a certain indiscrutable constraint which had run through her letters, but from a report made to her by a friend, who had accidentally seen the young lady, and described her as looking pale and dejected.

Mr. Williams coloured at this unexpected remark, and, in the apprehension of a father tremblingly alive to the fate of an only child, tried to recollect if there had been any thing in Anna's appearance which could have given any probable ground for such report. As his daughter had appeared remarkably well and happy during the whole summer, he did not know what to say; nor could he conceive upon what ground this information was made. But he was not long left to form conjectures; for Mrs. Humphreys, taking the hint from Miss Parker, presently ventured, in plain terms, to request the good man to account for allowing his daughter to

work like a common servant, and very freely to blame him for taking such an advantage of her Christian humility and filial submission.

Mr. Williams defended himself as well as he could by pleading necessity, the eagerness of his child to undertake the duty, and her uncommon good health since she had undertaken it.

Miss Parker and Mrs. Humphreys both represented to him that Miss Anna's birth, education, talents, and personal accomplishments, all rendered her quite above the office of a common house-maid; and that if her religious feelings had induced her to make such a sacrifice of herself, her parents' discretion should have equally urged them to prevent it.

The farmer repeated some of those arguments by which his daughter had labored to convince him that a true Christian can never be too humble; and thence he proceeded to express his steady persuasion that a Christian in deed, and not in word only, could never think any duty beneath him, however poor and mean it might appear in the eyes of the world.

Mr. Williams's arguments, however, had no effect upon his opponents, who affirmed that they had nothing to do with the case in question; that Christians of course would be led by their principles to exert themselves beyond their strength, and that it became their friends to see that they did not overstep the bounds of propriety, and destroy their constitutions by their labours of love.

Mrs. Humphreys then alleged, as an instance of what they had just asserted, that even Miss Parker had actually at one time quite overdone herself by her extraordinary exertions, and probably would have shortened her days, had not she ventured to interfere and insist upon her young friend's sparing herself.

Mr. Williams having had presence of mind to ascertain by inquiry that Anna herself had made no complaints of her present situation, took his leave, and returned to his inn far more unhappy than he had left it; the conversation he had heard having filled his mind with vague terrors about Anna's health. On this subject he had felt no alarm before: but now he began to suspect that, if Anna should hereafter be afflicted with illness, (and who is not liable to

such visitations; the world might not only blame him as the cause, but that perhaps he might not be able wholly to clear himself of the charge.

The next day, however, brought unlooked-for comfort to the poor man; for the gentleman to whose hands his money had been entrusted, was enabled not only to give a good account of the debt, but also to replace the whole sum in Mr. Williams' hand, his affairs having taken an unexpectedly prosperous turn. The farmer, with strong feelings of gratitude to the Ruler of all things, lost no time in placing out the recovered sum on the best security; and then, with a light heart he turned his horse towards his home. It was evening when he ascended the mountain, and he thought he had never before felt so grateful for the retired situation in which his lot had been cast.

The hearts of Mrs. Williams and Anna were filled with gratitude and joy by the pleasant news he had to tell.

Next morning it was proposed to Anna that she should immediately give up that troublesome office in the family which she had so dutifully undertaken and so faithfully fulfilled. At the same time her father thanked her in the most affectionate manner for the exertions she had made; "by which," said he, "you not only gave me inexpressible comfort, and prevented me from incurring debts which I now should have had to discharge, but, with God's blessing you accomplished a much more difficult work; you convinced me that religion is not a mere form of words, but that faith is a real and substantial thing which has power not only to produce a consistent course of conduct, but even to overcome the natural selfishness of our evil hearts."

Anna replied, that she was ashamed to be thanked by her parents for any thing she had been enabled to do; as she had still done less than her duty, and never could expect, during the longest life, to discharge her debt of gratitude towards them. And she concluded by requesting her father and mother, instead of taking another servant into the family, to receive in that place a poor cousin, the orphan daughter of a sister of Mrs. Williams. "As we are near of an age," said Anna, "we will divide the work between us; and my poor cousin will then have a happy home, instead of being tossed about among strangers."

The farmer was greatly pleased with this request, and

would have acceded to it at once, had not the conversation at L—— come to his recollection. The plan, however, was so agreeable to his feelings, that he did not make any long resistance; so a horse and pillion were sent the next day to a small town, in the heart of the mountain, for his wife's niece, who, after having tried several modes of subsistence, had, for a few months past, lodged with a sempstress, and earned a bare subsistence by assisting her hostess.

About a month after the return of the farmer from L——, a letter was received from Miss Parker, containing a most pressing invitation for Anna to visit L——. Anna was desirous of declining the invitation, but Mr. Williams was anxious that she should go, if it were only for a short time; since he secretly wished that Miss Parker and Mrs. Humphreys might witness the cheerful and blooming appearance of his daughter. Anna was not quite so willing to accept the invitation, because she was now very happy, and feared to have her happiness marred by intercourse with the world. But the matter was settled by a reference to Mr. Mills, who said, that as he must go upon business to L—— before the setting in of winter, he would undertake to bring Anna home with him. Mrs. Mills was also consulted about Anna's dress, as she had lately been paying a visit in a neighbouring town; and she recommended such things as she thought were suitable to her situation in life, her age, and her Christian character.

At length, all things being prepared, Anna and her father set off for L——.

Anna's mind was in that state in which a pious young person's ought to be: she was prepared to be thankful for every attention, and to enjoy every innocent pleasure which might come in her way during her journey. As the farmer and his daughter travelled in the little market-cart, they were obliged to make two days' journey of it, and consequently to spend one evening at the inn on the side of the common, where they were received more as old friends than common guests. Anna heartily enjoyed this interval in company with her dear father, and proceeded in an equally cheerful state of mind the next day.

Mr. Williams accompanied his daughter to Mrs. Parker's door; and then being called elsewhere by particular

business, he took an affectionate leave of her, expressing a hope that they should meet again at the end of a month.

Anna being left by her father, knocked at the door, and was ushered by a smart footman into a room in which she had often been, but which was so entirely metamorphosed by modern furniture of the most elegant form, arranged in the most fashionable disorder, that she had hardly recovered her surprise, before Miss Parker and her gay sister Miss Jane, ran into the room to welcome and embrace her. Anna's mind was in too correct a state to allow her to be frightened, or to appear awkward before her young friends, but she certainly was surprised at their appearance. She had pictured to herself her friend Charlotte dressed indeed with neatness, but with all the plainness and economy of a Christian female, who thinks every needless penny spent on herself as so much taken from the poor: she likewise had expected something in her manner and expression of countenance indicative of humility and a will subdued: but of Miss Jane she had only thought as of a child, much like what she had left her. It cannot therefore be wondered at that Anna was surprised when she saw the elder of these sisters dressed in the most costly manner, though undoubtedly in a better taste than that of the younger, who appeared as if she had been striving to spoil her fine person (for she was really handsome) by the most vain and fantastic attire which the foolish fashions of the day could authorize. Neither in the countenances of these sisters did Anna find any thing more attractive than in their dresses. Yet long established affection prevailing over momentary surprise, she received their expressions of regard with her natural warmth, and proceeded to ask them a thousand questions about their mother and other friends.

Anna was next taken to see Mrs. Parker in her dressing-room, whom she found much aged; and thence she was led by Miss Charlotte to the chamber appointed for her, who whispered that she wished to be some time alone with her dear friend.

There she immediately began to converse on religious subjects. She expressed, in strong scriptural terms, the gratitude she felt in being, as she affirmed, called from darkness into light; and then proceeded to lament the

deplorably careless state of her sister, with her mother's absolute deadness to all religious feelings. From thence she went on to describe the delightful religious society then existing in L——. She spoke of Mrs. Humphreys as the first of Christian characters, and was very abundant in the praises of their excellent minister. Miss Parker concluded by saying, that, as they were to have a party of religious friends in the evening, she should then have the inexpressible pleasure of introducing her dear Anna to them.

The volubility with which Miss Parker spoke, and the ease and freedom with which she introduced religious expressions on the most common occasions, not only astonished Anna, but seemed to render her quite dumb; inso-much that, finding herself utterly unable to open her mouth on those divine subjects which appeared so wholly to engross her friend's attention, she was more than once on the point of applying to herself those dreadful denunciations of the divine displeasure which are held out against such as are ashamed to acknowledge their Saviour.

In the midst of this private interview between the two friends, dinner was announced, and Miss Parker led the way into the dining-parlour, where the only addition to the party was Miss Jane, who was just come in from the usual round of visitings and shopping which occupied her mornings.

Anna inquired for Mrs. Parker, but was told that she never dined down stairs. "Could not we then have had our dinner taken up into her dressing-room?" said Anna.

"She would rather be alone," replied Miss Charlotte, coolly.

"But I hope," said Anna, "that my company causes no change?"

"Not the least," returned the young lady.

The conversation now took a new turn. Miss Jane mentioned the winter fashions as being just arrived, and Miss Charlotte asked what they were.

While she was speaking, she eyed her friend's travelling dress in a manner which a little disconcerted her, and then said, "My dear Anna, I suppose you will want some new dresses. You perhaps would like to go with us to-morrow, to see what is likely to be worn this winter?"

Anna, who had by this time recovered her self-command,

smilingly answered, that she was provided, for the present, with all she wanted.

"Yes," said Miss Parker, "that is probable: but perhaps you would like to have your clothes arranged to the fashion!"

"It is so long since I have had any thing to do with fashions," replied Anna, still anxious to ward off this attack in a friendly way, "that there would be some difficulty, I fear, in conforming my usual dress to the general taste."

"But surely," said Miss Charlotte, "you would not wish to be quite particular in matters of such little importance."

"Anna," said Miss Jane, laughing, "you perhaps suppose that the religious people in L—— do not think at all of dress. I allow, there are a few who do not, and who are more concerned about clothing the poor and naked than about adorning their own persons. But the first Christian characters here are not of that sort. My sister, for instance, is, to the full, as nice and particular about her dress as I am, though I make no pretence whatever to religion."

She was going on in the same style when Miss Parker rebuked her severely. Upon which Miss Jane laughed, and shrugged up her shoulders; and Anna began to hope that the conversation about fashionable appearances would end here. But Miss Parker insisted, at least, that Anna should have her hair cut and dressed; asserting, that she did not think it judicious for Christians to make their profession despicable in the eyes of the world by a neglect of the common and innocent customs of life.

After dinner, Anna again proposed a visit to Mrs. Parker's dressing-room: but Miss Parker declared that this was now her mother's time for taking her evening nap, and the young ladies accordingly gathered round the dining-room fire, talking of their old school-days and school-fellows, till the arrival of the hair-dresser reminded them that it was time to prepare for the evening party.

Anna blushed when she heard that the hair-dresser was actually arrived; however, in this point she thought it best to submit: and so, going up to her room, she sat down very patiently to undergo the required operation. After having paid and dismissed the man, she dressed herself as

neatly as she could; and scarcely had she finished this task, when her two young friends entered the room, the one prepared for a fashionable party abroad, and the other for a party of another description at home.

Anna had seldom seen so gay a figure as Jane presented, and it did not a little amuse that giddy girl to read in Anna's eyes certain indications of amazement at parts of her costume which did not quite suit Anna's old-fashioned ideas of decorum. Miss Parker, having complimented Anna's hair-dresser, and blamed her dress-maker, now told her that her mother would be glad to enjoy her company till the party should assemble; and accordingly Anna went into Mrs. Parker's dressing-room, accompanied by Miss Jane, who remained with them till informed that the sedan-chair was come to convey her to her party.

Anna found Mrs. Parker looking very dull, and even dejected; and when that lady complained of low spirits, she ventured to ask her if she did not spend too much time alone.

Mrs. Parker sighed, and answered, that she had long been used to be left alone.

Anna begged that she would permit her to spend that evening, at least, with her.

"No, no," replied Mrs. Parker, fretfully; "I will not punish you: I know that young people like company."

"Indeed, Madam," said Anna, "I have lived too long in retirement to care much for company; and I should have particular pleasure in spending this evening with you."

"You are very good and very polite," said Mrs. Parker; "and I wish my daughters had a little of your consideration. As to Jane, she is very young, and, although fond of gaieties, like most young people of her age, yet she has more time to give me than Charlotte has; and while sitting with me, she is good-humoured and entertaining. But Charlotte is continually dictating to me as if I were a child; indeed she treats me as if I were a perfect idiot, and totally ignorant on some certain subjects; and yet I see no particular good which she herself derives from any of her new notions." And then the old lady burst forth into such an unqualified censure of all religious characters, as we not unfrequently hear from worldly persons who have been unfortunate in their connexions of this nature.

But, as Anna knew that Mrs. Parker had always been considered what is called an odd-tempered woman, she determined to observe more of what passed between the mother and daughters before she ventured to judge between them even in her own mind. The conversation, however, having taken this turn, she was not sorry that Mrs. Parker would not permit her to stay with her the remainder of the evening.

When the larger part of the expected company were assembled in the drawing-room, Miss Charlotte came up herself to lead down her friend, and to introduce her to the party.

On the opening of the door, Anna, who had been in a kind of continued amazement all day, was not a little dazzled and astonished by the blaze of light, the number of persons assembled, the splendour of the room, and the elegance of the dresses, which all broke upon her view at once in this assembly, an assembly which she had pictured to herself as consisting, for the most part, of grave and sedate personages, clothed, at best, like her good friend Mrs. Mills in her Sunday gown. She had not, however, much time for reflection, being led forward and presented by name to the company at large, and then particularly introduced to Mrs. Humphreys, who was seated on a sofa in the most conspicuous part of the room.

Mrs. Humphreys received Anna with the most marked politeness, took her hand, made room for her on the sofa by her side, and introduced her to the lady that sat next her as a young person who, with the holy zeal of a martyr, had sacrificed all earthly pleasures, in order to devote herself to the most exemplary fulfilment of her filial duties.

Anna could hardly help asking herself if Mrs. Humphreys did not mistake her for some other person; and when convinced that Mrs. Humphreys knew very well of whom she was speaking, she felt assured that there must have been some strange misstatement of her character brought to L——; since she could not recollect one single action of her life in which she had acted as a Christian heroine, although she remembered many occasions on which her conduct had been grossly unkind and ungrateful to her parents. But while she was considering whether she ought not to attempt to set Mrs. Humphreys

right upon this subject, her embarrassment was increased by perceiving that she was at that moment furnishing a subject of discourse to most persons in the room, as might easily be understood by their significant looks and whispers. She was therefore much relieved when Mrs. Humphreys, addressing herself to Miss Parker, inquired if they were not to have the pleasure of their dear minister's company that afternoon?

Miss Parker answered, that he had certainly promised to come; but he had begged her not to wait tea for him, as his time was never at his own command.

Several persons now echoed Mrs. Humphrey's voice, who had just expressed her fears that their beloved pastor would ruin his constitution by his labours; adding, that no man could, uninjured, long support such a round of duties, or answer such constant calls upon his time.

Many voices were instantly raised in admiration and pity of this excellent man, whom all represented as undergoing, in addition to his labours mental and bodily, the severest persecutions which the enemies of religion could inflict. And so touching were the outlines which these good people drew of their beloved minister, that Anna, whose imagination had been very busily and very injudiciously at work during the whole of the day, had just finished a picture in her own fancy of this respectable pastor, in which she had blended together such symptoms of suffering and Christian resignation as one should naturally expect to discover in a portrait of David Brainerd or the venerable Swartz, when a loud rap at the street-door was the immediate forerunner of a brisk step in the hall, which speedily brought into the room a well-looking ruddy, boyish-faced young man, in a genteel clerical dress.

The joy expressed by the greater part of the company at the appearance of this young pastor, brought up some old-fashioned blushes into Anna's face, particularly as some of the ladies who expressed so much delight were quite as young as herself, and therefore could not claim the privilege of years for their freedom of manner.

In the mean time, Mr. Burton (for such was the name of the young clergyman in question,) politely refusing several chairs offered to him in different parts of the room, stepped up to Miss Parker and Mrs. Humphreys, who

sitting near together; and having paid the usual compliments, was going to sit down quietly, when Mrs. Humphreys called him to account for being so late.

which he made answer, that his time was not at his command; and that his calls were so numerous, that he knew in what way to answer the one half of them; it he could not deny himself the pleasure of joining the present party, "although," added he, in a whisper to Humphreys, "I shall be obliged to sit up half the night in consequence."

Humphreys immediately repeated his whisper to Miss Parker; adding, that she hoped Miss Parker was sensible of the favour done her party by Mr. Burren's appearance among them. And then, without waiting for the young lady's answer, she proceeded gravely to caution the young clergyman against over exertion in the way of duty, telling him how many persons had ruined their health in order to embrace a larger field of usefulness, beseeching him particularly not to deprive himself of rest at night.

He spoke so largely on these subjects, that Anna, who even kept in a state of amazement all the day, could not looking up again to the young gentleman's face, if she could observe there any symptoms of fatigue or fatigue. But the placid and blooming appearance of the proposed sufferer, and the liveliness of his eye, induced her to suppose, that his labours and trials, like her own, only existed in Mrs. Humphrey's imagination, and that the young man had not more to do than what conduced to his health and the promotion of his robust appearance. She was soon, however, disturbed from her reflections on this subject, by Mrs. Humphreys remarking that she might have the pleasure of introducing her dear minister to Miss Williams; adding that Mr. Burren was already fully acquainted with her piety, her affection, and all the trials to which she had been subjected, as well as the wonderful manner in which she had supported through them.

She had no time to recover from the confusion into which she was thrown by this sudden address, before she felt necessary to answer the bows and polite speeches of the young clergyman, who, being thus called upon by Mrs

Humphreys, thought it incumbent upon him to say something civil to the young stranger, particularly as her appearance was agreeable, modest, and unaffected, and such as is generally looked upon with respect, if not with admiration.

The tea-table being arranged, and Miss Parker placed at it, with several of her young companions to assist her, Mr. Burton was making his escape towards it, when Mrs. Humphreys, addressing him again, said, that she had another subject of complaint against him, and that she must call upon him, in the name of all the company present, to defend himself. "This heavy charge," said Mrs. Humphreys, "is, that you left us last Sunday, and placed a stranger in your pulpit. Now," added she, "we all protest against a repetition of this offence."

"Indeed we do," repeated many voices.

"We shall be very angry if you make such an arrangement again without having just cause," said Mrs. Humphreys.

"But," said Mr. Burton, "the gentleman who took my place is one of the first preachers in the county!"

"First or last," said Mrs. Humphreys, "we will decidedly not allow of any exchange of the kind. So beware of a second offence."

"But," said a young lady, who had risen from her chair at the other end of the room on the first opening of this cause, and walked up quite close to Mr. Burton, "I am come to enter my protest against all monopolies. Are not we poor starving creatures, who live at the other end of the town, and go to church where the old curate preaches us all to sleep, are we quite to be shut out from all that is good and animating? Mind not what they say, Mr. Burton," added she, putting her hand upon his arm; "but come to us whenever you can get any one to fill your pulpit."

Tea was now handed round; and, after tea, Anna still hoped for some of that enlivening Christian conversation which Miss Parker had so often described in her letters as constituting the chief charm of their religious societies at L—. But she hoped in vain; and the whole evening passed away in much such conversation as I have described above, and one or two vain efforts at something of a better kind, with one or two of the party. For, notwithstand

he description I have given of this assembly, I should hesitate to say, that it included many of the true servants of God; and Mr. Burton himself, though much in- by flattery, was a real well-wisher to religion, and at times, very humbling thoughts of himself, and very ed views of his Saviour, as will appear hereafter.

t unless there be a person of superior abilities, as well ty, to direct religious meetings of this kind in ques- unless there be some charitable work to employ the , and some holy book to engage the mind; it is, I generally found, that much flatness and insipidity into these assemblies; while religion is too often the vehicle of flattery, and the cloak of vanity.

ter tea, Mr. Burton, and an elderly lady of the name ird, whom we shall have occasion to mention again, some attempts to give the conversation a better turn. although Mrs. Humphreys and Miss Parker spoke , and seemed fully acquainted with every mode of h used in the religious world, yet, when the company heir leave, Anna felt such an unaccountable depression rits, that she was glad to plead her journey as an ex- for going to bed immediately.

ill not enter into a detail of Anna's feelings, nor dwell the manner in which she reasoned with herself when , but merely give you the result of all, which was an gned thank-offering to her heavenly Father for her re- situation, her happy home, and the simple-state of on under her own wise, and excellent, and truly holy r.

e next morning, at no very early hour, Anna was l to breakfast in Mrs. Parker's dressing-room. She found the old lady and her daughters, but there was he same appearance of cheerfulness in this family as in that which usually assembled in the little par- at Mr. Williams's farm. Mrs. Parker was making :dinary complaint of having had a bad night, and that laint was, as usual, almost totally disregarded by her rters. Miss Jane was running on flippantly with an nt of her last night's entertainment; and, in the mean Miss Parker looked as if she considered both her mo- and sister as persons who had no sense of religion, and ose conversion there was little or no hope. She ac-

cordingly, while pouring out the tea, preserved a cold silence, which Anna thought was ill-calculated to make her religious profession amiable in the eyes of her relations.

After Anna had sat for some time considering what she should say to please all parties in this ill-assorted company, without hurting her own sense of right and wrong, Miss Jane threw her into the utmost confusion, by asking her, with an arch smile, how she had enjoyed herself the evening before? what she thought of Mrs. Humphreys? and if she did not find Mr. Burton's conversation truly edifying?

There is a certain tone, a peculiar and indescribable manner, by which the enemies of religion instantly make themselves known to each other, while they betray themselves to its real friends. The object of our present narrative is, indeed, to describe, and, as we hope, to correct the defects of professors. But let it be understood, that it is not our purpose to draw a comparison between even the weakest and most erring Christian, and those daringly wicked characters who make a mockery of all that is serious, delighting to dwell upon the minutest miscarriages of serious professors, and holding up their defects to public ridicule.

It is but too true, that at this period, in which religion is generally accounted estimable, there may be a considerable portion of hollow professors in every Christian society: yet, it may please God to use the influence even of these for the advancement of much that is good, and, as it has been elegantly observed by a pious lady now living, to employ these fruitless trees for the same purpose as the gardener employs the hardy fir—to shelter and protect his more delicate plants. Is it not possible, that beneath the shadow of the loud professor, and amid the bustling appearance of the ostentatious multitude, who are now crying, "Lord, Lord," in our streets and public places, drowning by their vehemence the shouts of the mere worldling—is it not possible, I say, that a new race may rise up, who shall resemble the willows by the water-brooks, and the roses of the wilderness?

But to return to our narrative.—Miss Parker seemed to be highly irritated by these expressions of her sister, and Anna felt shocked and amazed. But neither of them being prepared with an answer, Miss Jane as if to provoke her

proceeded to remark, that if Anna had any cases of
ence, or any mental difficulties, she could not do
than open her mind to Mr. Burton; as he was, not-
withstanding his juvenile appearance, a man of deep ex-
ce, and had often proved himself a very valuable
allor to much older persons than herself.

His remark seemed to excite a high degree of displea-
n the part of Miss Parker, who was scarcely restrain-
the presence of Anna from expressing her feelings in
strong language; but, at the same time, it afforded so
gratification to Mrs. Parker, that the old lady, for-
g her bad night, burst into a loud fit of laughter,
by she added not a little to the confusion of her
visitant. But before Anna could resolve what reply
ought to make to the sarcastic expressions of Miss Jane,
as relieved by the entrance of Mrs. Mary Bird, who,
having tapped lightly at the door, walked in without
any ceremony.

There was nothing in the appearance of this Mrs. Bird,
giving perhaps a certain peculiar sweetness of counte-
— which could attract the regards of any stranger:
—theless this obscure person appeared to be one of the
incere and humble Christians of whom the society
— could boast.

On the occasion of this lady's visit to Miss Parker was this.
At the time when serious subjects began first to be agitated
—, the young ladies had, in their zeal, established
a school for female children. Twelve of these ladies
divided themselves into a committee, each of them enter-
to an agreement to superintend the school for one
during the year. In order to prevent confusion,
good laws and regulations had been drawn up by
Miss Humphreys, and Mr. Burton had accepted the office
of scribe. For one year, all went on well, till each lady
came to her turn. But, inasmuch as perseverance in
teaching is contrary to the general course of human nature,
of the young ladies, during the second year, began to
lose sight of the weight of the undertaking; while those who
were more willing than the rest frequently found that they
were their neighbours' turns to take in the school as well as
their own. The third year, the visitors fell off so much,
those who still continued willing to labour in this field,

found the duty very burdensome; among whom poor Mrs. Mary Bird, having an infirm sister, with many other charitable calls, felt herself much incumbered by her school duties. The chief purpose therefore of her visit this morning to Miss Parker was to plead her inability to give up her whole time to the school, and to request that her young neighbour would not be weary of well-doing, but take her turn, as usual, with the children. For it seems, that Miss Parker had that morning sent a note to Mrs. Bird, requesting her to take her month of duty, alleging, as her own excuse, a nervous complaint, and inclination to head-ache, which made the noise of the school insupportable to her.

Now Mrs. Mary Bird, who was herself a particularly simple open character, had not the smallest idea that Miss Parker could possibly have any objection to discuss this matter before her mother, her sister, and her friend; so, without circumlocution, she opened the cause in the audience of the above-mentioned persons, representing to Miss Parker, though in a very humble and Christianlike manner, the error of which she was guilty in giving up so laudable an undertaking on account of a trifling inconvenience.

Miss Parker replied, that she did not consider nervous feelings as trifling inconveniences; and added, that, if Mrs. Bird knew what she suffered from head-aches, she would not press her to endure the noise and closeness of the school.

Mrs. Mary Bird, with unaffected kindness, and entire freedom from suspicion of any affectation in the young lady, condoled with her on the state of her health; but added, that, if Miss Parker could not sit long in the school, it would greatly encourage the poor children, if she would now and then drop in for a few minutes, to dispense some of those pretty little rewards of her own needlework, which used to give the children so much pleasure.

Miss Parker, whose self-complacency was somewhat restored by the last words which dropped from Mrs. Mary's lips, and which she instantly perceived had made a favourable impression on Anna, answered, that Mrs. Bird was very good in considering her feelings so kindly, and she assured her, that, if she would oblige her so far as to let her make her escape out of the school when her troublesome head-ache threatened her, she would make a point of often drop-

ping in and seeing who was worthy of the little trifles she had to give.

Mrs. Bird seemed tolerably satisfied with these promises, and proposed, as it was a fine morning, that the young ladies should take advantage of it for a walk to the school.

"I should have the greatest pleasure imaginable in accompanying you, my dear Mrs. Bird, and showing Anna our noble school-room," replied Miss Parker, "had I not an engagement which cannot be put aside. You know, we are to meet this morning at Mrs. Humphreys's, to consult about a clothing-club for the poor: Mr. Burton is to be there, and every thing is to be settled to-day."

Mrs. Mary Bird looked grave when she understood the nature of Miss Parker's engagement; which Miss Jane remarking, said, with a provoking smile, that she did not wonder at Mrs. Mary's being thrown into a state of trepidation on hearing of any new plan of usefulness to be set on foot at L——.

"And why, my dear Miss Jane," asked the old lady, "why should I look grave when any new proposal is made for doing good?"

"O," said Miss Jane, "the reason is simple enough—you are naturally alarmed, lest the whole management of the new scheme should devolve on you, as so many of the former useful projects of our ladies have already done."

No answer was made to this remark, for it was scarcely finished, when Mrs. Mary Bird arose to take her leave; and immediately on her departure, probably fearing lest she should witness some further impertinence on the part of her sister, Miss Parker invited Anna to accompany her to Mrs. Humphreys's.

While they walked together towards Mrs. Humphreys's, Miss Parker was unusually silent. And Anna was now not a little embarrassed; for she had discovered that all was not right with her friend, and began already to entertain many fears that her religion consisted more in words than actions; in consequence, she hardly knew how to converse with her.

On arriving at Mrs. Humphreys's house, Anna was as much struck with the laboured elegance of its furniture and decorations as she had been with the same ornamental appearance, though on a larger scale, in Mrs. Parker's

house; and she could not help asking herself, how this growth of fashionable splendour agreed with the increased profession of religion which had lately taken place in the town of L——.

Mrs. Humphreys was sitting on a sofa in an elegant little parlour, dressed, it is true, as an old person, but with such studied exactness as seemed not wholly suited to the state of one who had her salvation to work out with fear and trembling. The air and manner of Mrs. Humphreys were, at the same time, so strikingly artificial, and her mode of speaking on religious subjects so studied, that Anna felt, as she was introduced into the room, and was pressed to take a seat on the sofa by the old lady, a kind of reluctance and repugnance to enter into familiar conversation with her for which she could not account; and she was, therefore, particularly disconcerted, when Miss Parker, asking after some young lady whom she had appointed to meet her there, said she would leave her dear Anna with Mrs. Humphreys, while she went to call upon the person in question.

Anna was, in consequence, left for more than an hour with Mrs. Humphreys; during which time the soothing and flattering expressions which the old lady used, together with the many religious sentiments she uttered, had wrought such a revolution in Anna's feelings, as to excite some regret when their conversation was interrupted, which it was, at length, by a thundering knocking at the door; and, a few moments afterwards, eight or ten young ladies were ushered into the small parlour, accompanied by Mr. Burton.

This last was the first to throw himself on a chair, or rather into the corner of Mrs. Humphreys's sofa, from which Anna had arisen; where, after several attempts to yawn and express fatigue, he complained, that he was worn to death, that he could not get a moment to himself, that he had been actually up the greater part of the night, and that he was now forcibly torn from some business of the greatest importance, by a dozen, at least, of cruel creatures, who had assailed his house on all sides, and brought him away captive.

"Because, although you had promised," said Miss Parker, "we knew you would not come, if left to yourself; and we could not do without you."

"My promise," said Mr. Burton, "was only conditional: I call Mrs. Humphreys to witness if it was more than conditional."

"You know," said Mrs. Humphreys, "that I never take your part."

The newly arrived party, being invited by Mrs. Humphreys, placed themselves round her table; and after a quarter of an hour's general discourse on the gossip of the day, Mrs. Humphreys called the attention of the company to the business on which they were met, producing at the same time certain plans which she had found in the different religious magazines and registers which either she or any of her friends took in. These several plans were read, discussed, amended, approved, disapproved, adopted, and rejected; the company so often diverged from the matter in question; so many compliments were paid, all of which required disqualifying speeches from the person complimented; such a variety of opinions were brought forward; such a perpetual recurrence was made to things which Anna had supposed to have been already settled; that, although business had commenced at twelve, the clock struck three before any thing was determined: and as it was well known that Mrs. Humphreys always dined at three, it was agreed that the meeting should be adjourned to a future day.

As Miss Parker and Anna were accompanied by several of the party from Mrs. Humphreys's to their own door, they had no particular conversation together; so that the events of the morning were scarcely touched upon till, at dinner, Miss Jane asked, in her usually impertinently lively manner, what had been done at the meeting?—a question which instantly excited Miss Charlotte's ill humour.

As Miss Jane declared her intention of staying at home this evening, Anna expressed a hope that they might all together drink tea with Mrs. Parker. But she was speedily informed by Miss Parker, that she had an engagement to go out which could not be set aside: so Anna found that she must give up her wish of spending that evening with the old lady, in order to accompany her daughter to a party—where much the same scene was presented as she had witnessed the night before.

In this heartless way passed most of the time which

Anna spent at L——. During this period, she heard much talk of religion; but scarcely could discern any points in which these professors differed from the world in general, excepting that they did not play at cards, nor attend the amusement of the theatre, (the players being at this time at L——.) But when she looked for self-denial, which Mr. Mills had taught her to consider as one test of truly religious principles, she saw so few instances of this kind, and those so slight, so arbitrary, and uncertain, that she was almost led to form this harsh decision, that, with the exception of Mrs. Mary Bird, there were very few religious persons in L——.

We may discern the errors of our fellow creatures, and mourn over the state of the world in general, without deciding on the case of any single individual. There were, even at that time, many well-meaning persons in the religious society at L——; individuals that daily spent many hours in reading and prayer; who yet, while they believed themselves separate from the world, because they did not attend its public amusements, were so entirely influenced by the persons with whom they associated, as to be kept in as complete a state of bondage to the creature as the most worldly characters in L——. Thus they were sorely let and hindered in their Christian walk, because they did not look simply to Christ, but seeking for honour one of another, were caught in the net of the flatterer. And so, being entangled in the snares of Satan, they became of the number of those who, by a high profession and inconsistent practice, render themselves guilty of taking the name of the Lord in vain, as well as of making religion contemptible in the sight of its enemies.

In this society, Anna gradually lost her spirits; and though, through the influence of the flattering speeches which she daily heard from Mrs. Humphreys and others, she acquired rather a higher idea of her own perfections, yet by this she was no gainer in the article of happiness; since, in proportion as her attention was directed to self, she became estranged from the Saviour. Prayer and private meditation, once her chief delight, now gradually lost something of their sweet relish; till at length she was ready, when alone, more than once to break out in the beautiful words of the hymn—

"Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word?"

"How bless'd the hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still!—
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill."

the sad but very common effect of flattery she experienced in a particular degree, which was this—that being led to lose the good opinion she supposed her companions to entertain respecting her, she became afraid to deal freely with them. Although therefore she saw the existing impropriety of Miss Parker's conduct towards herself, yet it was very long before she could bring herself to put her thoughts on the subject to her friend: and when she did so, it was in so weak and indecisive a manner, that it might almost as well have been let entirely alone; since it only gave Miss Parker opportunity to justify herself, and to use arguments in her own favour, which, notwithstanding their fallacy, served to strengthen her in her fault.

When Miss Parker represented to Anna, that her mother was not only an enemy to religion, but, as far as lay in her power, a persecutor also; and that every effort which she, her daughter, had made to lead her to better things, had ended in the mother becoming more hostile than ever to the interests of religion.

Anna might have answered, that she feared Miss Parker had not taken the way to make religion appear amiable to her mother. But the selfish fear of giving offence kept her silent; while Miss Parker proceeded to say, that she considered the irreligious state of her mother and sister were her trials; that this was the cross she was to bear; that it was her constant prayer to be enabled to support it with fortitude. "But," added she, in an agony of passion and pride, which Anna interpreted into a burst of anger feeling, "if I must, on their accounts, lose the society of my dearest friend, my trial will be bitter indeed." In bearing to repeat the quotations from Scripture which Miss Parker used during her defence, I will only observe, that they were so well applied, as not only to de-

ceive Anna, but even to confirm the young lady herself in the idea of her being an injured daughter, persecuted by an infidel mother for the sake of her religion, and that she was, in fact, a Christian heroine. Thus, while her vanity was soothed, she was encouraged to proceed in her imprudent course.

The period fixed for Anna's stay at L——, being, however, nearly exhausted, Mr. Mills, one morning, drove up to Mrs. Parker's door in the well-known taxed-cart, lent to him for the occasion by the farmer; and I am happy to add, that Anna was not yet so spoiled by flattery, or so injured by a soft and luxurious life, as not to feel her heart bound with joy at the sight of the good man who was come to take her back to her happy home.

As my story has unavoidably run to a considerable length, I shall pass over Anna's joyful reception of Mr. Mills, and her inquiries about home; simply stating, that it was agreed that Mr. Mills should dine the next day at Mrs. Parker's, and that the following morning Anna should leave L—— in company with this good man.

Mr. Mills had been known for some years in that part of England as a religious character and a superior preacher; and, although by some he was said to be a little singular, his character was of consequence enough to make Miss Parker wish to give some of her friends an opportunity of seeing him. She therefore resolved, as in virtue of her large fortune and her mother's infirm state of health she could do just what she pleased in the family, to give him a dinner, and to invite Mr. Burton and Mrs. Humphreys with several other ladies, to meet him.

All these arrangements being made, and the party assembled in the drawing-room, before dinner, Miss Jane, who sat with her face towards the street, suddenly started up, and running to the window, called her sister to look at Henry Low, the hair-dresser's son, whom we mentioned some time ago as having gone from L—— following a company of strolling actors, with whom he had returned some time since, and was at that period taking all the first rate characters on the stage in the town.

"Jane," said Miss Parker, "how can you be so ridiculous? What possible interest can I have in seeing Harry Low?"

Miss Jane turned round and smiled; and, begging her sister's pardon, added, that she did not know that it would be considered as a sin to look at an actor when he happened to be walking in a public street.

A sharp retort from her sister was the natural consequence of Miss Jane's remark; on which, Mrs. Humphreys, taking up the matter somewhat seriously, and appealing to Mr. Mills, stated to that gentleman, that this Harry Low was in great danger of being utterly ruined by the injudicious applause which was lavished on his appearance and fine voice by the young ladies who frequented the theatre in L——; and, before Mr. Mills could make any reply, she proceeded to give Miss Jane what the young lady called a lecture on the cruelty of misleading a young man, in such a line of life, by her injudicious, and even improper, commendations.

While Mrs. Humphreys continued to expatiate on the dangerous effects of flattery in general, and particularly when bestowed on persons of this description, Miss Jane continued to shake her head, and shrug up her shoulders, now and then venturing an intelligent look at Anna, whom she more than half suspected of not being quite so devoted an admirer of Mrs. Humphreys as some others of her sister's friends pretended to be.

When Mrs. Humphreys had concluded her address, having ventured to diverge from her first point in order to express her dislike of all theatrical amusements whatever, she again addressed Mr. Mills; and, being somewhat displeased by Miss Jane's contemptuous manner, which she had not failed to observe, called upon him, as a Christian, to confirm all she had said on the before-mentioned subjects.

Mr. Mills smiled, and, turning to Miss Jane, remarked, that he thought it wholly needless to speak upon the subject of theatrical amusements in the present company.

"And wherefore?" said Miss Jane.

"Because," replied Mr. Mills, "I am sure that there is not one person present, who cordially, and from the very bottom of her heart, thinks well of these amusements."

"O, Mr. Mills," said Miss Jane, "I am sure you do not believe what you say. You cannot think that I in my heart disapprove of these amusements, and yet constantly partake of them."

Mr. Mills bowed to the young lady, and smiled, at the same time saying, "You are young, my dear Miss Jane, and can hardly yet understand what tends to your happiness. I doubt not but that you already begin to suspect the emptiness of these trifling pleasures; and the time will, I trust, come, when you will be convinced of their utter incapacity to add to your happiness. But, be this as it may, your good friend Mrs. Humphreys does well to caution you against the habit of flattering your fellow-creatures, and by this means blinding them to their real interests, while you urge them forward in the way of perdition."

Mr. Mills then made some very apposite remarks on the nature of flattery; and, after having pointed out how fatal the applauses of the public might prove to such a young man as the one in question, he ventured to remark, that although the voice of human praise was dangerous to almost every description of mankind, yet that its effects were decidedly less fatal among worldly people than among religious professors.

Mr. Mills was proceeding to add something more on the subject of flattery, when Mrs. Humphreys completely silenced the good man; not by contradicting him, but by her loud and vehement expressions of acquiescence. "I so entirely agree with you, my dear Sir," she said, "that, as my good friend Miss Parker knows, I often restrain my feelings of approbation when I see any thing commendable in my Christian friends, even when my heart is bursting with these feelings. There is nothing which I dread more than the effect of praise on a young and ardent mind, and indeed it is perhaps equally injurious to those who are more advanced in life. We all require to be kept low, Mr. Mills; our only place of safety is at the foot of Mount Calvary. When we are tempted to quit this place, and set up any merit of our own, we are in danger of wandering from our proper station. Indeed, Mr. Mills, I approve of all you say, and only wish my young people here (looking towards Miss Jane) could always enjoy the benefit of your conversation."

"Mrs. Humphreys," said Miss Jane, surely you forget yourself! How often have I heard you say, that in enjoying the advantage of Mr. Burton's society, we need not desire any other spiritual guide?

this speech was made in a whisper, though sufficient for every one in the room to hear, Mrs. Humphreys pretended not to have observed it; and dinner being at that moment announced, a general move was made to the dining-room.

As soon as this removal was effected, and its consequent at an end, Mrs. Humphreys again addressed herself to Mr. Mills: and, after expatiating for some time, and a considerable address, on several indifferent subjects, began to speak of the town which Mr. Mills had lately left for his living on the hills. She mentioned several persons known to her in that place, and spoke of them as persons who would do honour to any Christian society wherever; intimating, at the same time, that they owed their conversion, under Divine Providence, to Mr. Mills's ministry.

Mr. Mills had been listening with considerable interest at Mrs. Humphreys advanced respecting his former situation, and though he perhaps feared that the very high commendations bestowed on some of his people by this lady needed some qualifying, nevertheless he was, on the whole, pleased, and had allowed her to perceive that he did, at length, found the means of gaining his ear: for her venturing so far as to attribute some credit to her this happy change which had taken place in the town as she had been speaking of, he started as one waking from a dream, and speaking with rapidity and not without emotion, entreated her to give the glory where it was due. At this, without loss of time, he introduced another subject, if he felt that the present topic could no longer be pursued upon without danger to his own soul.

Whether Mrs. Humphreys and Miss Parker had observed the conduct of Mr. Mills is not known, but it was not known to Anna. Neither did it escape the notice of Mr. Mills; for when the ladies had withdrawn after dinner, the gentlemen were left together, the following important conversation took place between them.

Mr. Mills had been acquainted with the father of Mr. Burton for many years, and Mr. Burton had often seen him when a child in his father's house. Now therefore, in seeing him, not only as an experienced Christian, but as an old friend, he opened his address by observing that

several things had that day dropped from Mr. Mills, which excited in him an inexpressible degree of uneasiness.

Mr. Mills was much astonished at this remark, and begged Mr. Burton to point out what he could possibly have done or said to render him thus uncomfortable.

"Sir," returned Mr. Burton, "you have convinced me of hypocrisy; and, though unintentionally, have made me sensible that I have lately been acting not only a useless but I may add a ridiculous part in the society, where I ought to be looked up to as a faithful guide in the way of holiness."

"You surprise me, Sir," replied Mr. Mills. "What have I said? what have I done? You must explain yourself further before I can possibly enter into your meaning."

"Do you recollect, my dear Sir," replied Mr. Burton, "what you said respecting the voice of human praise, when the ladies were speaking of the young man who has lately distinguished himself so much in the theatre of this town? namely, that the effects of praise were for the most part decidedly less fatal among worldly people than among religious professors?"

"Well, my good Sir," returned Mr. Mills, "and do you question the truth of this assertion?"

"By no means," said Mr. Burton, "I am far from questioning it; but it alarms me. It represents things to my mind in so new a light, as nearly to confound all my ideas. Till I heard these words from your lips, I had imagined that the cause of religion was promoted by the commendations which are at this period so liberally bestowed by one Christian upon another; and I fancied that the voice of praise—I do not speak of flattery—was, as it were, almost needful to us, in order to support us amid the trials of this present state of being."

"That there is a certain boldness inspired by the commendations of our fellow-creatures, I do not deny," remarked Mr. Mills. "But the question is this—Is that boldness of the right sort? is that courage of a kind to be depended upon? Does not human praise induce the man who is under its influence to depend upon his own exertions, and walk in his own strength, rather than in the strength of the Lord? And he must be ignorant indeed of the whole tendency of our religion, who expects a consistent walk from

to in any degree depends upon himself in the performance of his duties. Human praise undoubtedly produces considerable effects on society. It may make a man it; it may make him learned; it may strengthen him to acquire head knowledge. Excellent actors, soldiers, able lawyers and mathematicians, have entered such by human praise. The commendation of the religious world may increase the number of its professors; it may make men cry 'Lord, Lord,' take the name of God in vain; but it will never make Christians, or keep them such. Improper motives produce desirable consequences; and if that which might be used for humbling the pride of man's heart, is perverted to the purpose of exalting him in his good opinion, what result can be expected but that of pride and confusion, inconsistency and folly? Not to mention the disgrace which professors bring upon themselves in the eye of the world by their want of humility, the incalculable injury do they do to each other by making religion the vehicle of flattery; for the unqualified of which I have already heard too much in this world admits no softer name than that of flattery. And I repeat, that I consider no possible mode of adulation which can be used by the mere worldling, half so conducive to human happiness as the cruel deceptions which proceed from the mouth of him who deceives his hearers under the pretence of respecting his spiritual concerns."

Mr. Mills paused: but as Mr. Burton made no objection to what he had said, the excellent man proceeded with his effect.—"To prove what I have just asserted," said he, "I will point out two examples: first, that of a young man, such as the one who came under our observation yesterday—a well-looking and clever man, who follows, without support, a vain and irreligious profession; and, secondly, that of a young minister, who has some knowledge of religion, a wish to distinguish himself, perhaps some ability of doing well, a fine voice, and an agreeable person. These persons, though in such different lines of life, and of different public characters, and are both liable to be assailed by the flatteries of the world: *this* of the professing world; *that* of the mass of ordinary society. But on which of these persons, I ask, is the praise of man likely to produce the most effect?"

the most fatal effects? It would seem not unreasonable to suppose that, as the minister is not so far from the way of duty as the stage-player, it may please the Almighty the sooner to arrest him in his career of folly; though we presume not to say, that such a mercy may not be extended to the other. But, humanly speaking, the case of that man who makes the voice of commendation his idol while he professes to be a zealous servant of the most high God, appears to be far more hopeless than that of the most profligate offender. And if any kind of reasoning could induce us to question this truth, Scripture and experience should nevertheless compel us to acknowledge it: for, what reason, I ask, is assigned for the backwardness of many of the chief rulers among the Jews to confess Christ, but *this*—they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God? And what would be the result of our inquiries, were we to search the page of history for the most atrociously wicked characters? Should we not discover them among those who have made religion the cloak of their ambition, and who have used the name of God to obtain that honour which cometh from man only?

“I am persuaded,” proceeded Mr. Mills, “that such a use of the name of God is a more offensive breach of the third commandment than that of which the most profane are guilty when they openly blaspheme in our streets. But, not to diverge too far from our subject, as I hope that there are not many now in England, who, like Balaam, Mahomet, and Oliver Cromwell, deliberately and determinately fall into the dreadful sin of using religion only as a cloak for cruelty and pride, we will return to our two supposed characters, and inquire further into the probable effects of flattery upon each of them. The stage-player is, no doubt, elated and intoxicated by the thunders of applause with which he is continually saluted; but he is not deceived as to the concerns of his soul by the roars of the multitude. No one tells him, because he is a fine imitator of other men’s manners, that all is well between him and his God; neither is ‘Peace! peace!’ continually whispered in his ear by his thoughtless associates. But the flatterers of the professing young man deceive him in points of the most infinite importance to his welfare: they make him believe that he is far advanced in the path of salvation,

is foot is, perhaps, treading the way of destruction; and him to suppose himself the chosen of God, while yet in the very bonds of Satan.

These, my dear Sir, are some of the mischiefs produced by those who have the language of religion continually in their mouths without understanding the true nature of it; and we ought we who are professors to be especially careful of the commandment "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain;" constantly looking inward ever seeking those helps of the Spirit of God by which alone our religion can be preserved from degenerating into a mere noisy profession, and our expressions from becoming as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

Mr. Mills!" said Mr. Burton, when the good man ceased to speak, "you have indeed touched me to the quick, but I thank you for it. You have, by the divine Spirit, made me feel my errors. I have been in a dream; but, I trust, have been commissioned to awaken me."

"May the Almighty enable me henceforward not to do as do others, but to watch and be sober!"

Burton then entered into some particulars of his life, and seemed to be much affected while he spoke. He told that when he first began his ministerial career, it was in a little village, where he lodged in a farm-house, on a low salary, and a mean apartment: "but," said he, "tears started in his eyes, "I was happy then. My days were spent in the study of the Scriptures in their original languages, and in tracing the pages of history as referred to prophecy; I dined early; and in the evening visited my parishioners and my school. Nature then seemed to spread forth all its beauties for the purpose of opening my mind to communion with my Creator, and I had not even a reason to think that my God was present with me; but a friend put into my head that I ought to seek a sphere of usefulness, and persuaded me to believe that I was thrown away in my retirement. These views were gratifying to my self-love, that I used every exertion and put every engine which I could command in motion to procure me a larger church and a more extensive sphere of souls. I obtained my wishes; but by the time I had neither found riches nor content. If my

income is larger, my expenses are proportionably greater. I must now appear better dressed, occupy handsome lodgings, and do many things which were unnecessary in my former circumstances; yea, and I now think myself happy if I can keep free from debt."

"*Must!*" repeated Mr. Mills, "*must have all these things!*"

"Yes," answered Mr. Burton, "I repeat *must*: for I have no strength to resist the desire of appearing altogether like other people in the society in which I live, and especially where I am held up as a shining light, and as an example of all that a young minister ought to be."

"You evidently then are not fit for your situation as a public man," replied Mr. Mills; "and this was well known to your heavenly Father when he appointed you to a retired situation. O, how careful should we be never to interfere pragmatically with the leadings of Providence! I could tell you, and so could every experienced person who has ever studied the ways of God, what miseries ensue from the want of that faith whereby we are taught to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, and whithersoever he may choose to direct our path."

The excellent old gentleman then proceeded to give the young minister much sage advice, adapted to his present circumstances. And, before we drop all mention of this young minister, we may add, with pleasure, that this advice was not thrown away, but that, from the period of which we are speaking, by the divine blessing, there was a marked change in the conduct of Mr. Burton.

The next morning, at an early hour, Mr. Mills and Anna were on the road in their little taxed-cart: and Anna gradually found her lately dejected spirits again revived by the simple discourse of her reverend friend, together with the fresher breezes which met her from the mountains.

The subject of Mr. Mills's discourse, as they passed along, had respect to the dangers arising to the professors of religion from prosperity, and the absolute need there is of looking well to our hearts lest we should take credit to ourselves for any thing we are enabled to do which may appear commendable in the smallest degree. And as he noticed the very light manner in which too many persons of the present day write and converse upon the most so-

learn subjects, he seriously remarked, that even the most lively Christians, those whose hearts were really devoted to God, must be sensible of the dreadful disparity and disagreement which are frequently to be found between their words and their thoughts, their outward actions and their internal feelings. "Hence," said the good man, "there is not one commandment by which I feel myself more entirely condemned than the third; since scarcely an hour passes, and not one single occasion is set apart for devotion, in which I do not take the name of God in vain, and *that* in the most plain sense of the commandment. However," added he, cheerfully, "though condemned in every particular by the law, yet we are allowed to continue our journey through life under the influence of a sweet and encouraging assurance, that the price of our redemption has been fully paid by Him who could confidently say to his enemies, *Which of you convinceth me of sin?*"

Early the second day from their leaving L——, Anna arrived at her beloved home; where, being confirmed in her views of what she considered to be the true nature of religion by all that she had observed among the professing part of the inhabitants of L——, she immediately returned to her usual round of duties, and continues, we trust, to fulfil them, in the strength of Him who is our ever present helper in the time of need, with no greater mixture of human infirmity than is usually discoverable among sincere and upright Christians.

By our last account of Anna, we understand that she is become a wife and mother. But as her husband is a young man whom Mr. Williams employed to assist him when he perceived that his own strength was beginning to fail from his growing infirmities, she is not separated from her parents, and her venerable father has still the privilege of beholding the lovely effects of piety as evidenced by his daughter through all the various duties of domestic life.

The lady of the manor having concluded her history of Anna, finished the evening with prayer.

"O most holy Lord God, against whom we offend continually, and never more seriously than when we pollute thy worship by wandering and unholy thoughts, profaning

thy holy word and glorious name by our heartless and formal usages; pardon, we beseech thee, our past offences of this nature for His sake who shed his blood upon the cross for us miserable sinners. And through thine infinite mercy, and according to the purposes of thy redeeming love, pour out upon us the influences of thy Holy Spirit in such a measure that the love of God may be so effectually shed abroad in our hearts, that our services may henceforward cease to be mere formal and hypocritical observances; and that, for the time to come, our delight may be only in thee, who art the fountain of all blessedness, and the giver of all good.

"We are condemned, O Lord, by all and each of thy holy commandments, and our offences are without number and past all calculation. Our best duties, our religious observances, our penitence, and our prayers, stand in especial need of atonement. What, then, might be recorded against us with relation to our more careless hours! Nothing then remains for us but to take up the language of the prodigal and say—'Father, we have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and are no more worthy to be called thy children!' Nevertheless, we are not left without an encouraging hope: for though we have been led by the divine mercy to know and feel something of our utter depravity, yet we are favoured with an abiding confidence and growing assurance, that our salvation has been wrought out by one in whom is no sin, and whose merits, when laid in the balance, not only abundantly outweigh our offences, but render them, in comparison, even lighter than the dust of the balance.

"Our trust, then, O God, is in thee, who hast made us truly willing to cast away the rags of our own righteousness. We confess, O Lord, that we are vile, exceeding vile; that we have worked out our own destruction; and that we are utterly corrupt and abominable. But, we beseech thee, O Lord, remember thy words unto thy servants. Let Christ be formed in us the hope of glory; and may we at last be counted worthy, through him, to enter into that rest which has been prepared from the beginning of time for all those who have washed their garments in the blood of the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world."

CHAPTER XVI.

*h Commandment.—Remember that thou keep holy
 path-Day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all
 hast to do ; but the seventh Day is the Sabbath of
 thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work,
 thy Son, and thy Daughter, thy Man-Servant, and
 d-Servant, thy Cattle, and the Stranger that is
 thy Gates. For in six Days the Lord made Heaven
 th, the Sea, and all that in them is, and rested the
 Day : wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh Day,
 loved it.*

the lady of the manor found herself once more
 led by her dear young people, she looked smilingly
 er and said, " I am now about to carry you, my
 young friends, into a new world ; very earnestly
 to excite in your minds that ambition, which, with
 ne blessing, may raise you above the mean and
 tible distinctions of this present life."
 dy then observing, that the fourth commandment
 apply the subject of their present day's conversa-
 nsted one of the young ladies to repeat it ; which
 ne, she proceeded to the following purpose :—" I
 lear young people, that our last discourse detained
 ng upon earthly ground, and gave us many dis-
 views of the folly of man. But it will not be the
 ur present subject, if we are not now raised, as it
 o the third heaven, and brought into the immediate
 of the Lamb of God, surrounded with the multi-
 the redeemed, who, clothed with white robes, and
 alms in their hands, continually cry, ' Holy, holy,
 rd God of Sabaoth ! ' "

The lady then proceeded to remark, that the Holy Scriptures contained a number of notices of events and successions of events, which were to take place in the course of time, though not without bearing some reference to the state of man in eternity. "Some of these notices," continued she, "are contained in the words of prophecy, and require no corresponding act on the part of man; while others are veiled under some peculiar ceremony or form, to be continually observed until the completion of the events of which they were the appointed forerunners; as, for example, the lamb slain at the passover foreshoweth the death of Christ, and therefore the feast of the passover was commanded to be annually commemorated until the event of which it was the type should take place. In the same manner, the institution of the Sabbath is a type of certain events which will not be fully completed until the consummation of all things; though I consider, that the obligations of the old Sabbath are now wholly referred, and that, probably, by divine appointment, to the Lord's day; which day must be no otherwise confounded with the Sabbath than thus far—that this day being also a type of rest, it is obligatory upon Christians to rest from their weekly labour upon the Lord's-day, in the same manner as the Israelites rested formerly on their Sabbath."

The lady of the manor was interrupted in this place by one of the young people, who observed that she was somewhat surprised at the distinction which had just been pointed out between the old Sabbath and the Lord's day, saying, that she had always considered these two days as the same with respect to the duties which they required, and the events of which they were the types.

"These days," replied the lady of the manor, "are both types or emblems of the rest of the people of God when delivered from the power of sin and death: and, as such, it is required of the children of the Holy One that they keep the second of these days in the same manner as the first was kept among the Israelites; that is, by resting from the labours of the ordinary days of the week, and devoting this rest to the service of God, as we are directed to do in the fourth commandment. But, notwithstanding that I have granted all this, about which I believe all Christians are agreed, yet I am persuaded, from the tenor of Scripture,

old Sabbath and the Lord's day are types and of different future events, and consequently are to be counted as one and the same institution; but similar in the obligations they hold out, yet varying in nature, and not to be confounded when considered in view to prophecy."

Young ladies acknowledged in this place that they comprehended what their excellent instructress was at. On which she smiled, confessed that she had, begun at the wrong end of the subject, and said, "I would endeavour to state her opinions in a plainer manner. 'You all understand, my dear children,'" said the lady of the manor, "the original institution of the Sabbath, contained in the fourth commandment. 'In six days God made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested from his work which he had made: wherefore God blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.' In seven days, we find, according to several of our pious fathers, the type or emblem of the duration of the world, which, it is generally supposed, will continue ten thousand years: six thousand of these being to be spent under the bondage of sin and Satan; and, under that more blessed order of things when Christ shall reign on the earth, and rest shall be given, not only to the people of God, but to the whole frame of nature. We find in the seventh day not only a commemoration of the creation of the world, but a lively emblem, and blossoming as a rose in the wilderness, of the kingdom of Christ on earth; in which idea I am aided by the Apostle, where he speaks of the Sabbath as a shadow of things to come. (Col. ii. 16, 17.) This was frequently repeated to the Israelites under the Mosaic law, by the observances which were enjoined upon the people on the seventh month of every year, and by the sabbatical year at the expiration of seven years, during which period the land was to rest and be without culture—*Six years thou shalt sow thy field, six years thou shalt prune thy vineyard, and gather in the thereof; but in the seventh year shall be a Sabbath of the land, a Sabbath for the Lord: thou shalt neither sow thy field, nor prune thy vineyard.* (Lev. xxv. 3, 4.) This institution of this sabbatical year," continued the

lady of the manor, "was particularly well calculated to enforce the acknowledgment of the sovereign authority of God over all natural causes, and not less so for the trial and exercise of the faith and obedience of his people. Nor is it to be doubted, had the Israelites in full faith and confidence in their heavenly Father duly observed the outward ordinances of the typical Sabbath, that some of the glories of the antitype which are to shoot forth their increasing lustre to the end of time might have been opened to their view : whereas we have reason to think, that the greater part of the Israelites saw only in the sabbatical ordinances a wearisome interruption of the more interesting pleasures and employments of common life. But they who look on the ancient rest of the seventh day with the eye of faith, and are enabled to compare Scripture with Scripture, find therein the shadows of wonderful mysteries, discovering things present and things to come in the emblems of things already past.

"They who comprehend the nature of prophetic language, are fully aware that almost every prophecy; and every prophetic type, have various fulfilments; which several fulfilments are not unaptly compared to a seed sown in the ground, first breaking out through the sods, then shooting forth its branches, afterwards producing its leaves and blossoms; and, finally, bending down under the full weight of its fruit. There is scarcely a single type or figure used in the Old Testament, which, if properly understood, might not afford us examples of these various fulfilments: but perhaps there is no type more remarkable in this respect than that of the Sabbath. From the time of the first Sabbath in Paradise till that of Moses, there seems to have been no further explanation of this ordinance than what was delivered by the mouth of God to our first parents. The will of the Lord respecting the Sabbath was somewhat more fully opened to Moses in the wilderness, and the sabbatical year was then appointed. The duty of keeping the appointed Sabbaths was afterwards confirmed by many of the prophets; and the Lord himself was pleased to manifest his high displeasure against those who publicly despised his Sabbaths, by sending them into captivity to Babylon, where they became servants to the king of Babylon and his sons—to fulfil the word of the Lord by the mouth

of Jeremiah, until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths : for, as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath, to fulfil three score and ten years. (2 Chronicles, xxxvi. 21.)

"Thus, as time ran on, the Sabbath gained more importance, and the type gradually unfolded itself, till, at length, it received its first remarkable fulfilment in the rest of Christ in the grave, when the pains of death were past, and Satan had done his worst. For it was on the Sabbath day on which the body of Christ reposed in the sepulchre, and, as the Apostle expresses it, *God did rest the seventh day from all his works.* (Heb. iv. 4.)

"Thus," continued the lady of the manor, "the old Sabbath was fulfilled, in its literal and obvious signification, during the rest of our Lord in the grave; and, from that time, it ceased to be observed by his followers. Still, however, it remains to be fulfilled in its more recondite sense; and we may still further look for a more joyful, though not more glorious, fulfilment of this emblem.

"And now," proceeded the lady of the manor, "it is necessary to observe, that the twenty-four hours which compose the Sabbath are divided into twelve of night, or the absence of the light and glory of day, and twelve in which the sun is present; nevertheless, all these are appointed and set by for rest. It is at twelve o'clock at midnight that the bridegroom is said to come. And when does the Saviour come to his saints, and invite them to enter into his rest, but at the moment of death? The spiritual Sabbath, then, begins with the believer at the instant of the separation of the soul from the body; and the night of the natural Sabbath becomes the type of that mysterious state of disunion from the body which precedes the morning of the first resurrection—a period beautifully described by Job, who, speaking of the grave, uses these expressions: *There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master.* (Job, iii. 17–19.) This is also the time described in the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, of the tarrying of the bridegroom; that dark, quiet, silent period, which has exercised the curiosity of so many of the learned and wise of the earth, while the bodies of the saints are resting in

sleep. But who shall describe the glories of that morning of the first resurrection depicted by the morning of the natural Sabbath, when Christ shall reign from sea to sea, and shall have dominion from the river even unto the ends of the earth?"

The lady of the manor then proceeded to enlarge considerably on the doctrine of the millennium, or the reign of Christ upon earth, when Satan should be bound, and Christ should rule a thousand years. Not that she presumed to indicate the mode and manner of these things, but merely to express her belief, that the seventh day was the type of this period, and to show the passages of Scripture descriptive of this happy state of things, when, as she expressed herself, the earth was to abound with every kind of temporal and spiritual blessings.

"The doctrine of the millennium is confirmed in the Revelation," continued the lady of the manor, "with many extraordinary particulars: among which, the most remarkable is, that of a first resurrection of the saints to take place before the reign of Christ." The lady then quoted the passage of Scripture which bore reference to this subject.—"*And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years.*" (Rev. xx. 4-6.)

The lady then proceeded to quote a passage from Daniel on this subject.—"*And in the days of these kings shall the God of Heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever.*" (Dan. ii. 44.) And having finished this reference, she went on to say, that the Scriptures abounded, from one end to the other, with predictions of the reign of Christ on earth; insomuch that the moment

the mind has received the doctrine of the millennial Sabbath, passages of Scripture without number, which before might have appeared dark and impenetrable as midnight, suddenly open to view, and present landscapes of such infinite glory and beauty as would dazzle the eyes of the believer, and overwhelm him with insufferable brightness, were they not still involved in somewhat of that mistiness with which distant objects must ever be obscured.

"And now, my dear young people," added she, "having given you some little idea of my views of the old Sabbath, which I consider as the type of the rest of the people of God on earth, I will, if you please, explain to you my conceptions respecting the Lord's day, which might be said to have been first established when Christ had fulfilled the whole of the old Law, and, in fulfilling it, had, as it were, put an end to it: for that which is accomplished is finished, and remains no longer in force. Therefore, they who are willing to be saved by the second covenant, are freed from the obligations of the first; and though we may use the old moral law as a rule of life, being in itself perfectly wise and good, yet every believer must be aware that it is not by the law that he must either stand or fall. We, therefore, do not hesitate to say, that the old Sabbath is past: for if this is not allowed, how do we excuse ourselves from not observing it? and yet, what Christian asserts, in these days, that such an observance is necessary? The old Sabbath is the seventh day, which answers to our Saturday, a day never regarded as holy by any Christian: whereas, the Lord's day is the first day of the week, or, rather, answers to that period when time, which has been calculated by days, weeks, months, and years, shall be at an end, and a new order of things shall begin.

"The only notice we find of that period when the last earthly Sabbath shall be no more, in the Old Testament, is the jubilee year, which was to take place every fifty years, that is, when seven times seven years were accomplished. This jubilee was to be ushered in with the sound of trumpets, and every man was then to return to his possessions. At this time, liberty was proclaimed through all the land, and every captive was to be released from bondage. This year of jubilee was, therefore, the type of that blessed day when Christ, having paid the ransom of his people, and en-

joyed the rest of the Sabbath, should break the bonds of death, and burst the prison of the grave, being himself the first fruits of the resurrection. And this day again becomes the emblem of that glory prepared for believers when the sabbatical rest of the millennium is over, and the final consummation of all things is at hand.

"We see, therefore," continued the lady of the manor, "in the old Sabbath, the type of Christ's rest in the grave, and the emblem of his kingdom on earth; while, in the Lord's day, we behold the memorial of our Redeemer's victory over death, and receive the promises of future glory, when time shall be no more, and all that are in the grave shall be gathered each to his own people.

"The old Sabbath is, indeed, passed away; but the obligation of observing a rest remains to us, because the command has been renewed in various parts of the New Testament, which we may find, if we take the trouble of looking for the passages which refer to the Sabbath and the observances of the ancient Christians. And there is great reason to fear, that those who are incapable of enjoying the rest of the Sabbath on earth, may find themselves shut out from that which is above.

"But," said the lady of the manor, "as I am prepared with a little manuscript very much to our present purpose, and as I well know your attachment to any thing in the form of narrative, I will not detain your attention any longer on these discussions, though I do not believe that you have found them dry, the subject being of such peculiar interest. But, as what I have said to-day may afford matter of study and meditation for years to come, I am willing, instead of adding more at this time, to conclude the evening in a way which may afford your minds some little amusement, and at the same time show you, by example, the fatal effects of a departure from the holy rest of the appointed Sabbath.

"The story I am about to read is not an English one; the scene of it is laid in France. The person who collected the materials is a Protestant, as will appear in many parts of his narrative, though one who seems better acquainted with French manners than with those of our country; and as the manuscript was originally written in French, it is possible that many Gallicisms may be found

little piece which have escaped the eye of the trans-

But, be this as it may, I shall present it to you in y form in which it was delivered into my hands: ou may not, perhaps, like it the less for its not o entirely homespun as the history of Anna and Miss

lady of the manor then read as follows:

La Guinguette.

re formerly resided, in the ancient city of Rouen, in ndy, a certain merchant of the name of Gaspard de This man, though possessing small store of worldly counted himself rich above all his neighbours in sing a large Bible, which he had inherited from his ors.

Bible. had been printed in Holland, about the mid-the seventeenth century, and was a present from a nt of that country, who traded in the mouth of the to Reginald de Foix, the great-grandfather of Gas- The sacred volume in question was bound in red o, and embossed with gold. But time had render-bright colour of the leather nearly black, and the had lost all its splendour. The inner leaves of the ere also much worn, and, in one or two places, some were actually wanting. Notwithstanding these va- mperfections, this sacred volume was, as I before asservedly esteemed above every other article in pos- of the honest citizen of Rouen; and it is believed, r many years of his life, few days passed in which d to retire to an apartment in the back of his house, purpose of reading a portion of this holy book, or g it to be read in his presence.

onsequence of the daily study of this sacred volume, d of Gaspard de Foix, through the divine blessing, e gradually enlightened on many subjects. But was one point in particular that frequently occu- s thoughts, and occasionally excited in him a pain-ree of solicitude—this was the manner in which the 1 day is kept in that country.

en we have been used to any mode of conduct, or to culiar habit or custom, from the days of childhood,

and have never chanced to hear the propriety of such habit called in question, it is surprising how tardy we are, in after life, even with the most pure intentions, in detecting any impropriety in such mode of conduct or such custom.

It is said of the lower ranks in Normandy, by a celebrated modern writer, "The *paisants* (and we may add, the lower ranks of citizens) in Lower Normandy, are to-day what they were in the time of William the Conqueror. Their manner of speaking, of lodging, and of clothing themselves, is nearly the same. Civilization has not made among them any sensible progress, and the simplicity of their manners is not less remarkable than their rusticity."

Such being the case, it is not to be wondered at if the mind of Gaspard de Foix opened slowly upon this subject, namely, the duties of the Sabbath, even after they had begun to form a part of his daily meditation; and indeed a considerable time had elapsed from his first suspicion that things were mismanaged in his country respecting the Sabbath, before he was brought to a right understanding on the subject.

The life of Gaspard de Foix had passed with as little change of place and circumstance as we can conceive possible in the case of an inhabitant of this earth, where every thing is liable to continual variation, and where the creature has no sooner arrived at perfection, than it hastens to decay.

Gaspard de Foix held the same magazine for stockings and hats which his father and his grandfather, and, for aught I know, others of his ancestors, had held before him. The house which he occupied still stands in that street of the city which has a part of the cathedral and the palace of the Arch Bishop at one end, and the *Viewx Marche* at the other. It is built of beams of timber, the intervals of which are filled with a composition made of mud. The timber was formerly painted black, and the plaster once could have boasted a coat of white: but the white has long since been worn away by rain and other accidents, reducing the plaster to its original colour, which forms no agreeable contrast with the dingy aspect of the weather-beaten timbers.

This house, with many others in its neighbourhood, is many stories high, each story projecting, like inverted steps,

one above another. It has also a high roof, covered with dark tiles, in which are two rows of windows without glass or shutter, and exposing through each gloomy aperture the blackened beams which uphold the venerable roof. Thus the whole fabric exhibits a picture of as extreme antiquity, though of infinitely less beauty, as the towers of the cathedral itself, or the Gothic gateway of the halle.

The furniture of Gaspard's house was the same as his forefathers had used for some generations. Behind the shop was a large but dark chamber, which at once served as sitting-room, kitchen, and sleeping-apartment. This room was paved with coarse red tiles of an octagonal form; the walls were adorned with bright brass vessels, plates and dishes of ordinary delf, and other articles for culinary purposes; while in a recess, at the further end of the room, stood two beds, enclosed with curtains of Gobel tapestry of very ancient fabric.

The shop itself boasted of as few attractions to the eye as the inner apartments: it was dark and gloomy, the paint having been worn away, through the lapse of time, from the counter and shutters, and the fair light of heaven being intercepted by the lofty houses on the opposite side of the narrow street. Nevertheless, the figure of Jean d'Arc, encompassed in a burning-stake, fixed over the door in glowing colours upon canvas, attracted the eye of every passenger, and not unfrequently succeeded in drawing those to the shop who might otherwise have passed it without notice.

In this place, being such as I have described it, Gaspard de Foix first saw the day; in a small school in the neighbouring street, he received his education; and here his youth passed in preparations for carrying on the same occupation which had employed his forefathers, perhaps for many generations. The only means, therefore, which he had of acquiring new ideas was the study of that sacred volume, which lay concealed in his house, and which he considered as a treasure at once more precious and inexhaustible than the far-famed magazine of riches possessed by the young man of Balsora.

I have mentioned above, that through the medium of this inestimable volume, transmitted to him by his ancestors, Gaspard de Foix began gradually to acquire new

ideas, and I have also intimated, that the subject of the Sabbath, and the manner in which it was kept by his country people, had especially exercised his thoughts for a long time, before he could satisfactorily make up his mind upon the nature and duties of that holy day.

Gaspard de Foix remembered that his father and grandfather used to keep their shop open upon the Sabbath day, and he had often heard them declare, that this was the day, of all the seven, which brought most customers to their shop; inasmuch as the country people crowded into town on that day, and they who passed from the cathedral to the quay and the boulevards, generally stopped to make their bargains for the week. Since he had become master of the shop, he had, however, thought it right to close his shutters in part on this day; taking care, nevertheless, to leave his doors and windows so far open as to allow free access to such of his customers as found it most convenient to make their purchases on a Sunday. Thus, even after Gaspard de Foix became somewhat troubled about the duties of the Sabbath, he contrived to quiet his conscience with this partial respect to the day, without running the risk of injuring his concerns.

We shall have occasion to show whether he found this partial respect for the Sabbath sufficient, when, through the divine blessing upon the study of the Scriptures, his views became more clear and consistent upon this point.

This good citizen remembered the days of his infancy, when he had been carried by his nurse and his parents into those scenes of gaiety which recur every Sunday in that country, when, after having heard mass in the cathedral, and received the sprinkling of the holy water, he had been thence conveyed through the crowded streets to the quay, to the boulevards, on the Champs de Mars, to partake of the cakes and *bon-bon* which are there displayed for sale, and to mix with the groups of little children who amused themselves in those places, while those who had the care of them pursued their own pleasures in a way more consistent with the feelings of unconverted nature at a maturer age. He also recollected the days of youth, when the *Guinguette* on the Sabbath evening afforded him pleasures of a more poignant and dangerous nature than the Sunday sports of his childhood; and the periods

in which he joined the quadrille on the evening of every Sabbath during the fine days in spring, summer, and autumn, under the shade of the linden and the elm, were still fresh in his memory. Neither had the danger and impropriety of this national mode of spending the Sabbath occurred to his mind, till, by frequent reading of the Holy Scriptures, he was brought to form a just idea of the nature of this holy day, and the reason why it was given to man; when he was led to this conclusion—that the adopted mode of devoting this day to worldly pleasure was a means too successfully chosen by Satan to deprive mankind of the blessings of the day appointed for a holy rest.

This honest citizen had passed the fiftieth year of his age, when, through the divine blessing, he was enabled to collect and set in order his opinions on this important subject, as well as on others connected with it, on a sheet of paper, which was found, after his death, among the leaves of his Bible, and which I shall transcribe at full length in this place, as an evidence of the happy effects which are sometimes produced by the simple teaching of the Holy Spirit.

“The word Sabbath I understand to signify, in the original language, rest. The first mention which is made of the Sabbath in Scripture, is in the second chapter of the Book of Genesis—*And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.*” (Gen. ii. 2, 3.) The Sabbath was appointed before man had sinned, while yet he dwelt in Paradise, in that state of glorious perfection in which he came out of the hand of his Creator, ere yet he had fallen from his allegiance to his Heavenly King, or had been tempted to disobedience through the malice of Satan. It was, therefore, one of the chief blessings bestowed by the Almighty Father on his lovely and unoffending children; and hence we may infer its pure and sacred nature; since the Lord could assuredly bestow no other than blessings on his sinless creatures.

“But who can form an idea how this blessed gift was

employed in Paradise! It was on the morning of the first Sabbath that the sun arose in the view of man for the first time; and can we doubt how our first father employed his new faculties, when, awaking on that day, he found himself surrounded with all the glories of creation? Praise—the praises of his Father, his God, his divine Creator—assuredly occupied his whole soul, and he unquestionably exercised his appropriate faculty of speech in making the hills and groves of Eden to resound with these praises.

“The first Sabbath was without sin, and hence afforded a type, no doubt well understood by Adam, of the glories of the latter days, when even the bloom and freshness of Paradise will be forgotten, and its brightness eclipsed by the dazzling splendour of the kingdom of Zion. But man is now no longer sinless: he is fallen; he is ruined; he has forfeited for ever the favour of his God; he is banished from Eden, at whose gates cherubim and a flaming sword are placed to prevent his return; nevertheless, the Sabbath is still continued to him.

“The command to keep holy the Sabbath day was renewed to man at Mount Sinai, and these words were delivered from the mountain while it burned with fire.—Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore, the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.’

“We have, in the Prophet Isaiah, many passages enforcing the duties of the Sabbath, of which the following may serve as a specimen—*Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.* (Isaiah, lvi. 2.) *If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a Delight, the Holy of the Lord, Honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee*

with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. (Isaiah, lviii. 13, 14.)

"In the Prophet Ezekiel, also, we find these remarkable words relative to the Sabbath—*Moreover also, I gave them my Sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them. (Ezek. xx. 12.)*

"For what purpose, then, are these Sabbaths, these tokens of love given to the sinner—to the enemy of God—to him who has rebelled against his Maker? How are we to understand this? how are we to receive this sign, but as a token that the enmity between God and man is done away, and that a signal of peace is now held out to the sinner?

"But by whom was this peace made? Not by man; for he was incapable of effecting a reconciliation between himself and his offended Maker; but by the Lord Jehovah himself, who, foreseeing the ruin of man before the foundation of the world, formed a plan for his salvation, whereby millions and tens of millions of the fallen sons of Adam will be rescued from destruction, and be rendered everlastingly happy. Such is the blessed company thus described by St. John: *These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God and to the Lamb. And in their mouth was found no guile: for they are without fault before the throne of God. (Rev. xiv. 4, 5.)*

"From Holy Scripture I further understand, that in the Lord Jehovah, the blessed and only Lord God, there are three Persons, to wit, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and I believe that these three Persons are all jointly and separately engaged, in an equal degree, in the one great work of man's salvation—God the Father having given his only Son to die for sinners; God the Son having fulfilled his Father's will, and finished his work upon the accursed tree; and God the Holy Spirit fulfilling his part by convincing man of unbelief, leading him to Christ, creating in him a new nature, and gradually rendering him meet for that glory which is prepared for him in heaven.

"I also have been led, not only from Scripture, but from observation, to believe, that, although the Holy Spirit has, in times back, effected the conversion of sinners in

a miraculous and extraordinary manner, yet that, independent of that secret influence which he exercises over the heart, and of which no man can give account, he now generally works by visible means; among which the rest and leisure of the Sabbath are probably to be counted not as the least considerable.

"But do we not, in this nation, deprive ourselves, as well as our friends and neighbours, of the blessings which this day might bring us, if we obeyed that simple injunction of the Lord Jehovah—Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy?" And what are we to understand by this injunction? What is holiness? Is holiness consistent with the manner in which we spend our Sabbaths in this kingdom? Are these days devoted by us to the Lord? or do we not rather employ them entirely for our own pleasure and amusement? Is there any thing like the stamp of holiness on those hours which we employ in buying and selling, in making our bargains, in parading our public walks, in regaling ourselves at our restaurateurs and in our *cafes*, or in passing our time in the song, in the dance, and at the theatre? Is there any thing in this mode of passing the time which marks a holy people, a people set apart for the service of God? or, rather, are not our pleasures and pastimes, and our various occupations of the Sabbath day, such as every infidel would partake of with the highest satisfaction?

"Let the Christian, then, resolutely set himself against the observation of those customs by which he is deprived of the blessings of that holy day of the Lord, the due observance of which, under the divine blessing, would be sufficient to effect the conversion of the whole human race, and cause the earth to bloom again as one universal and fragrant Eden."

Such were the sentiments found written on the paper above mentioned, in the hand of this worthy citizen. And if any of the readers of this narrative should express surprise at some of the sentiments, as coming from the pen of an humble citizen of Rouen, I beg leave to make this remark—that this man had for many years past been led to the contemplation and study of heavenly subjects; and

in the study of these things, under the divine blessing, calculated to purify and ennoble the mind of the poorest and most ignoble of men, it is hard, if not impossible, to

the above-mentioned reflections were penned, as I believed, about the time when this honest citizen attained his fiftieth year; at which period he came to the resolution of regulating his family upon the Sabbath-day according to the strict maxims than he had before seen necessary. He opened his mind on these matters to his wife and children, he gave orders, that, the next Saturday evening, the doors of his shop should be shut, and not opened again till Monday morning; at the same time requiring his children to keep in the back of the house to prevent argument with the neighbours.

It was the day of the Fete de St. Catharine, a season of festivity in Rouen, when the good citizen first made attempt to exclude buying and selling from his house

Sabbath; and every thing passed very quietly till eight o'clock in the day, when the streets began to fill with the country people from their villages, and the tradesmen and other persons passing to and from the hall and cathedral church. Some of these persons, as they passed, perceived the closed shutters, and said to the neighbours whose houses occupied the opposite shop, "The good Gaspard, and his family are enjoying a long repose to-day morning."

"Let them alone," the neighbours replied, "they will have the shutters presently: they are not aware of the day."

As things passed till a sturdy peasant, who came from the village of Elbeuf, and who wanted to bargain with the citizen for a red woollen cap, to serve him instead of a straw one, came up to the door just as the bell of the cathedral was ringing the people to the second mass; and, having waited for some time in vain, he called aloud to the citizen, to tell him if Gaspard de Foix and his family were all dead and buried together.

The curiosity of the neighbours was now so much awakened, that many of them left their shops, and coming to the door, began to knock and call with so much importance, that the family within became alarmed; upon

which the good merchant, in order to prevent mischief, appeared himself in an upper window, and calmly asked the multitude what they wanted.

"What! ho, neighbour, you are alive!" said one of the foremost of the throng, upon seeing the good merchant at the window.

"Yes," replied the merchant, "alive, and in good health, and much obliged to you, my friends, for your anxiety on my account."

"Madame, then, is dead, I suppose," replied the same voice.

"No," answered the merchant; "she is in perfect health, I am thankful to say."

"You have, then, lost a son or daughter?" asked the same person, who had undertaken the office of spokesman for the crowd.

"No," returned Gaspard; they are all quite well, and much obliged to you for your kind inquiries."

"Such being the case, returned the speaker, "come down and open your door to the good man Nicolet, who wants a red woollen cap, and who says that his wife has laid her injunctions upon him to purchase it in no other shop but at the sign of Jean d'Arc."

"Ah, my friend Nicolet," said the merchant, still speaking from above, "are you there, and in want of a cap? Come to-morrow, and I will show you some of the best in Rouen. Your wife shall not repent of the preference she gives to the pucelle d'Orleans."

"Very good," said the peasant: "and so I am to return to my cabin, at I know not how many leagues distance, and give myself the trouble of walking over here to-morrow, because you do not choose to unbar your doors?"

"But, perhaps," said the first speaker, "our neighbour here would rather wish us to save him that trouble. It will be no difficult matter, my friends," he added, turning to the multitude, "to give the good man Nicolet here full access to the shop. I warrant these bars and shutters are not so powerful, but that they might be easily broken." And so saying, he struck the door with a short stick he held in his hand with such force as sounded through the whole house, and even up into the dark and deserted apartments before spoken of in the high roof.

The multitude shouted ; but the action was not followed up ; for it being the early part of the day, when persons are, generally speaking, sober and cool, no one seemed inclined to begin a disturbance, from which neither pleasure nor profit was likely to accrue.

Gaspard de Foix, in the mean time, stood considering what was proper to be done ; and being persuaded that the plainest and simplest mode of conduct was always the best, he waited till the shout of the multitude had ceased, and a comparative stillness had succeeded ; when he calmly, but shortly, stated to the people his resolution of keeping his doors shut on the seventh day, in order that he and his family might devote the hours thus obtained from business to the purposes of religion.

After ceasing to speak, Gaspard doubted for a moment what effect this declaration would have upon the people. But he was considerably relieved on finding that the worst he had to fear was ridicule, and that only from some of the most evil-disposed among the crowd, who, after amusing themselves a while with his unrestrained sanctity, and predicting that it would not long be necessary for him to shut his door against customers either on the seventh or any other day of the week, walked off, and dispersed themselves into whatever quarter their pleasure or business invited them, leaving Gaspard and his family full of gratitude for the easy manner in which this commotion had subsided.

From that period the honest merchant and his family enjoyed their Sabbath-days without interruption, and were thence enabled to obtain such a knowledge of Scripture as was entirely impossible while every day of the week was devoted to secular business.

The family of Gaspard de Foix consisted of a son by a former wife, and two daughters by his present wife. These daughters were considerably younger than their brother, and possessed a larger share of beauty than commonly falls to the lot of young persons bred up in humble and ordinary life. Rosalie, the eldest, was tall and graceful, uniting in her carriage much simplicity and dignity, which, no doubt, proceeded from a mind under the influence of grace ; for the religious instruction of this young woman had been much attended to by her father, and the blessing of Heaven

had been vouchsafed upon the pious instructions of this worthy parent. Annette, the younger daughter of Gaspard de Foix, was not less pleasing in her external appearance than her sister, but her mind was of a more ordinary cast; neither had she ever discovered that interest in heavenly things which was so remarkable in the character of Rosalie. She had, however, been brought up in habits of modesty and submission to her parents; and the retirement in which these young people were made to pass their Sabbaths tended not a little to the preservation of these habits.

When Gaspard de Foix shut his doors on the seventh day, he had made up his mind to lose a considerable part of his custom, and, for a short time, it appeared that this would actually be the case; but, after a while, those customers who at first forsook the shop, returned to it again: so that at the end of the year, when the good merchant made up his accounts, he found very little difference in his gains during the present and last twelve months.

This was an occasion on which Gaspard de Foix failed not to expatiate in the fulness of his heart, while he pointed out to his family the profitableness of a godly conduct; neither did he omit to give glory to God, from whom he had received power to resist the corrupt habits which so generally prevailed in his country. For it was not only in the single act of shutting up his shop, that Gaspard de Foix evidenced his resolution to keep holy the Sabbath-day; but he totally restrained his family from joining the public amusements of the Sabbath, solemnly insisting that so sacred a day should be wholly devoted to the service of God and the study of his holy word.

In bringing this to pass, the good merchant had little trouble with his wife and eldest daughter, who were internally convinced that his views of the Sabbath were in full accordance with the Scriptures; neither did his son or younger daughter openly oppose him, although they felt not the necessity of a degree of strictness so utterly contrary to the general habits of the country.

Gaspard de Foix had persisted in the mode of life above described for more than two years, when he was suddenly called from that state of imperfect rest which he had endeavoured to obtain for himself and his family on earth,

into that state of eternal repose, which knows no disturbance, and which is prepared for the whole company of the redeemed in the presence of their glorified Saviour.

The illness of this holy man was short; notwithstanding which, sufficient time was allowed him to make such a profession of his faith, and to give such an account of the foundation of his hopes, as not a little tended to edify and strengthen some of those who had the privilege of hearing him on that occasion.

This excellent man thus stated his case to his family:—

"I am," said he, "on the point of resigning this frail body, and of bidding an eternal farewell to all that I count dear on earth. I know that I must presently experience the pains of death, and enter upon a new and untried state of being. But, praised be the Almighty, although under circumstances of a nature so trying to flesh and blood, I am without fear—*For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.* (Job xix. 25—27.) I know that my salvation was appointed by God the Father before the foundation of the world, and that my ransom was paid by God the Son upon the cross, ere yet I had entered into existence; and I also know that the third Person of the glorious Trinity has not ceased, from the moment of my birth, to exert his all-prevailing influence in rendering me an object worthy of everlasting blessings prepared for me. And although, through the power of my inbred corruptions, the glorious effect of his eternal operations in me does not yet wholly appear, nevertheless, I am convinced that He who begun this work will complete it, and that I shall be rendered for ever blessed."

The merchant then remarked how greatly he had been favoured above his neighbours in possessing a copy of the Holy Scriptures; and he failed not also to point out the innumerable advantages which had accrued to him from a reverent observance of the Sabbath; concluding with an earnest entreaty to his family, to live, after his departure, according to the same holy regulations.

"I have often," said the dying man, "made this reflection on the Sabbath—that such is the wisdom of this or

dinance, by which one day out of seven is set apart as an interval of rest, that, if it were properly attended to, nothing further would be wanting, under the divine blessing, to bring about the civilization of the whole human race. For, let us inquire what are the privileges of this day? Does not the Sabbath withdraw us from the constantly recurring cares and concerns of this vain world, and furnish an opportunity to every individual for acquiring the knowledge of God, and for securing the welfare of his immortal soul? It is the Sabbath which places the poor labourer and handicraftsman on a par with his master, and gives him leisure for the acquirement of knowledge of the noblest sort, as well as for the cultivation of those faculties which he possesses in common with the most exalted individuals of his race.

"In the Sabbath also," continued Gaspard de Foix, "the faithful follower of Christ sees the earnest and type not only of heavenly blessedness, but of that glorious kingdom of Christ upon earth which is referred to in numerous passages both of the Old and New Testament; when *the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it*; (Isaiah ii. 2.)—when *their swords shall be beaten into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more*; (Isaiah ii. 4.) and when *the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea*. (Isaiah xi. 9.) For the time will come, my beloved children, yes, the time will come, I am persuaded," added the dying man, lifting himself up in his bed, "I see it, but not near, I behold it, though not present, when the earth will enjoy one universal Sabbath; when every hill and every valley will resound with the praises of the Lord; *when the Spirit shall be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest*." (Isaiah xxxii. 15.)

In this manner did the old man express himself while stretched on his death-bed; and at such periods as these he appeared to be so full of joy and hope, that those who looked upon him considered him rather as an object of envy than of commiseration. At length, however, he ex-

pired, and was followed to his peaceful grave by his sorrowful family.

When the last testament of the deceased merchant was opened, it was found that he had left his house and property in Rouen to his son; and a little estate which he possessed at Tostes (a small village about six leagues and a half from Rouen) to his wife and daughters.

As the wife of Gaspard de Foix was a native of that beautiful village, she was perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, by which a very equitable division of her husband's property had been made: so within a month of her husband's decease, she was prepared to remove, with her two daughters, to her little estate.

It was a beautiful autumnal evening when Madame de Foix, her blooming daughters, and a little peasant girl whom they employed as a servant, arrived at the simple dwelling in which the old lady expected to finish her days, and which her step-son had taken care to supply with suitable furniture before the arrival of his mother and sisters.

Tostes is a beautiful little village; for it cannot be called a market-town, although it has a market-house and spacious hall, where a fair is held. It also boasts of a well-built chateau, surrounded by avenues of lofty trees, a superior inn, and a neat church. Behind the market-place is a grove, in which the peasants frequently assemble to dance, the approach to which from the high road is under the pillars which support the building; and beyond this grove the country assumes a more wild and picturesque form than in those parts near the high road. Here are deep lanes shaded with high trees. These lanes in summer, are hardly passable to a delicate foot, and are, in winter, utterly impracticable, since they then serve as channels to water-courses. Little cottages, covered with thatch, and half embosomed in trees, are scattered, in different directions, among the fields adjoining these lanes; and, in summer, an infinite variety of beautiful wild flowers meet the eye on every side; while the branches of the trees are, at the same season, filled with a number of such birds as love cool and solitary places, rendering those retreats still more inviting by their soft and harmonious songs.

The little cottage left by the honest Gaspard de Foix to his widow and daughters, was situated in a field at the

extremity of a short path which led from the more busy part of the village. The field which afforded the site of this cottage was at once so shady and fragrant, that a sweeter retirement can scarcely be imagined. The cottage itself was encircled by a small garden, abounding with rose-bushes, the late occupant having been accustomed to make part of her rent by preparing rose-water, which she sent annually to a certain perfumer in Rouen. It was built, as most of the cottages are in Normandy, of timber and thatch, and could boast of four apartments; the chief of which was a hall, paved with glazed red tiles, and hung with an imitation of the tapestry of Gobelin, painted in oil colours. It could boast also of certain pieces of furniture, counted rather costly in that place: namely a table of accazon, surmounted by a slab of grey marble, a looking-glass in a gilt frame, and an ornamented time-piece, which stood upon the mantle-shelf. And although the rest of the furniture of this room was of a more common kind, yet the few sumptuous pieces I have already described were considered sufficient to make the whole apartment as belonging to the habitation of no ordinary persons.

In this agreeable abode the widow and her daughters soon found themselves comfortably settled; while the Bible which the old lady had brought with her from Rouen, and which had been delivered into her hands by her dying husband, furnished Madame de Foix with so many rich sources of consolation, that her grief shortly assumed the softest and most tender character.

It was late in autumn when this family took possession of their cottage; and, during the winter, which proved severe, they spent their time in great privacy, being occupied in making such arrangements as might render their habitation more to their liking.

At length, the frozen chains in which nature had been bound during the wanderings of the sun in our southern hemisphere began to dissolve, when she prepared again to display those innumerable charms with which she takes delight to adorn the haunts of the peasant. The daughters of Madame de Foix had never enjoyed an opportunity of observing the gradual advancement of the spring amidst anything like natural scenes; they were, therefore, infinitely interested in the opening of every bud and the bursting

forth of every leaf. The early note of the cuckoo filled them with ecstasy; and it was an event of importance to them when they discovered the first lamb of the season following its parent with trembling and uncertain steps.

In the mean time, as the spring advanced, those pleasures which are so eagerly pursued in the open air by the peasantry of both sexes in this country, began again to make their appearance. It was the earliest Sunday in April, a cloudless and beautiful afternoon, when the peasants first repaired to the *Guinguette*, or public place of dancing in the open air, which, as I before remarked, was in a grove behind the market-house. The cottage of Madame de Foix was not so remote from this place, but that the sound of the violin and the jocund voices of the young peasantry could be heard, sometimes more plainly, and at other times more indistinctly, at the bottom of the garden, as the breeze wafted the sound to and from that quarter. "What is that sound?" said Annette, the younger daughter of Madame de Foix, who was sitting with her sister on a bench in the lower part of the garden.

"It is the sound of the villagers in the *Guinguette*," said Rosalie.

"And they are dancing!" said Annette, with a deep sigh.

"Undoubtedly," replied Rosalie. "Why do you express surprise? Is it not the common custom of the country to repair to the *Guinguette* on a Sabbath evening?"

"Yes," answered Annette, "I know it is the custom, and I cannot see the harm of it."

Rosalie turned her eyes upon her sister with an expression of astonishment, and said, "Annette, have you forgotten our father, and the constant tendency of his instructions?"

"No," said Annette: "I doubt not but that my father's memory is as dear to me as it is to you. Nevertheless, I know that his ideas were singular and overstrict, and that no one agreed with him in his religious opinions, which were those of an old man, and of one soured by the world."

"O, Annette! Annette!" returned Rosalie, "what man was less sour than our father? Whom have we ever known, whose cheerfulness, like his, knew no change; who smiled even on his death-bed, and on whose countenance rested the sweetest appearance of peace even in his coffin. It

was my father, Annette, it was my father, who of all the men I have ever known, alone understood the true nature of divine rest. He sought it faithfully on the Sabbath, and it was added to him on every other day of the week; he sought it in life, and it was added to him in death."

As she uttered these words, Rosalie had risen, and stood opposite to her sister; while the glow of her feelings gave a corresponding blush to her charming countenance, which at that moment displayed all that can well be conceived of the beauty of holiness adding its incomparable finish to the charms of youth. She ceased to speak, and, lifting her eyes up, being attracted by some sound without the little hedge which surrounded the garden, she perceived Florimond approaching, a young farmer with whom she had become slightly acquainted, passing and repassing with her mother to and from the hall.

This young man might best be described in the words of Thomson, the elegant poet of our neighbouring country:

"The pride of swains
He was,—the generous and the rich;—
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode."

Florimond possessed a large farm-house, and many fertile fields, in a remote part of the parish. He had neither parent, brother, nor sister living, and those families in the neighbourhood who had daughters to dispose of were looking with some anxiety for the moment when he should make the choice of his companion for life.

Such was the young man who stood before Rosalie, and thus addressed her:—"The evening is delightful, and our friends are assembled beneath the shade. May I not request the charming daughter of Madame de Foix to accompany me to the *Guinguette*? I have long earnestly sought such an occasion as this evening presents; and I should consider myself as being supremely happy, if she would accept my hand in the dance."

Rosalie coloured, and modestly signified, that it was impossible for her to grant his request.

He expressed some surprise, asked if her mother was ill,

so as to require her presence at home, and continued to press his suit with so much vehemence, that she was, at length, compelled, though with some reluctance, to confess that her religious principles did not permit her to join the dance of the villagers on the Sabbath day.

The young man started at this declaration, and asked her wherein her religion differed from that of her country people?

She answered by simply stating the facts which we have before related respecting her father, together with the views which he had acquired from Scripture concerning the nature of the Sabbath and the duties which it required.

Notwithstanding the beautiful simplicity and clearness with which the amiable Rosalie told her story, it was evident that she failed to obtain the concurrence of the young man at that time. Indeed, it was not a favourable moment, humanly speaking, to produce convictions of a serious nature, when the heart was decidedly engaged in the pursuit of pleasure. He heard her out with restrained impatience; and then, with a look which signified, "What a pity it is that such notions should have entered the head of so lovely a young person!" he wished her a good evening, and walked off, in a manner which sufficiently signified his disappointment.

We know not what passed in the mind of Rosalie on this occasion. Suffice it to say, that a deep blush spread itself over her cheek, and a tear started in her eye, when Florimond turned from her with some appearance of disdain; and that such was the abstraction of her mind for some seconds, that she stood immovably fixed to the spot till the intervening branches of a neighbouring thicket concealed the young farmer from her view. But as she never afterwards adverted to the circumstance, and as she recovered her self-possession in a very short space, so as to enter with her usual animation into the religious services of the evening with her mother and the rest of their little family, we may suppose that the struggle she passed through was short, and that she was enabled to obtain a speedy victory over her feelings, through the power of Him who makes his people more than conquerors of that evil nature by which the children of this world are held in perpetual bondage.

It was at a late hour on this very afternoon, and at the moment when some of those who had been amusing themselves at the *Guinguette* were passing by the cottage of Madame de Foix to return to their homes in distant parts of the parish, that this pious widow entered into a discourse, the subject of which was perhaps suggested by this very circumstance. She spoke of the life of faith, comparing it with that of sense; and, on this occasion, she quoted several passages from the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews:—*Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good report.—Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured not accepting deliverance:—they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, in mountains, and dens, and caves of the earth; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy.)* (Heb. xi. 1, 2, 33—35, 37, 38.)

She hence took occasion to remind her daughters, that the children of God are, in all ages, required to prove their faith, and to give evidence of their divine adoption, by rejecting those pleasures of the world and sense, which in any way interfere with their heavenly calling. She also endeavoured to make them understand, that the enjoyments provided for the children of the Holy One, even in this world, are entirely of a different nature from those which are sought after by the unregenerate, of a nature infinitely more refined and lasting, and such as the world cannot deprive them of. "Let us call to mind, my children," she said, "the evidences of internal peace which your dying father exhibited. Let us remember the many occasions on which, though racked with sore disease, he lifted up his eyes and hands towards heaven, praising God for the happiness he was permitted to enjoy; a happiness, he said, which passed all understanding, and which was bestowed upon him through the free and unmerited favour of his heavenly Father, with no reference whatever to any

works or deservings of his own. And O may you, my dear daughters," added the pious widow, "be brought to esteem this peace, this rest of the soul above all the imaginary pleasures of this world. Of this peace, my dear children, the Sabbath is an expressive emblem; and in a due observance of this holy day, many who are now in glory, enjoyed, even here upon earth, the foretaste and earnest of their heavenly rest. O, my children, may the Almighty give you grace to withstand the numerous temptations with which this country abounds, and preserve you especially from polluting the Sabbath by entering into those dissipations which custom allows here on this day. Be assured too that the time will come, even in this our native land, when these customs shall no longer prevail in it; when our people will look upon them as the residue of heathen profligacy, and when the sound of praise—praise of our heavenly Father—praise of our crucified Saviour—praise of the Spirit which regenerates and sanctifies the sinner—will arise from every lawn and every forest, and when, throughout the day of holy rest, the harsh gratings of the violin, and the voice of profane merriment, will give place to holy hymns and songs of never-ending gratitude. O, France, O, my beloved country," added the pious mother, "how infinitely sweet it is to feel the assurance, that thou art indeed included in the promises given to the whole world! Vain and full of levity and infidelity as thou now art, the time will assuredly come, when *all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children; (Isaiah liv. 13.) when violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders: but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.*" (Isaiah lx. 18.)

In this manner the pious mother conversed until the evening was far advanced, and till neither voice nor step was heard of the returning crowd from the scene of their sports. A deep and soothing stillness had succeeded to less holy sounds; and, no doubt, the cheering prospects thus renewed in the mind of Rosalie tended, with the divine blessing, in no small degree, to confirm that peace which the incidents of the evening might otherwise have disturbed.

In the mean time, many Sabbaths passed away, while

the absence of the two pretty daughters of Madame de Foix from the *Guinguette* afforded subject of discourse among the peasants, many of whom were offended; and as they could not understand the real motives of the mother in thus keeping her children at home, they began to attribute her conduct to pride, and would have it that she did not consider their society sufficiently honourable for them.

At length, Monique Andelly, the widow of a carpenter who formerly resided in the village, an old woman and a notable gossip and a busy body, took upon her to remonstrate against the conduct of Madame de Foix in this particular; and for this purpose she improved a slight acquaintance she had already made with her when passing by her door to market, as her cottage lay in the same direction of the country. She accordingly called upon her, and, being invited to sit down, began, with the freedom and ease possessed by persons of all ranks in this country, to call her to account for the retirement in which she kept her young people; adding, that if she were blessed with two such daughters, she should undoubtedly pursue a very different line of conduct with regard to them.

"I do not doubt the truth of your assertion, my good neighbour Monique," replied the widow of the merchant.

"Then why," returned the gossip, "why are you so unreasonable as to confine these young creatures with a rigour which would scarcely be exercised in the strictest convent? Is not youth the period of pleasure? and what pleasure do we poor country people enjoy equal to our dance on a Sunday evening, under the shade of our woods and forest? Can any thing be more harmless than our meetings in the open air? Are we not all, though simply clad, clean in our persons, and polite in our manners? and can any thing be more pleasing in the sight of God, or of the Holy Virgin and saints, than the simple pleasures of the poor? Let me tell you, Madame de Foix, that we are all hurt at your absenting yourself and your daughters from our *fetes*, and that we cannot but take it as an offence from one whose pretensions are so well understood among us. For what," continued she, "what was your husband and the father of your children, what was the good man Gaspard, but a merchant of hats and stockings? and, were he now here to speak, I doubt not but he would tell us

that he considered himself no better than the farmers and decent peasantry of this village."

"Neighbour," replied Madame de Foix, "you utterly mistake me, if you think that I look down upon the humblest cottager in Tostes."

"Well then," said Monique, "if you think us all decent and honourable, wherefore should you refuse to let your daughters partake of the amusements of our Sabbath evenings?"

Madame de Foix being thus pressed, thought it right to explain the real motives of her conduct, which she accordingly endeavoured to do in as simple and plain a manner as possible. Notwithstanding which, her busy neighbour did not seem to comprehend any part of her reasonings; but availed herself of the first pause in the widow's discourse to exclaim, "Apparently, you are a heretic."

"No," replied Madame de Foix, "I am no heretic. I take my religion from Scripture itself; how then can I be a heretic?"

"But have you consulted the curé upon this subject?" said Monique.

"I am well assured," replied the widow, "that there is not a priest in France who would not agree with me in my views of keeping the Sabbath; although our spiritual rulers perhaps think it would at present be a vain thing to attempt the enforcement of a duty, against which the larger part of the people would assuredly set themselves in opposition."

"Excellent!" said Monique: "and so you are attempting to bring about a reformation in the manners of the people, which you confess that the whole body of the priests, and, for aught I know, his Holiness himself, would not presume to attempt!"

So saying, the notable dame took her leave, and returned to her house, resolved in her own mind to bring down the supposed pride of her neighbour, if she could by any means devise a method for so doing.

Monique had an only son, a private soldier belonging to a regiment at that time quartered at Hesdin, a small town in Artois, and it was shortly after the above-mentioned conversation with Madame de Foix, that this young man having obtained leave of absence, unexpectedly appeared one afternoon, before the door of his mother's house.

Victor Andelly was a lively and smart youth, and possessed that gentility of appearance which is not unfrequently seen among the private soldiers of the French nation; a gentility which, however, consisting entirely in a certain air and manner, and having nothing to do with the mind, will not bear the test of familiar intercourse. Nevertheless this young man had enough of smartness to render him an object of some consideration among the young peasantry of Tostes; and he was particularly admired for the agility with which he moved through the mazes of the quadrille.

It had occurred to Monique, that, as the daughters of Madame de Foix would inherit what she considered a considerable property at the death of their mother, and as they were pretty and genteel, her son could not do better than to seek one of them as a wife.

In compliance with this notion, Monique spoke much in favour of Rosalie and her sister before her son; neither did she find him averse to enter into her scheme, for the young man had heard of their beauty, and was exceedingly impatient to become acquainted with them. One difficulty, however, presented itself, which was, that the retirement in which these young people lived was so extreme, that they were seldom seen excepting under the roof of their mother. Monique called once or twice, after her son's arrival, to see Madame de Foix, and to introduce her son to her: but although she found the mother sitting at work in the outer apartment, the daughters were not visible on either of these occasions.

At length, circumstances favoured her views; for one morning early, as she was crossing the hall with her son, she met Rosalie and Annette, who were returning home with some purchases which they had been making. Notwithstanding the singular dress of the Norman peasants, the beauty of these young women could not fail of striking the son of Monique. They wore high caps of stiffened lawn, with large wings, plaited and hanging down to their shoulders, their hair being combed smoothly up from their foreheads, and turned up in a large loop behind. They had petticoats of blue linen, extremely full, with short white jackets, and aprons of black silk. Uncouth, however, as this dress was, it was impossible that it should hide their

slender and elegant shapes, or detract from the bloom of their charming features.

Monique was delighted with what she considered a most fortunate meeting, and was so pressing that her son should carry their baskets home for them, that the young women found it impossible to resist her solicitations.

"You look melancholy this morning, my fair Rosalie," said the old woman: "has any thing afflicted you?"

"My mother was taken very ill last night," said the pious daughter.

Monique offered her services to nurse the sick woman; but Rosalie assured her neighbour that she could do all that was necessary for her, having obtained the medicines proper for her disease from the curé, and in consequence standing in no need of further advice.

At the gate of the garden, Rosalie took her basket from Victor, and at the same time wishing him and his mother a good day, entered the garden, followed by Annette.

Thus Monique succeeded in introducing her son to the fair daughters of her neighbour; neither did she fail to augur well from the indisposition of the mother, the news of which she had heard with considerable pleasure.

The illness of Madame de Foix was of more serious consequence than her daughters had supposed. The disease partook of the nature of the palsy, and confined the old lady to her bed, which was in a recess at one end of the apartment in which the family always sat and took their meals.

Madame de Foix was still in her bed, and had not yet experienced any considerable melioration of the symptoms of her disease, when the period of the village *fete* arrived, which happens early in the month of July. It was Sunday afternoon, and all the neighbourhood assembled at Tostes were bent on pleasure. The daughters of Madame de Foix alone expected to remain at home all the evening; and they were engaged in their garden in gathering rosemary and other herbs with which they were about to make a drink for their mother, when Monique and her son Victor entered the garden, the young man bringing with him two beautiful bouquets as a present for his fair neighbours. "I am come, my young friends," said Monique, "to accompany you to the *Guinguette*: our lads and lasses

have already begun the dance, and the grove resounds with the cheerful notes of the violin."

"Ah, neighbour Monique," said Rosalie, smiling, "are you there again? and are you employed, as usual, in tempting your friend's daughters to disobedience? What kind of opinion must you have formed of us, to suppose that we should be so easily induced to leave our sick parent in order to join a dance? And on the Sabbath, too, the holy day which you well know we have been taught to respect in an especial manner!"

"Beautiful Rosalie," said the young soldier, "you are always cruel, always hard-hearted."

"Hard-hearted!" said Rosalie, smiling, "wherein do I show my want of feeling, neighbour?" Surely not by staying at home with my sick parent, rather than by indulging myself in the gaieties of the *Guinguette*."

"You then, confess," replied Victor, "that you put a constraint upon yourself by staying at home. Well, then, it will at least, be some comfort to me to have this to reflect upon, that your feelings would have led you to go with us to the *Guinguette*, but that your duty compels you to remain at home."

"You are very ready," returned Rosalie, "to interpret my words in a way in which they were not intended. I have no desire to go this evening to the *Guinguette*. Our good neighbour Monique knows our reasons for staying away; and though our mother is not at present in a condition to take notice of what we do, I should be sorry to do that which she always disapproved because it has pleased God to put it out of her power now to direct our actions as she was formerly accustomed to do."

While Rosalie was engaged in discourse with Victor in the manner I have described, Monique was making the most of her time with Annette; and it is with grief that I feel myself constrained to confess that she had not that difficulty with the younger sister, which her son found with the elder. Annette had long secretly sighed for the pleasures of the *Guinguette*; and she now found herself so vehemently inclined to hearken to the solicitations of Monique, that, when her sister called upon her to return to the house, observing that their mother might think their absence long, she replied, that she thought she should like

for a short interval to take a view of the dancers, and would just accompany her neighbour to the *Guinguette*.

"What!" said Rosalie, with unaffected amazement, "and leave your mother?"

"I do not leave her alone, Rosalie?" replied Annette: "and you surely will not be so ill-natured as to grieve her by informing her of my absence?"

"I will make you no promise, Annette," said Rosalie. "If she asks me, I will assuredly tell her. I will hold out no encouragement to your disobedience."

"Disobedience!" replied Annette; "that is a very hard word."

"Hard, or not hard," said Rosalie, "it is not misused on this occasion."

The contest between the sisters now became very serious, though it was supported with temper on the part of Rosalie. Annette, however, who knew herself to be wrong, became more and more determined, and, being encouraged by Monique, walked out of the garden-gate; while Rosalie followed her a few steps, wringing her hands, and imploring her not to go with a degree of energy which astonished Victor, who could not comprehend the reason of her agitation. He therefore endeavoured to persuade the elder sister to follow the younger, hoping in this manner to seduce her from that paternal roof under which she had hitherto found a sweet and peaceful retreat from the world.

"If you fear any imprudence in your sister," said Victor, "fair Rosalie, what can you do better than follow her, and continue your sisterly care over her?"

"No, no," replied Rosalie, "I will take no part in her fault: and yet," she added, while bursting into tears, "I would give all I have in the world to bring her back to her duty."

By this time, Monique and Annette were nearly out of sight, and Victor was still reasoning with Rosalie, promising her that no harm would happen to her sister, when Florimond, who was passing by in his way to the village, came up to them, and, observing the distress of Rosalie, inquired with considerable earnestness, the cause of those tears which flowed so abundantly down her cheeks.

As Victor immediately withdrew on perceiving the approach of Florimond, Rosalie was left at liberty to re-

present to the latter the cause of her affliction. And this she did in a manner so artless and impressive, that Florimond, entreating her to be comforted, assured her that he would take care that her sister should return in safety to her home: and having made this promise, he proceeded to the place of public resort, meditating, as he went, on the filial piety of Rosalie, which made her beauty to shine with a thousand new charms in his eyes.

In the mean time, Rosalie returned, somewhat comforted, to the side of her mother's bed. But as she found that dear parent under much oppression from her illness, she avoided troubling her with an account of the disobedience of her daughter, making only such slight excuse for her absence as might seem sufficient to account for it in the eyes of one whose faculties were then considerably impaired by indisposition.

And thus the hours of the afternoon wore away. Annette did not return, and twilight approached. The anxious Rosalie, at length, left the little maid with her mother, who had fallen into a heavy slumber, and retiring to her own chamber, watched for the return of her sister from a window, which, projecting from the thatch, fronted the narrow path leading to the village. She had taken the precaution to lock the door of the house, and had brought the key up stairs in her hand, intending to throw it down to her sister when she came under the window.

The evening was remarkably calm and still, and the silver crescent had just risen over a neighbouring grove, accompanied by that beautiful planet sometimes called the evening-star, when Rosalie, approaching her window, explored, with anxious eye, the narrow path which led from the cottage in the village on one hand, and to the farm of Florimond on the rising ground on the other. The moon, with her brilliant companion, just afforded light sufficient for the anxious sister to distinguish any figure which might be passing along such parts of the path as chanced not to be shaded by tree or bush. After awhile, she thought she distinguished a figure in the remoter part of this path, but presently it disappeared. She thought also she heard steps, but all again was silent till the nightingale began to sing in a neighbouring thicket. Rosalie still stood at the window. The nightingale had ceased, or perhaps removed to a

more distant spot. Rosalie at length plainly distinguished several figures. She drew back from the window as the figures approached. She presently heard several voices; the voices became more distinct, and she soon distinguished a female whom she knew to be her sister, and with her was a man. They came near to the cottage, and stood talking together for several seconds in a low and smothered tone. Rosalie could not hear what they said, but she grew impatient. It was Victor, a young man, and almost a stranger, with whom Annette was conversing alone, and at this hour.

Rosalie was hesitating whether she should call to them from the window, when a third voice, which she instantly knew to be Florimond's was heard from a small distance; and the young farmer coming forwards, addressed Annette in a voice which by no means partook of the undertones which had made Rosalie so uneasy, and asked if he should have the pleasure of knocking for her at her mother's door?

"And cannot I do as much for my neighbour's daughter," said Victor, angrily, "without your interference? What have you to do to raise such a disturbance, Monsieur Florimond?"

Victor would probably have proceeded to use more harsh language, and such as might not have been easily passed over by the young man with whom he was conversing, when Rosalie called to her sister from the window, and throwing the key to her, begged her not to speak loud, for their mother was asleep.

On hearing the voice of Rosalie, Florimond sprung over the low paling in front of the cottage, and, advancing close beneath the window, addressed her in a low voice, saying, "Fair Rosalie, your absence has been deeply regretted by those who saw your sister this evening at the *Guinguette*."

"I fear, then," said Rosalie, "that there were few present who really respected me."

"And why so?" returned Florimond.

"Because," replied the other, "it could not have been a matter of regret to any friend to find that I rather chose to stay at home and attend a sick parent, than to join in your amusements on the day of holy rest."

"You are offended, my gentle Rosalie," said Florimond.

"No, not offended," replied the young woman; "but grieved, distressed,—grieved especially for my Annette. However, I thank you, Florimond," she added, lowering her tone, not to be heard by Victor, who was deep in discourse with Annette on the other side the railing "And now, add to the favour you have already done me, by making the best of your way home. Your shortest road is round the house, and through the higher part of the garden."

"And why so, fair Rosalie?" said Florimond, not taking her meaning. "It is incomparably the longest way."

"Sometimes," replied Rosalie, "the longest ways may prove the shortest. But, be that as it may, near the gate, which is at the end of the garden, you will see a small rose bush. This morning I saw upon it a beautiful bud. Take the trouble of gathering the bud for my sake. Its fragrance is an emblem of my gratitude to you for your kindness this afternoon, and the dews of night which are scattered over it will give you some idea of the tears I have shed on account of what has passed this evening."

As Rosalie expected, Florimond flew to the spot she had marked; and, in the mean time, Victor brought Annette to the cottage-door, which he opened quietly, and departed."

Rosalie watched him till he had gained a considerable distance in a contrary direction to that which Florimond was likely to take; and then, turning to her sister, who had entered the room a moment before, she, in a manner the most serious, yet with every token of sisterly love, expostulated with her on her late imprudence.

I shall not enter into a full detail of all that this lovely young woman said to the companion of her youth. Suffice it to say, that she enumerated many of her father's arguments respecting the duty of keeping the Sabbath holy, and pointed out the dangers both spiritual and temporal, which would assuredly ensue to those who, knowing the will of God, yet absolutely refuse all submission to it.

"We have reason, my beloved Annette," she said, "to love that those who, from ignorance, act amiss, are often preserved by their Almighty Father from the ruinous consequences of their follies. Thus he leadeth the blind by ways they know not of, and his arms are round about

them, though they are not aware of it. But we, who know the divine will, cannot expect that he will thus preserve us from the consequences of our folly. If we wander from the ways of righteousness, we shall assuredly be made to suffer, my beloved sister; and all we then shall have to hope is, that our sufferings may be only in the flesh."

Here the affectionate sister, bursting into tears, sunk upon the bosom of the companion of her childhood; neither could Annette, hardened as she was at that period, with the selfish desire of her pleasure, restrain herself from mingling her tears with those of her lovely monitress.

But to proceed with our narrative.—The two sisters had little rest during the remainder of the night. It was morning-dawn before Rosalie fell asleep; and on awaking an hour afterwards, she saw her sister sitting in the window, leaning her head against its frame, and weeping excessively. Rosalie hoped that these were the tears of contrition, and she saw them with pleasure.

As the village *fete* continued two days, the vain pleasures of the Sabbath were to be repeated the next evening. Annette appeared to be full of distress during the whole morning of the next day, and Rosalie once saw her take the hand of her sick parent, and kiss it with an expression of tenderness and sorrow. What, then, was her surprise when she saw her sister preparing, in the afternoon, for the *Guinguette*?

On this occasion, a strong argument ensued between the sisters. Rosalie wept and expostulated; Annette grew angry; and the sisters parted; Rosalie returning to her mother's bedside, while Annette, having finished her preparations, left the cottage.

Madame de Foix was not in the state to observe either the absence of one daughter, or the agony of the other: her disease pressing heavily upon her, she lay all day in a state of almost entire stupor, while Rosalie sat weeping by her bed.

Rosalie now felt the want of a friend to whom she might express her feelings; for a trifling circumstance the night before had made her sensible of the danger of engaging Florimond in this affair. Thus she sat till the close of evening, when her mother fell asleep, and she had established the little maid in close attendance by her side:

after which she repaired to her window in the roof, and stood watching for the return of her sister from the village.

The moon had just appeared above the grove, and the nightingale had commenced her evening song, when she first heard voices at a distance. Presently she saw two figures approaching. She hoped that one of these might prove to be Annette; but, as the persons advanced, she found her mistake. It was an old cottager, with her daughter, who were returning home from the village. They stopped nearly opposite the cottage, to ask Rosalie after her mother.

Rosalie, in return, inquired after her sister—"Where did you leave Annette, Neighbour Babette?" said she: "why does not she come home?"

"I saw her but now," replied the old woman; "she was with Monique Andelly and her son Victor."

"Yes," added the daughter of Babette, "and she has been talking with Victor Andelly all the evening."

Rosalie sighed, and the women proceeded.

In the mean time, minutes and hours passed on, the lapse of time being marked by the progress of the moon in the heavens. It was midnight when the last party returned from the village. It consisted entirely of young men, who laughed and talked gaily. Rosalie hesitated whether she should address them to inquire after her sister, anxiety for her sister at one moment prevailing, and modesty the next. But while she hesitated, they were gone beyond the sound of her voice, and the deep silence which their presence had interrupted again took possession of the solitary scene.

Rosalie remained another hour at the window; when, retiring into the interior of the apartment, she sat down at the foot of the bed, and weeping bitterly, called upon the name of her sister, as if this ungrateful one were in a situation to hear her.—"Oh! my Annette! my Annette!" she cried, "and is this the end of all our parent's care?"

Rosalie then endeavoured to console herself by prayer; and the thought arising that Annette was perhaps sleeping with Monique, she felt thankful for this poor comfort: so being exhausted by fatigue, she fell asleep, and remained sleeping until the little servant came to tell her that her mother asked for her.

was later than usual when Rosalie went to her mother. ad offices to perform for her which could not be d, and these engaged her till it was high day.

soon as it was possible to leave her mother with the servant, she ran over to the cottage of Monique. It lone building, and was encompassed by a small e. Rosalie traversed the wood-way path with pre-e steps and a beating heart; but on reaching the e, she found the lower doors and windows shut and ed. The upper window, which was in the thatch, en, and this induced her to think that some of the might be at home. She therefore called aloud and ed at the door: but her voice was returned from the , and a hollow sound from within was the only an-nade to her knocking.

terror of Rosalie became more excessive during the of every moment; and she was just turning round, to er whither next she could seek her sister, when her on was excited by the sound of hasty steps, and ond approached. Rosalie advanced to meet him, , "You bring me news of my sister; I know that iendly eye has watched her. Where is she? is she

O, tell me she is safe, and willing to return to her r, and you will engage my gratitude for ever."

1, lovely Rosalie," said Florimond, "would that I so engage your gratitude!"

alie changed colour.

eye of Florimond was fixed on her varying counte-: nevertheless, he was surprised at the extreme grief she exhibited, when he told her that her sister had e village early in the morning with Monique and

! my father! Oh! my mother!" exclaimed Rosalie, up her beautiful eyes and clasped hands; "and thou ter! my Annette!"—Here a flood of tears came to lief, and she sunk upon a bench on the outside of ttage-door, while she took up her lawn apron to wipe rs which poured from her eyes.

he mean time, Florimond endeavoured to comfort suring her that Monique would not leave her sister, s well convinced, till she saw her marriage ceremony ly performed.

"I believe your assertion," replied the weeping Rosalie: "Nevertheless, I am miserable: for what is the man whom she has chosen for her husband?—one whose first lesson was to teach her to abandon her mother, and condemn the precepts of her God! Oh! my sister! my friend! my companion!"

Here the lovely Rosalie began to weep again; and that with so much bitterness, that Florimond, no longer able to command those feelings which had long occupied his mind, earnestly besought her to give him a legal right henceforward to become her friend, her protector, and her comforter. Rosalie, startled at this unexpected avowal of affection, unconsciously looked up to him, as if it were to discover, by his countenance, the sincerity of his profession; when observing in his bosom the fading rosebud which he had gathered from her tree and worn from that time, the colour returned to her pale cheek, and, looking on the ground, she permitted him to interpret her silence as the most favourable evidence of her regard. Neither did he press the matter further at that time; but, accompanying her back to her mother's house, he left her, with renewed expressions of esteem and respectful love.

From that period till the partial restoration of the health of Madame de Foix, which was much retarded by the melancholy news she was obliged to hear of the misconduct of Annette, Florimond refrained from pressing his suit with Rosalie, although he evidenced his regard by every tender and amiable attention paid both to the parent and the daughter; not one of which was so acceptable to Rosalie as his entire abandonment of the *Guinguette*, and his devotion of those hours which its vain pleasures had once employed to the observance of religious duties and the study of the Scriptures. He had made it his first object, from the time of his first seriously thinking of Rosalie for a wife, to procure a copy of the Holy Scriptures. And although at that period, which was about the middle of the last century, copies of the Holy Bible were not easily procured; yet, as the bread of life is seldom long withheld from those to whom the Holy Spirit has given a desire to seek it, the young man was so much favoured in his inquiry, that the desired treasure was obtained by him more easily than he had at first expected.

6

When Madame de Foix was so far recovered as to leave her bed, and listen to the word of God, Florimond obtained permission to spend his Sabbath evenings in reading to her; and as it pleased the Almighty to restore to her the comfortable use of her mental faculties, he was not a little profited by her pious and enlightened comments on the sacred volume. It was after a few hours spent in this manner on a certain Sabbath evening, that this young man first opened to the mother the state of his feelings towards her daughter, assuring her that his regards had been fixed by Rosalie's pious care of an afflicted mother, and her holy resolution to abstain from the vain pleasures of the *Guinguette*. This communication was received with undisguised satisfaction, both by the mother and the daughter.

From this time a familiar intercourse was maintained between the young people, till madame de Foix was sufficiently recovered to be present at the marriage ceremony, when Rosalie became the happy wife of Florimond: the venerable mother was then removed from the cottage to the farm of her son-in-law, where the young people continued to pay every respect and every sweet attention calculated to console her under the affliction which she could not but feel on account of her misguided Annette.

Having thus happily established the elder daughter of Madame de Foix, pointing out at the same time how true piety ennobles the female character, and renders it estimable in the eyes of the other sex,—adding charms to beauty, and permanence to love,—we return to the unhappy Annette, who, in seeking what is improperly called pleasure, lost that which alone deserves the name.

Monique, who had persuaded Annette to go off with her son, did not leave the young people till she had seen them united in marriage. She then returned to her own village, and Victor went to join his regiment, accompanied by his bride.

The regiment to which Victor was attached, lay, as I before remarked, in the little frontier town of Hesden, in Artois. Hesden is a fortified town, and stands in a swampy country, where the air all around it is stagnant and offensive; and, in addition to this, the extremely dirty customs of its inhabitants, most of whom are manufac-

turers of cloth, render the place still more disagreeable than it would otherwise be.

It was to a large brick barrack, lying under the high embankments of the fortifications of this town that Victor brought his wife; and it was in a corner of a large barrack-room, filled with persons of coarse and profligate habits, where he first established the woman whom he had brought from one of the most beautiful and fertile parts of Normandy.

Annette shrunk with horror from the scene which first presented itself in this barrack, neither did she refrain from uttering her dissatisfaction in the hearing of her husband. He was, in consequence, offended, and let her know as much; and thus added to her distress by giving her a new view of the character of the man to whom she had indissolubly joined herself. For although Victor could make himself very agreeable at the *Guinguette*, and in scenes of festivity, like too many of his countrymen, he possessed very few qualities capable of rendering him a pleasing companion in domestic life.

From that period, disputes between Victor and his wife became frequent; and although some months elapsed before he seemed to lose all regard for her, yet their married life was constantly chequered by scenes of discord, which ended with oaths on his part, and tears and reproaches on hers.

In the mean time, the manner in which Annette spent her days cannot easily be understood by persons who have never seen any thing of this kind. Annette lived, as I have before said, in a corner of an immense room, where there were a few women, some children, and a number of men. These last were occupied, during their leisure hours, in smoking, singing, and scrawling upon the walls, or entertaining each other with vain discourse. The women, in fine weather, lived much out of doors, sitting in groups upon the sides of the green embankments of the fort; and, being thus continually exposed to the sun and air, acquired an extreme coarseness of appearance. On Sundays, many of these persons flocked out of the city-gates to places of public resort, where they spent the evenings in dancing and regaling themselves with beer and cakes, or with the ordinary wine of the country. Many among this company were

open infidels, and others grossly superstitious, very few of them showing any regard to morality. It is not therefore much to be wondered at, if the duties of marriage were wantonly and grossly neglected among them; insomuch as to expose the man to open ridicule who was observed to manifest any attachment to his wife.

In this wretched scene, Annette lingered out a year, her situation with her husband becoming every day more uncomfortable. The regiment about that time changed its quarters, and was removed to another town on the frontier, where Annette found her situation much as before.

In the mean time, this miserable young woman had the prospect of becoming a mother: on which occasion she wrote to her own mother, imploring her pardon as well as that of her sister, and confessing that she was now made sensible of the extent of her sin against God and man.—“My first grand offence,” she said, “was despising and hating the rest of the Sabbath, and now I am deprived of all rest.”

This pathetic letter obtained the pardon of her mother and her sister; nevertheless, they could not restore the unhappy sufferer to the state of happiness from which she had fallen. However, they wrote to her, endeavoured to comfort her, and pressed upon her the duty of endeavouring to conciliate the respect and affection of her husband.

In process of time, poor Annette became the mother of a son: and now new anxieties were awakened in her breast for the fate of a child dependent upon such a father; so that, during her confinement after the birth of her child, she was extremely low. Notwithstanding which, with a levity of which there are innumerable examples in that nation, as soon as her health was restored, she repaired, with her infant, to the *Guinguette*, and, to all appearance, in as high spirits as any one present.

In this manner Annette spent some months after the birth of her son; sometimes very much oppressed with sorrow; and at other times, carried away by that extravagant love of amusement which forms one striking characteristic of the French nation, and which is the constant attendant of a disordered mind;—when suddenly her affairs took a turn which she had not foreseen, and which filled her with shame and horror.

While the regiment lay in the frontier town before mentioned, a woman arrived in the barracks who claimed Victor Andelly for her husband, and proved her marriage in a manner which could not be disputed. It seems, that Victor had married her in some remote place in which he had sojourned, either before he had entered the army, or while he served in another regiment. This former marriage was unknown to his mother; and, as he had been parted some years from his wife, he flattered himself that he should never hear more of her. It seems, however, that he had lately become so weary of Annette, who had on many occasions displayed an excessive irritability of temper, that he was not sorry of this occasion for shaking her off.

The unfeeling conduct of Andelly on this trying occasion, as well as the view it had given Annette of his extreme want of principle, so thoroughly shocked and disgusted her, that, collecting what little money she could, and taking her infant in her arms, she quitted the man she had once called her husband, and endeavoured to make her way towards her once loved home. Her money, however, failed while she was still at a considerable distance from her mother's habitation, so that she was obliged to sell all the clothes she possibly could spare. This resource would probably have proved sufficient, had she not fallen ill in a little village at which she arrived in a cart. Before however she was able to leave that village, she had exhausted almost her last *sous*; insomuch, that she was compelled to part with some of her infant's clothes which she had hitherto spared, and to make her few last stages on foot, almost without nourishment; while her infant, who now began to suffer severely from want and fatigue, lay almost expiring in her arms.

It was the Sabbath-day, a fine evening in July, when Annette arrived within a few miles of Tostes; and now she remembered, with a degree of agony which can scarcely be conceived, that it was the day of the village *fete*, two years precisely from the period of her first heavy transgression. Almost fainting, she stopped at a small inn by the road, and asked for some slight nourishment for herself and her child, in the name of that God whose ordinances she once had so wilfully transgressed. Her extreme pained and melancholy appearance excited pity, and the good

an of the house gave her some milk. She was about to drink it; but her infant, lifting up its languid head and red lips, she held it to his mouth, when, with the eager-ness of exhaustion, it swallowed all. "You are welcome, my baby," said the poor mother, "though it be my last." She then went forward, while the infant sunk into a death-like sleep on the arms of his parent, who was scarcely longer to support him.

She now pursued her journey, engaged in making re-ason of the most painful nature. She reached at length the entrance of the village. Every object now reminded her of happier days. She passed several persons whom she knew, but no one recognised her. She sat down again against the wall; and again went forward. She then came to the street which leads to the market-place; on one side of which is the church, and, on the other, the inn. At the sight of these well-known objects, she was ready to faint; fearing observation, she walked round the church, sitting down on a grave, laid her infant from her arms on her knees. He was asleep. She gazed awhile on his sweet pale face. He started several times in his sleep, his features were drawn with slight convulsions, every one of which shot like an arrow to the parent's heart. The idea that he was going to die, inexpressibly terrified her.

He began to struggle. She lifted up his head. He opened his eyes, and, with a violent effort, cast the milk from his stomach; after which, a cold sweat covering his face, he appeared to faint. "O my child! my child!" cried the miserable mother: "my boy will die! and there is no help to be expected but from God alone!" So saying, and gathering new strength from her fears, she took the path which led to the farm of her brother-in-law, and hurried on with her utmost speed.

As she passed along her ears were assailed with the welcome sound of the pipe and tabor, and other musical instruments, from the *Guinguette*. She urged her way with a degree of rapidity acquired from a variety of dread-feeling; and, arriving on the green in front of the village-house, she beheld her mother, her sister, and her brother-in-law, sitting under the shade of an elm, at some distance before her: when, being utterly overcome, she sunk senseless on the ground, at the same time shield-

ing her infant from the ill effects of her fall by clasping him instinctively more closely to her bosom.

There are certain scenes in real life which defy all the laboured efforts of the most skilful painter. Such was the scene of which I am now speaking.

The happy group who were sitting at the door of the farm had one addition, which the unhappy Annette could not distinctly observe. This was an infant of two months old, fair, plump, and quiet, sleeping in perfect enjoyment on the lap of its mother, and supplying a remarkable contrast with the little sufferer, not many months older, whose trials had commenced so early.

At the moment when the miserable wanderer appeared in view, Florimond had finished reading a portion of Scripture, on which the pious mother was about to offer her customary comment. Startled however by the melancholy appearance of the figure which presented itself at some distance before them, Florimond had shut his book; and Rosalie exclaimed, "she has an infant in her arms! and we must assist her without delay."

It was while they were waiting her nearer approach, fully determined to relieve her present wants, that they saw her fall; when Rosalie exclaimed, "O the infant! the poor infant! it will be hurt!" at the same time laying her arm over the little sleeper who reposed on her lap, as if it were threatened by the very same danger.

In the meantime, Florimond sprang forwards, and was the next moment at the side of the unhappy Annette. His first care was to lift up the infant, who appeared equally incapable of motion or sound; and it was at the instant in which he bent himself down for this purpose, that he first recognized the sister of his wife.

Rosalie had placed her little daughter on her mother's knee, and was ready to receive the fainting infant from her husband's arms, at the very moment in which he had succeeded in disengaging it from the convulsive grasp of its insensible parent. As Rosalie received it in her arms, her first impression was, that it was in the act of expiring. It appeared pale and cold, its eyes were closed, and its lips colourless and parched. Its little head sunk motionless on her bosom, while its dimpled hand hung lifeless by its side. Rosalie, absorbed by her feelings for this little un-

happy one, could offer no attentions to the miserable mother. She pressed her lips on the infant's pale cheek, she addressed it in that tender language which they only who have a mother's feelings know how to use; and, while thus engaged, the name of Annette, repeated by her husband, added such an agony to her highly excited feelings, that nothing but the desire of giving assistance where assistance was so greatly needed, could have supported her in this moment of perplexity. "Oh, my Annette! my sister!" she exclaimed, as she cast one hasty glance towards her; and then devoting her attention again to the infant, she added, "but thy child shall never know what it is to want a mother." And now perceiving some faint symptoms of returning life in the languid little one, she put it to her breast, and solicited it to receive that sweet cordial which is always peculiarly acceptable and refreshing to the infant stomach.

While Rosalie was thus employed, enjoying the exquisite delight of seeing the little fainting one gradually restored to life, and at length eagerly engaged in inhaling from her new life and health in a form the most inviting to one of his tender age,—the unhappy Annette was raised from the ground by Florimond assisted by one of his servants, and brought into the house, where, being laid on a bed, such cordials were administered as speedily brought her to herself: when, upon opening her eyes, she saw her aged mother standing on one side of her, her brother Florimond on the other, and her sister sitting at the foot of the bed, holding her little Victor to her breast.

This last object was too much for Annette: love, gratitude,—a mother's gratitude in behalf of a child—a suffering child,—shame, remorse, and contrition for the past,—these contending feelings were too much for her weak frame, and excited a temporary delirium; during which she sprung from her bed, and, falling on her knees at the feet of her sister, "O, Rosalie! my Rosalie!" she said, "let me henceforth devote my life, yea, the last effort of my strength, to your service. Beloved sister, friend of my heart, most excellent and tender of women, you have saved my boy! you have preserved him from death! And you, my mother, my honoured, my injured mother, you cannot forgive me: it is impossible. But pity my boy; and love that

unoffending infant of your ruined Annette." So saying, she alternately wrung her hands, and pressed her burning lips against the arm of her sister which supported her infant.

Madame de Foix was scarcely less agitated than her daughter; and the tears poured in torrents from the eyes of Rosalie; while Florimond alternately soothed and expostulated with Annette, till the poor young woman, at length being exhausted with her own efforts, consented to be undressed and put into bed. Rosalie then endeavoured to compose herself, for the sake of the two beloved little ones, who now depended upon her, being well assured that her affectionate and pious husband would permit her to take the care of her sister's child; and so withdrawing from poor Annette's apartment, she left her in the charge of Madame de Foix, assisted by a nurse who was speedily procured from a neighbouring cottage.

Annette continued for many days in a state of delirium occasioned by fever. At length, however, as the fever abated, she recovered the use of her reason. Nevertheless, it appeared that her constitution had received such a shock as left no hope remaining of any thing like a complete recovery. But, inasmuch as she gave every desirable proof of deep penitence, together with an entire acquiescence in the will of God, her pious mother and sister felt greatly consoled on her account; insomuch that Madame de Foix could even resign her beloved child unto death, under the cheering hope of meeting her again in a state of glory.

In the mean time, while the mother was gradually sinking into the grave, the little Victor was drawing new health and vigour from the bosom of his tenderly affectionate aunt, and reposing daily in the same cradle with his foster sister, the infant Rosalie. The two beloved babes early acquired such an affection for each other as rendered it painful to them ever afterwards to be separated.

Annette lingered some months; during which time she seemed wholly to submit herself to the direction of that Holy Spirit whose blessed work is to prepare the fallen creature for future blessedness. "I am brought to thee, O my God," she would often say, "as a brand plucked from the burning. I have nothing to offer thee but my sins: nevertheless, I have hope, inasmuch as thou hast caused

me to see and feel my utter weakness, and enabled me to place my whole dependence on the Saviour. He who appointed me to be born and educated under the roof of pious parents, must assuredly have had everlasting purposes of mercy towards me. But I long resisted his will; and, had flesh and blood been too hard for the hand of omnipotence, without all doubt I should have been for ever lost—eternally undone. But mercy and grace have proved stronger than sin. Grace has triumphed, and through all eternity I shall sing the victory of redeeming love. Welcome, then, afflictions of every kind, and sufferings of every degree. I shall yet behold the face of my Redeemer in peace; and I, who once despised the Sabbaths of my God upon earth, shall be permitted to enjoy that rest which remaineth for his people in heaven."

In this manner she frequently poured out her soul in praise; so entire a change had the Lord been pleased to operate on her heart, and so graciously was that change accompanied with an assurance of final salvation. There were times, indeed, in which she appeared to be weighed down with grief for the man she had once called her husband, as well as for others whom she had known in the days of her vanity; and it is supposed that she was frequently engaged in earnest prayer and intercession for them. Shortly before her death, she very affectionately recommended her child to Florimond and her sister, though well assured that such recommendations were needless; for the smiling infant had already pleaded its own cause in such touching language as infants only know how to use. She was earnest with them especially to bring him up in the fear of God, and never to permit him to engage in the guilty pleasures by which too many of their countrymen pollute the Sabbath; attributing all the afflictions she had endured, to her shameful profanation of that holy day.

The death of Annette was full of hope; insomuch, that her pious mother was shortly enabled to say, "I am comforted concerning my child."

And now we have little further to add, but that Florimond and Rosalie lived long together after the death of poor Annette, bringing up a large and lovely family in the fear of God, and, consequently, in pure and holy habits.

Victor and the younger Rosalie, finding such happiness

in each other as they could no where else hope to meet with, obtained permission of their friends, when arrived at a proper age, to be united in holy wedlock; and they were still residing under their paternal roof when the anecdotes which make up the history of this family were collected. Neither was it till a few years after the union of these lovely young people, that Madame de Foix entered into that state of sacred repose to which she had long looked forward with holy hope.

My reader, love the Sabbath upon earth, and be jealous of its privileges: for it is the type of that rest into which the saints are finally admitted, through the merits of Christ our Saviour.

A Prayer for the right Observance of the Sabbath.

“O MOST blessed and glorious Lord God, we thy sinful creatures, who have no hope but in the merits of our Redeemer, and no other prospect of entering into thy rest but through the efficacy of his death, do humbly supplicate thee to give us such views of the glory of thy Sabbath in heaven as shall make all earthly pomp and pride to fade away in the comparison, and all our ambitious views in this life to be counted as low, and mean, and despicable things. May our Sabbaths henceforward be devoted to the contemplation of that sacred rest which is to come; and may the hours which are set apart from the secular labours of the week be occupied in a zealous preparation for that divine inheritance which is laid up for the people of God.

“Our minds have hitherto been wholly dark and blinded, O heavenly Father, as to the true nature of thine appointed Sabbaths upon earth. We have hitherto seen in them nothing more than that imperfect rest, and those frail observances, which such an institution can supply in the present state of thy Church. We have often experienced weariness on this day set apart for religious rest, and waited upon thee in the house of prayer under much distraction of mind. Often have we wondered at our own restless feelings on thy sacred day, and looked around us with displeasure at the vanities and follies of our fellow-worshippers. O may these painful feelings henceforward prove

est monitors; effectually teaching us that there is no rest in the present state of things, and that the day of Lord has hitherto been known to us only in its type or sign. And may we learn from our own infirmities to prize more ardently that perfect peace which is promised in latter days, when the effect of righteousness shall be peace and assurance for ever.

Henceforward, O holy Father, grant that thy Sabbaths be more effectually revered by us, and more sanctified to us. Let us not waste them in ineffectual pleasures after present rest, but in earnest reaching after rest which is to come, in animating contemplations of glory which shall be revealed when thou shalt come with power to rule the earth, and in sincere and affectionate endeavours for the promotion of their spiritual welfare among whom we dwell, and with whom we hope to be associated in everlasting happiness. Grant, O heavenly Father, that our services on thy day may be such as shall be to our advantage in the morning of thine appearing. Grant that our lamps may be furnished with oil before we go down in the sleep of death, to this end—that, when the bridegroom shall appear in the dawning of the spiritual Sabbath, we may be found ready to enter with him into the marriage.

Grant thee, the God of all grace, be praise, and honour, glory rendered by us and by all thy people, from this day forth and for evermore. Amen."

CHAPTER XVII.



Fifth commandment.—Honour thy Father and thy Mother; that thy Days may be long in the Land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

“THE fifth commandment,” said the lady of the manor, when the young party were once more assembled in her presence, “is to form the subject of our consideration this evening.

“I will open our discourse,” said she, “by a reference to a valuable commentator on Scripture, to whose writings I have more than once taken occasion to refer.—

“‘According to the principle which has hitherto directed our interpretation,’ says this writer, ‘this commandment (that is the fifth) must be considered as the abstract of relative duties. All other relations spring from that of parents and children, or partake in a measure of its nature; and this most nearly resembles our relation to the great Creator. Children are required to honour their parents; which implies that it is the duty of parents to behave honourably, by diligently performing the several parts of their important charge, as intrusted with the care of their offspring both in body and soul, and by a becoming deportment in all other respects. Yet children are not absolved from their duty by the misconduct of their parents; (for which they must answer to God) and such a limitation in this and other relative precepts would assuredly constitute all the inferior relations judges and lords over their superiors.’

“This commandment,” said the lady of the manor, “we may consider as including all the respective duties between those persons who are in authority, and appointed by God

lers over others, and those who occupy stations require obedience. We will, therefore, consider this commandment under those two heads, into which the sub-naturally divides itself: first, the duties incumbent on those in authority; and, secondly, the duties of those to whom submission is required.

I must, however, here remark, that there are few persons with the exception of very little children, from whom the practice of both these kinds of duty are not required; a circumstance which renders it necessary that we should learn how to obey and how to command. And I would further observe, that the most valuable character, and that which approaches nearest to the perfection which our nature is capable of displaying in the flesh, is that which is able to rule with diligence and submit with humility."

The lady of the manor then proceeded to say, "It is my intention, my dear young people, at some future time, to converse with you at considerable length on the duties of parents to children. Leaving therefore this part of my subject for the present, I will, with your permission, read a short narrative, which I hope may not only afford you amusement but profit.

But before I begin my story, I must premise one or two things. And first I would wish to impress this truth upon your minds—that wherever there exist reciprocal duties between two persons, the failure of one party in the performance of what is required of him by no means releases the other from his obligations; and for this reason, that every duty is appointed by the Almighty, and should be performed as in his presence: nothing therefore that a creature can do, has power to destroy or alter those obligations which are established by God. For instance: there are reciprocal duties existing between a man and his wife, a servant and his master, a parent and his child; and though a parent, wife, husband, and child fail in their duties, the obligation remains equally binding on the other party.

"The fifth commandment," proceeded the lady of the manor, "is said to be the first commandment with promise: honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Although I receive the promise of long life in a spiritual sense. II. T

ritual sense, yet, taking it only in a literal sense, I have observed that families remarkable for filial piety, are often equally so for the longevity of the individuals composing them. I remember once," added she, "soon after I was married, while travelling through England with the corps to which we were then attached, that we were quartered for some months in one of the most ancient and celebrated cities in this island. We there, through the medium of a common friend, were introduced to a family, the elders of which had been intimately known to many literary characters in the middle of the last century—persons who were familiarly acquainted with Richardson, the famous novel writer, and had been of the party to whom he read his manuscripts of *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, and whom he had often consulted concerning the deaths of his high-souled heroines.

"It was on a Sunday evening when we were first to be introduced to this family; and on this occasion several branches from the same stock, residing in the town, were to be assembled for the purpose of meeting us. This meeting was to take place at the house of the eldest individual of the family, who resided in a venerable dwelling, to which there was admittance through the outer aisle of the cathedral, by a wide and handsome flight of stairs. We attended divine service in the evening, by candle-light, in the cathedral; after which, we were ushered through the vaulted aisles and passages before mentioned into the large old-fashioned parlour, in which our new acquaintance had just assembled before us in order to our more ceremonious reception.

"There was not wanting in the manner of some of these respectable persons there present, (for there were three generations, the youngest of which was in the early bloom of life,) a certain solemnity and dignity not commonly to be met with in these days, which suited well with the ancient parlour in which the party were collected together, a parlour which had seen many successions of monks and friars, and witnessed many of the mysteries of the Roman Catholic system. Yet with all this solemnity there was much friendliness of manner, which we valued the more, because we understood that the friendship of this excellent family was never offered where esteem was wanting. This evening and many other evenings, nay, whole days which we spent

in the society of this family, were long imprinted, in particularly affecting characters, on my mind, because the time I spent in this city immediately preceded a perilous voyage and long absence from our native land. But the reason why I mention this family in this place, is the remarkable spirit of filial piety which pervaded the whole; so that the oldest member of it often spoke of her parents with all the warmth and tenderness of one who had just laid the authors of her existence in the fresh earth.

"In the house of one individual of this family, a person herself far advanced in age, I observed the portrait of a very lovely female in the fancy dress of a shepherdess; yet, notwithstanding her masquerade habit, having a countenance expressive of true maternal tenderness and female delicacy. On my venturing to ask the name of this interesting figure, the lady of the house replied, 'That picture is a representation of my mother, my beloved mother, whom I lost when very young.'

"The same sweet spirit," continued the lady of the manor, "extended itself to the youngest individual of this family, and became an inexpressible ornament to her youth, enduing her with that diffidence and modesty which sets off female beauty to a degree which no other ornament can equal.

"I shall conclude what I have to say on this family by remarking, that there was certainly a larger proportion of aged persons in it than is usually observable; and thus, in this particular case, the words of the promise were very literally fulfilled, though we ought by no means to stop at the literal fulfilment of any divine promise."

The lady of the manor then took out a small manuscript wrapped up in a case; and, while she unfolded it she made one or two desultory remarks respecting the conduct of children to parents. She observed the great change of manners in the young towards their elders which had taken place within a few years. "In the seventeenth century," said the lady of the manor, "children in polite families never addressed their parents but in terms of the most distant respect, nor did any child presume to sit down in the presence of a parent without being invited so to do; and, even in my time, such was the distance at which children were kept, that I myself was not accustomed, on ordinary occasions, to sit down on a chair by my mother till I was

as much as fourteen or fifteen years of age, being taught in general to take my place on a low stool, as indicative of inferiority. Neither did I, till that period, presume to speak in company, unless in reply to some question put to me. My mother's manners and mode of conduct towards her children were, I believe, more according to the old fashion than those of her contemporaries; though it is not to be supposed that the difference between them was great. It may, perhaps, be thought that the old fashioned severity towards children was extreme; but, at any rate, it was a less disgusting and pernicious extreme than that which is at present so common among us. For who are now the persons in a family least considered, but the father or mother, the uncle and aunt? With what disgusting familiarity do we often hear a parent addressed, even in families which would be ashamed to be called ungentle! Are they not the young people, in many circles, who support the conversation, drowning the voices of the old and experienced by their pragmatism and shallow impertinence?—thus depriving themselves entirely of that improvement, which they might otherwise derive from the conversation of their elders. For that old person must be empty and dull indeed, who has not more to say to the purpose than those who as yet know little or nothing by experience.

"I also greatly object," said the lady of the manor, "to the childish manner in which we often hear grown women, and perhaps even mothers of families, addressing their parents, lisping out the words 'papa' and 'mamma' like a child of four years old. How much more suitable would the appellation of 'Madam' and 'Sir,' be from such mouths! And though some may think such appellations somewhat too ceremonious, yet, undoubtedly, an extreme of ceremony from an inferior to a superior is always more graceful and honourable to both parties than the contrary. I should not," continued the lady of the manor, "dwell so long on these forms, if I did not consider that much actual vice and lawlessness is often the consequence of their neglect. But, as I shall have occasion, at a future time, to speak more at large on this subject, I will now leave it, and begin my narrative."

The lady of the manor then opened her manuscript, and read as follows :

Filial Affection; or, the History of Clarissa.

In one of the eastern counties of England, not very distant from the sea-shore, there is a village, or rather small town, so beautifully situated, and withal so cheap and convenient, as to have rendered it, for a length of time, the chosen residence of many genteel families; in consequence of which it could boast a larger and more polished society than is commonly found in places so far from London.

About the middle of the last century, a certain gentleman of the name of Danzy possessed a handsome estate near this village, and a beautiful mansion at one extremity of it.

This gentleman married, early in life, a young lady of extraordinary beauty, but of an extremely delicate constitution, which, however, did not appear till some time after the birth of her second child; when she was suddenly seized with a disorder, which, from its first appearance, affected her head to such a degree, that she for a time totally lost her memory, and the powers of her mind became so entirely confused, as to render it necessary that she should be placed under the charge of some responsible person who should take the whole management and direction of her.

After a few years, she recovered her recollection in some degree; and it is remarkable, that, when this took place, it was found that she had lost all sense of the events which had fallen out during her sickness, though she recollected what had happened before that time with peculiar accuracy, very eagerly inquiring about those whom she had known and loved at that period, supposing that she had parted from them only the day before. She remembered especially the fair and beautiful infant which had particularly occupied her attention for the last six months before her seizure, and which had been taken from her breast at the moment when she was first attacked; neither could she be persuaded by any means, that the little girl of six years old, who was brought to her and taught to call her mamma, was the same little lovely one whose endearing smile and soft caresses were fixed upon her memory in characters which never could be changed.

It is one of the most affecting symptoms of derangement

in some minds, that it seems to unfit the patient for taking any knowledge of the lapse of time; so that persons suffering under this malady are accustomed to speak of that which is passed as if it ought still to be present. . Thus, where derangements take a melancholy turn, and images of past sorrow have strongly seized upon the imagination, the mind appears so entirely to lose its elasticity, as to retain no power whatever of throwing off its painful feelings; but former distressing images, for ever recurring, so strongly colour every passing scene and object with their dark and morbid tincture, that every new idea becomes wholly assimilated to the old, entirely destroying the varieties of life. This state of mind is described by the poet in these few words, namely, "One dreadful now."

With respect to the unhappy lady of whom we are speaking, this was so much the case that even after she had recovered her recollection in some degree, time seemed to stand still; and though her ideas were more tender and pathetic than terrific, yet it was with her, to use the somewhat obscure expression of the poet, a perpetual and melancholy *now*, though not altogether a dreadful one.

From the time of her first seizure, Mrs. Danzy had been confined to two apartments, the same which had been her favourite rooms while in health. The one was a large convenient bed-room, in the corner of which was an elegant tent bed or crib, which had been used for her infants, and which those who attended her had been afraid to remove; because, when once an attempt of that kind had been made, she had expressed great uneasiness. It was hung with an old-fashioned Madras chintz, and had a coverlid of embroidered satin. To this little bed she would often go, when her memory was in some degree restored, which happened about six years after her first attack, and would seem very busy in preparing and arranging the bed clothes, as if for her infant, whom she would often request her attendants to bring and place on its pillow. On these occasions, an evasive answer would sometimes amuse her; and sometimes she would not be so easily satisfied, but would begin to weep, saying that she feared some heavy misfortune had befallen the baby, as it was so long since she had seen it. The second apartment which was devoted to this unfortunate lady opened on a balcony, from which there were steps

ending into a pretty flower-garden, neatly arranged in old-fashioned style, with trim parterres and garden-seats, enclosed entirely with iron rails. In her happier days, this little flower-garden had been the delight of this poor lady, and here, at one time of her life, she might have been seen watering her flowers and weeding her mignonette, while the little Isabella, the elder of her two daughters, followed her mother with tottering steps, and amused herself with her infant prattle. The dressing-room itself contained several pieces of furniture to which the poor lady always shown a particular partiality: a cabinet, containing many memorandums of ancient friendship; a tea-table, which had been made in the days of Queen Anne, with a border of carved mahogany; a gilt bird-cage, where, after linnet succeeded one another, always appearing to the same individual bird to the poor lady, whose daily business was to feed her bird and dress its cage. A small book-case, likewise, containing certain beloved volumes, which were read again and again with the same pleasure, first, stood in one part of the room; and, in another part, was an embroidered footstool, on which Isabella formerly sat in those days of the lovely infancy of her children, which the fond mother remembered with such tender recollection—days of exquisite bliss, (as she described them,) when her little Clarissa lay on her lap, while Isabella sat on her feet. There was also in this room, besides the tea-table above mentioned, another, on which stood a desk, near which Mr. Danzy used to sit when he came to see his family in this apartment: in addition to which there were sundry old pictures, chimney-ornaments, clocks, and other toys, which had belonged to grandmothers, aunts, and other venerable personages then no more, concerning whom Mrs. Danzy had always some tale to tell, never she saw the eye of any visiter or attendant fixed on the articles which had belonged to them.

Mr. Danzy, who sincerely loved his wife, retained his regard for her during her long illness; and when the severest symptoms of the disorder were so far abated that she began in some degree to recover her recollection, and was able to amuse herself with the articles about her, he took particular care that all the little things which she had valued, should be brought before her and placed as

she wished. He also provided her with an attendant, who, he trusted, would make her life as comfortable as possible. Every day, at a certain hour, he made a point of visiting her; and as he knew, that she expected him at that hour, he would put off any other engagement, rather than disappoint her.

And now, having stated with some accuracy the afflictions of this lady, and the situation to which she was reduced in consequence of them,—a situation, though melancholy, not without its comforts, at least while her husband lived,—I pass on to a more remote period of my history, in order to give some account of the daughters of this lady, and the manner of their education.

Isabella, the eldest, was nearly three years of age, and Clarissa, the younger, not more than half a year old, when they were deprived of the attentions of their tender mother. As Clarissa was a very tender infant, when taken from her mother's breast, a decent matron, who resided in the village, was hired, not only to take care of her, but to administer that nourishment to her which her mother could no longer supply. This nurse proved a very faithful servant; and as her husband was taken at the same time into the family, (her only child, a boy, being placed with his grandmother,) she continued in charge of her little nursling till she was seven years old, bringing her up to the best of her judgment and abilities. Miss Isabella was likewise partly left under the jurisdiction of this nurse; but, not being so fond of her as her sister Clarissa was, she often made her escape from the nursery into the housekeeper's room, where the lessons she received from Mrs. Burton, the housekeeper, were of a far less desirable nature than those with which her sister was furnished by her nurse.

In those days there was not that outcry on the subject of education which we now hear: but whether affairs of that kind were not quite so well managed at that time as they are now, remains perhaps to be decided. There is reason to think, that the whole system of education, as now generally conducted in this country, is built on such false principles, that, although the superstructure may be enriched with many dazzling ornaments, yet that the whole fabric is naught by reason of its lacking a proper basis. For it is greatly to be feared, that our modern system too

wants that only good foundation, without which we hold that every building is utterly worthless—*For foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ. Now, if any man build upon this foundation silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble: every man's shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, be- it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire.* (1 Cor. iii. 11—15.)—to leave these matters, which are not precisely to our purpose, and return to our story.

happened, however, that Margaret Neale, the little girl's nurse, was one of those happy persons who, though possessing little learning, and endowed with little except in the ordinary duties of common housewifery, was favoured, through divine grace, with a deep sense of the importance of religion. And as we naturally endeavour to impart that which we think most precious to those we love most dearly, so she used her utmost exertions to give her beloved little nursling to the knowledge of the way to God, as explained in scripture. To this important instruction she added the use of the needle, in which little Clarissa showed considerable skill, at the same time paying great attention to neatness of dress and good manners.

Under the tuition of this excellent woman, the little girl preserved that sweet simplicity of childhood which, like the down of the peach, when touched by an unskilful hand is instantly removed never again to be restored, was no one to utter worldly sentiments in her ear, and seldom saw any one but her nurse, and Margaret had no such sentiments. And although the child was exceedingly pretty, and always delicately dressed, she was seldom praised by those who saw her, because it was that every word of commendation bestowed on her would be considered as an affront by Mrs. Burton, the housekeeper, who always maintained, that Clarissa was not to be named in the same day with dear Miss Julia, who was assuredly a very beautiful young lady; Mrs. Burton was in such high authority in the family,

and among the dependents of the family, that her word was upon no account to be disputed.

Thus was Clarissa shielded, through the divine mercy, from many trials to which her elder sister was exposed: and though Margaret Neale did all in her power to attract little Isabella to her, and to give her that instruction of which she stood in so much need, yet the child invariably repulsed her advances with contempt, and would seldom submit to remain in her presence, excepting in case of Mrs. Burton's being engaged and unable to have her in her room; on which occasions the little girl was sometimes left in the nursery with her sister.

The apartment which was commonly occupied by Clarissa and her nurse was near the roof of the house, and had a projecting window commanding a view of the whole extent of the large old-fashioned garden at the back of the house, with its long straight alleys, its little formal groves and parterres, its circular ponds, leaden images, bowers, and summer-houses; and, beyond these, it overlooked a little kind of paddock, in the centre of which arose a mound covered with earth.

It happened, one day, as Clarissa and Isabella were sitting in this window, being occupied with their needles, that Isabella, looking off from her work for a moment, cast her eyes on that little enclosed spot of ground, which had been railed off from the rest of the pleasure-grounds for the especial amusement of Mrs. Danzy. It happened, at this instant, that the poor lady was taking her regular airing, accompanied by Mrs. Burton, who walked on one side, and Mrs. Diana Burton, her sister, who was stationed on the other side.

This second person had been for some time past employed by her sister to help her in looking after Mrs. Danzy, and it had been whispered among a few, that the poor lady was not altogether kindly used by these sisters. But as she was not in a state to tell her own story rationally, and as the sisters had the art to satisfy Mr. Danzy with regard to their fidelity, no one felt herself entitled to interfere, nor indeed was there any hope of doing so successfully.

The afflicted lady, therefore, whether well used or otherwise, was always left under the jurisdiction of the same

persons with whom she now appeared in the garden. Her dress on this occasion was a blue brocade gown and petticoat, the gown looped up behind in festoons, according to the fashion of the day. She wore a lace apron, ruffles, and head-dress, having a round black silk cloak, trimmed with lace, over her shoulders. She leaned with one hand on the arm of Diana Burton, and in her other hand she held a short stick, with which she seemed to be inclined to point at certain flowers and shrubs; and, had she been permitted, would have stood still by one and another of these, to relate some circumstance connected with them—to speak of those who had given her such and such flowers—and to amuse herself with plucking off the dead leaves, or loosening the earth near the roots. But it was evident, from motions of those who were with her, that these indulgences were not permitted her; for, when she attempted to stop, she was evidently drawn forward, and compelled to retrace the same dull round of the flower-garden, without pause or intermission, till the hour for her regular airing was expired. “There,” said Isabella, when she had contemplated this affecting scene for some moments, “there is mamma in the garden! I dare say that she wants to be standing still to tell some of her long stories. Do you know Mrs. Neale,” continued the child, “that mamma has begun to talk a great deal lately, and to ask many questions? Do you know, that she inquires after people who have been dead and gone years ago? and she will have it they are alive now. And there is scarcely a tree in the garden that she has not some tale to tell about, if any body would hear her!”

“And will nobody hear her, poor lady?” said the nurse. “If they would but let me see her, I would hear all her poor tales, if it were a hundred times over.”

“O, very fine indeed!” said Miss Isabella: “but I doubt not you would be as tired of them as other people are.”

The naughty girl then bent down her head to her sister's ear, and whispered certain words which I shall not repeat, but the purport of which was to inform her that their mother was deranged, and that she never spoke any thing but nonsense.

On hearing this, the little Clarissa, who was then not quite six years of age, reddened till her fair face and neck

were all in a glow, her bosom swelled and heaved, her eyes filled with tears, till she at length burst into an agony of crying, sobbing quite aloud.

The nurse was startled, and placed her darling upon her lap; and while she pressed her in her arms, she looked angrily at Isabella, saying, "Miss, what have you said to vex your sister?"

Isabella, with much confidence, repeated the words aloud which she had whispered in her sister's ear.

The tears now started in the eyes of the nurse, and trickled down her cheeks, while she uttered the strongest expressions of disapprobation. "Wo, wo," she said, "be to them who have put such thoughts as these into a daughter's heart concerning a suffering mother, and caused such words to proceed from her lips! Do I not remember the day? Yes, Miss Isabella, I remember the day, and they who have taught you these things may remember the day also, when your mother came a lovely bride to this house, the fairest then of all the fair. And do they not recollect how tender she was to you her first-born? how she tended you for many months with her own fair hands? how she nourished you with her own milk? And, when you dropped from the breast filled and satisfied with the sweet food which nature provides for the new-born creature, she did not hasten to give you to the hireling attendant, but still kept you on her lap, while with eyes of love she gazed on your infant features as you lay sweetly sleeping. And in that flower-garden,—that very flower-garden,—how often have I seen her watching your uncertain steps, and holding out her dear arms to protect you from this danger, and from that, as you went tottering along with your baby steps! And now, because it has pleased the Lord to lay his hand upon her, even her own child turns against her? Oh! that I should live to see so much ingratitude?" Here the poor woman burst again into tears, and pressed her cheek against her weeping nursling, who too well understood all that passed. For many a conversation had this faithful nurse and child had together upon the affecting subject of her mother's indisposition; and often had she communed with the child on what they would, together, do for Mrs. Danzy, when Clarissa should come of age.

In the mean time, Isabella, who had not been used to bear such sharp remonstrances, sat pouting and silent ; till the good woman, having somewhat overcome her emotion, was able to address her with more composure on the subject.

And, first, she represented to her the intimate and close connexion subsisting between parent and child, being both, as it were, but one flesh and blood ; observing, at the same time, that even birds and beasts were far from showing any insensibility to the feelings of parental and filial regard. "Neither," added she, "are any creatures destitute of these feelings, unless, perhaps, we except serpents, crocodiles, and other vile reptiles and insects, which are the acknowledged emblems of all that is abominable. Look," said she, "at this moment, on yonder hill in the paddock, where the deer are feeding ; look how the young fawns are gamboling and sporting by their dams ; and how, when the mother runs, the little ones follow her, bounding and sporting about her, as if to show their love and joy. Should human creatures, then, be worse than brutes ?" added the good woman ; "or, rather, should they not greatly excel them in all that is amiable, since they are endowed with reason, and because they know the commandment of the Lord, which says—'Honour thy father and thy mother ; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee?' And mind this, Miss Isabella, God doth not say, 'Honour thy father and thy mother ; because they are good, or wise, or clever, or able to serve thee ; but because they are thy father and thy mother. And though they cannot reward thee, it does not alter the matter : for the reward promised is not such as human bounty can bestow. But God himself will give thee the reward, even long life, or everlasting life, as I take it : for long life in this world is not always desirable ; but everlasting life is the first, the highest, and the greatest of blessings. This also should be observed, Miss," proceeded the nurse, "that, though a parent were to be ever so wicked, that circumstance would not do away the obligation of the child toward him, inasmuch as the obligation is from God ; and the punishment in that case will come from him who has appointed the observance of so important a duty. And if the sin of the parent does not

discharge the child from its obligation," continued the nurse, "assuredly, Miss Bell, his misfortunes never can do so, but ought, rather, to bind the child closer and closer to the afflicted parent: and, according to my opinion, any slight towards my dear mistress in her present situation, is more to be guarded against by her children than if she were in the highest state of health and prosperity."

The nurse then taking her Bible, which was lying upon a deal chest of drawers near to where she sat, turned to the following verses in Ecclesiasticus: *My son, help thy father in his age, and grieve him not as long as he liveth. And if his understanding fail, have patience with him; and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength. For the relieving of thy father shall not be forgotten: and instead of sins it shall be added to build thee up.* (Ecclus. iii. 12—14.)

The nurse, however, had no reason to think that her plain dealing had any good effect on Miss Isabella; since she took the first opportunity of escaping out of her room, and from that time made her appearance in it seldomer than ever. She also had reason to think, that whatever she had said to Isabella was immediately repeated to Mrs. Burton; for, the next day, on going into the house-keeper's room to get her tea-canister filled, Mrs. Burton looked very coolly at her, and though she kept her a long while waiting, never asked her to sit down.

Mrs. Danzy had now been ill rather more than six years, when her illness began to take rather a favourable turn; and this appeared from the recovery of her memory, which led her frequently to ask for her children, as well as to inquire after other persons whose names she had not mentioned since her illness. The children had long been kept out of her sight by Mrs. Burton, who pretended that she would be too much affected by their presence: but the calls of the poor mother for these little dear ones having, at length, reached the ears of her husband, he ordered, one evening, that they should be carefully dressed, and brought into her presence.

When the good nurse received this order, she hastened with joy, to dress her lovely nursling for the interview, and was filled with delight at the sweet appearance of the little lady when she had completed the task of dressing her

Miss Clarissa's best suit was a satin slip of light violet colour, the petticoat being stiffened with whalebone; with a stomacher and apron of fine lace, a necklace of pearls, and a lace cap with a bunch of violets on one side.

When equipped in this dress, the nurse took her by the hand, and led her to the door of her poor mother's apartment. In the vestibule, she met Mrs. Burton with Isabella, who, looking scornfully at her, would have taken the child from her hand. But the nurse replied with firmness, "No, as I took this infant, nearly six years ago, from its mother's breast, I am certainly the properest person to return her into that bosom."

Mrs. Burton, perceiving that resistance would be in vain, acquiesced; but with a look that imported, "I shall remember this."

The two females, with the children, proceeded together to the door of Mrs. Danzy's room, into which they were introduced by Mrs. Diana; and, on the door being opened, they saw the lady sitting on one side of the window, speaking with her husband. She started when the women entered, and advanced to meet them with a hurried step. She instantly recognized the nurse, and said, with eagerness, "And where, where is my baby, Margaret?"

The nurse drew little Clarissa forward, saying, "Here, Madam, here is your lovely child."

She gazed on the child for a moment, and then earnestly looked in the nurse's face, saying, "But, my baby! my little baby! they promised me my baby to-day. It is very long since I have seen my little darling. I trusted her to you, nurse; and why have you been so very very long without bringing her to me?"

"This is your child, your own sweet baby, dear lady," said the nurse, lifting up Clarissa. "Look at her features. Are they not the same?—those sweet soft eyes, those flaxen ringlets, that dimpled cheek, and pretty pouting lip? Look at your baby; know her again; and be assured that she is your last beloved child."

The poor lady turned away weeping, like one who had been often deceived, whose heart had been made sick by hope long deferred, and, throwing herself on a chair, gave free passage to her tears.

On this, Mrs. Burton and her sister uttered a sneering

laugh, which was so faint as not to be heard amid the sobs of the afflicted lady. •But the more tender-hearted nurse and affectionate husband followed her to her chair; where placing the children before her, they besought her to look favourably upon them.

After giving vent to her feelings for some minutes, she at length, with a kind of passive yet sorrowful obedience which to a discerning eye might have marked but too plainly the habit of deep subjection to which she had been accustomed, dropped the apron which she had thrown over her face in the first moment of bitter disappointment, and, wiping her eyes, looked at the children with considerable earnestness, offering them her hands.

Miss Isabella, who had been in the habit of hearing her afflicted parent spoken of as a poor, whimsical, disordered creature, shrunk from the poor lady as she extended her pale hand towards her. But the little Clarissa, who had been accustomed to consider her unhappy parent whom she occasionally beheld from the window of her nursery as an object of the tenderest love and compassion, sprang forward at the approach of her mother's hand, and, clasping her arms round her neck, would very soon (had free permission been permitted her) have cheated her distressed parent of half her sorrows by her innocent and tender endearments. But Mrs. Burton and her sister, who both now began to tremble for their authority, knowing that if little Clarissa obtained her mother's confidence she would not fail also to obtain the same for her nurse, thought proper to interfere, by stating to Mr. Danzy the direction of the physician, that his patient should be kept entirely calm and composed: to which Mrs. Burton added, in corroboration of the doctor's opinion, her own perfect assurance, that her mistress, from what had already passed, would become as ill the next day as she had been during any stage of her disorder.

Little Clarissa was accordingly torn from the arms of her mother, and carried back to the nursery; and the next morning, it was reported in the family that Mrs. Danzy was so ill as to be obliged to keep her bed.

From that time, Clarissa was seldom brought into her mother's presence, though Isabella followed Mrs. Burton in and out of the apartment at her pleasure; but as her

manner was always cold and haughty towards her afflicted parent, she never made any progress in her affection, the poor lady always seeming to consider her as a stranger, and continuing still to inquire month after month for the infants whose little endearments she remembered with such delight.

Thus another year was suffered to pass with this poor lady, her mind remaining much in the same disconsolate state; and during this period she had seldom been permitted to see Clarissa, whom she often inquired after, although she could never by any means be brought to identify her with the infant so long deplored.

Towards the end of this year, a new affliction reached this family in the sudden death of Mr. Danzy by a fever.

Though this gentleman's death was unexpected, he had not departed without a will, which was amply declaratory of his intentions towards those who depended on him. It was expressed as his request in this will, that his uncle, a single man and an old bachelor, should undertake the guardianship of his daughters, whom he left co-heiresses of his property, with this singular clause—that the family-mansion should belong to the one who married first. He left it also as his request, that his daughters should be sent to the best boarding-school in London, or to a convent in France, for their education, and be kept there till the eldest was of age; at which time they were to be brought home, and become joint possessors of the mansion until the marriage of one of them should take place. He also appointed Mrs. Burton to the charge of his wife until his eldest daughter came of age, and as much longer as might be agreeable to his children; making a suitable provision for the maintenance of his wife. To Mrs. Neale and her husband he also bequeathed a handsome legacy, and gave permission to his uncle to reside in the mansion-house till his daughters were of age; stipulating, however, that his wife's apartments should never be invaded. In short, he made every arrangement which prudence and affection could suggest for the benefit of his family; summing up his will in manner which proved that he had the feelings of a Christian, though perhaps not of one highly enlightened. It was, however, much to be lamented, that he wanted that insight into character which would have pre-

vented his intrusting such persons as Mrs. Burton and her sister with the charge of his poor unfortunate wife.

As I am obliged to enter with considerable minuteness into some parts of this history, I shall endeavour to pass over the less interesting particulars of it with the more haste.

The above mentioned articles of Mr. Danzy's will, which did not require any length of time for their performance, were put in execution immediately after his death. Mr. Barnet, the uncle before spoken of, was immediately sent for on Mr. Danzy's removal. This gentleman, without loss of time, proceeded to the execution of his nephew's will, and, as soon as the father's remains were deposited in the family vault, set out with his two great-nieces to London, where, not meeting with a school to his taste, he carried them over to France, and established them in a convent at Amiens. On his return to England, he dismissed the greater part of the servants, and fixed himself in one corner of the family mansion, while the poor lady and her harsh attendants occupied the other.

Things being thus established, years rolled on, with little change of scene at the mansion, and no variation of ideas to the poor afflicted lady, who still spoke of her infant children, and could never be made to understand that her affectionate husband was dead. And through this long interval, she was seen daily arranging the pillow and satin quilt for her baby, and preparing the chair to receive the visits of her husband; sometimes talking to her linnet when left alone, which was frequently for many hours in the day; and sometimes playing on her guitar, of which instrument she had been a perfect mistress in her happier days.

In the meantime, the young ladies in the convent acquired such accomplishments as were taught in those days; and, as they advanced in years, they improved so greatly in their appearance as to promise an extraordinary degree of beauty. especially the younger, who had a sweetness of countenance and manner which made her singularly attractive.

There was in the convent a widow lady, an English woman, residing as a pensioner, of high rank and considerable piety, who, though a Protestant, had made this convent her place of residence in order more fully to separate her-

self from the society of a large worldly acquaintance. It was the happiness of Isabella and Clarissa to win the regards of this lady; who took great pains to attract them to her, for the purpose of preserving them from those ignorant and superstitious notions which they were in danger of acquiring from constant intercourse with the other inhabitants of the house. From the society of this lady, Clarissa, whose mind, through the divine blessing on the early labours of her nurse, was prepared for the reception of good instruction, derived such advantage, that few young women of nineteen, which was the age she had attained when her uncle came to convey the sisters home, could in any degree be compared to her with respect to intellectual attainments. Her person also and manners were charming; while her entire freedom from selfishness could only be attributed to the influence of that free grace by which the nature of man is radically changed, and from which his feelings and affections take a new direction. But Isabella, I am sorry to say, had by no means reaped an equal advantage from the instructions of this excellent lady; the same impatience of control which she had evidenced in early life still continuing to direct her conduct, rendered her much less docile than her sister.

Clarissa's separation from this lady was affecting; but she received much comfort from a promise which she made of visiting her in England, and which promise was afterwards fulfilled, to the great joy of both parties, though not till after the lapse of some years.

After taking leave of this dear lady, Clarissa had no other feeling left on undertaking her journey home but an extreme impatience to come to the end of it, in order that she might once again salute her mother and her nurse; and this feeling prompted her to entertain her sister, whenever she was not restrained by her uncle's presence, with the plans she had formed for her mother's happiness.

"Why," said her sister to her, when she first opened the subject, "what can you do for our mother?"

"Do for her!" said Clarissa; "O, many many things: I will do every thing for her."

"Absurd!" replied Isabella: "you will not allow her a waiting-maid?"

"Just as she pleases in that respect," replied Clarissa.

But this I know, that Mrs. Burton shall be dismissed: she has been with her too long at least by nineteen years.

"And will you dismiss her without consulting me, Clarissa?" returned Isabella.

"I am sure you will not oppose her dismissal, if we discover that she has been unkind to our mother," said Clarissa.

"But you have as yet no proof of her unkindness," replied the other.

"No," said Clarissa, "I have not any absolute proof, to be sure: but I shall soon see how it is; for I shall watch every word and action."

"And if you do so with an intention to find fault, Clarissa," said Isabella, "these women must be more than human to escape your censure."

"All this may be true," replied Clarissa. "Notwithstanding which, I have such strong suspicions that my poor parent has been misused by them, that I shall never be easy till I have sifted this matter to the bottom."

"I think," replied Isabella, "that you should be equally afraid of being unjust to Mrs. Burton as to your mother."

"No," returned Clarissa, "I cannot see that, Isabella. Mrs. Burton is not wholly dependent on us, as our poor mother is. She can speak for herself; she can plead her own cause; she is prepared to fight her own battles: and if we put her away, she has other resources. But our poor helpless parent—O, Isabella! Isabella! my future life, with the divine help, shall be devoted to her; and I never will enter into any engagement by which I may be prevented from doing my duty to her, as an affectionate daughter."

"Your professions, Clarissa," replied Isabella, "remind me of those of the two elder daughters of King Lear; and I shall not be surprised if they are no better fulfilled."

Clarissa made no further reply; but she inwardly prayed, that her present resolutions of watching over and comforting her mother, as long as she needed such care and consolation, might be strengthened and confirmed from on high.

It was about noon on the third day of their leaving town, that the two young ladies and their guardian arrived at the family mansion; for travellers did not in those days fly over the country with the velocity they now do. They found

every thing at the old mansion nearly in the same state as they had left them; for Mr. Barnet had been a faithful steward to them with respect to all their worldly concerns. On the great flight of steps which led up to the hall-door, stood Mrs. Burton, and several more of the old servants, prepared to offer the young ladies the most respectful reception. While Isabella was addressing these, Clarissa looked eagerly round for her nurse; and not seeing her, she was running forwards to her mother's room, when Mrs. Burton, perceiving her intentions, stepped forward, and, in a fawning manner, besought her not to think of going to her mother at that time,—“For this,” said she, “is the hour when our dear lady is accustomed to take her repose; after which, when she rises to receive her dinner, I will endeavour to prepare her for your appearance, ladies.” “But,” added she, looking at Miss Isabella, “if we were to break suddenly upon her, it is not possible to foresee what might be the consequence: for no one knows,” proceeded Mrs. Burton, lifting up her eyes and drawing up her lips, as if under the influence of acute feelings, “no one can have an idea what that poor lady has suffered, and still suffers, from her dreadful disorder.”

“That she has suffered and still suffers severely I doubt not,” replied Clarissa, casting a glance at her sister, which Isabella well understood; “and this very assurance,” continued she, “will make me the more determined to devote myself, in every possible way, to the alleviation of her sufferings.”

“Alas, Miss!” said Mrs. Burton, “you will find the task a heavier one than you now imagine.”

“If it is a heavy task, Mrs. Burton,” rejoined Clarissa, “who is so fit for it as a daughter?”

“Surely, Miss,” said Mrs. Burton, “nothing is more true than what you have said: one thing only I have to remark—that I hope you young ladies will take care how you begin this work of kindness; since it is not easy for me to give you an idea how my poor lady suffers whenever she is put out of her way, or in any degree hurried and confused in her poor mind.”

“Nothing can be more rational than what you say,” returned Isabella; “and I am sure that I can answer both for my sister and myself, that we shall not attempt to in-

terfere with your very judicious and kind management of our poor mother."

Clarissa heard this speech of her sister's, but made no observation upon it, being resolved to judge for herself of the situation of her mother, and to act according to that judgment.

The young ladies were at this moment called by their guardian to dinner; during which repast Clarissa, hearing her uncle say that he must now inquire after a suitable habitation for himself, having for some years past resided in the mansion-house according to Mr. Danzy's will, thought it right to propose that he should still occupy his favourite little study and bed-chamber at the further end of the house, and attend the family meals when it suited him so to do.

This was the very thing which the old gentleman wished; but it was a proposal not altogether so pleasing to Isabella, who, however, felt that she could not make any reasonable objection: though she remarked, half in good humour and half otherwise, that although her uncle was at liberty, if he chose, to occupy the little study, and continue his office of accomptant and steward in the family, yet, as she was now of age, he must recollect that his office and authority of guardian was at an end, at least with respect to herself.

"But," remarked Clarissa, "his office is not yet at an end with respect to me, sister; neither do I intend it ever shall be," added she: "for I shall always wish to obey the reasonable commands of my father's uncle, and shall always think it a privilege to have such a friend to consult."

Though the old gentleman was a cold matter of fact man, he could not withstand this proof of the sweetness and tractability of his younger niece's temper; and the tears actually stood in his eyes while he reached his hand across the corner of the table to hers, saying, "Clarissa, you are a good girl; and you will be blessed in your children, if ever you have any."

"Dear uncle," replied Clarissa, "I have not so many old friends, or relations, who are capable of supplying to me the want of a father, that I should be in haste to throw any of them away."

As soon as dinner was over, it still being only a few

hours after noon, Clarissa, finding that her uncle and sister had entered into some discussions which she thought of little importance, made her escape out of the dining-parlour, and, passing hastily through the great hall, she called a female servant to her, whom she saw at the foot of the stairs, to inquire after her dear nurse, who she understood still lived in the neighbourhood; and having despatched this servant in all haste to fetch her, (for she had been made to understand that Mrs. Neale had never been permitted to come to the mansion-house since her dismissal,) she proceeded up the staircase to her mother's apartment. Her heart beat violently as she put her hand upon the bolt; but the door was locked, and though she made several attempts to open it, yet could she not succeed. She then knocked; but as there was a large antechamber between her mother's sitting-room and the place where she then stood, it was doubtful whether the sound could be heard so far. Having waited a few minutes, and no voice being heard from within, she went down stairs again, and, crossing the hall, entered a long passage flagged with blue and white stone, which led into the garden. She stopped at a door which opened from this passage into the house-keeper's room. The door of this room stood ajar, and, as she passed, she distinctly heard the voice of Mrs. Burton, who was making tea for a party of female servants and footmen. Clarissa was glad to be assured that Mrs. Burton was thus employed, and consequently out of her way; so passing on, she came unobserved to the garden. Then hastening through several well-remembered walks and alleys, she came up at length to the iron rails which encircled the little plot of ground particularly called her mother's garden. There stopping a moment, with a feeling which cannot be described, she looked up to her poor parent's windows, which were open: no one appeared near them. She immediately began, with hasty step, to traverse the railing, till she came to the iron gate, by which there was an entrance from the outer into the inner garden. She was afraid of finding this gate locked; and locked indeed it was, in order to prevent the poor prisoner from getting out had she desired it; but the key was in the lock, on the outside, as this passage to the poor lady's apartment was often used in the summer time by her attendants as the

most direct way from the housekeeper's room. Clarissa turned the key with a hand trembling with impatience; and having thus gained admittance into the garden, she moved hastily forwards, till, running up the steps, she found herself, in a few minutes, in the balcony, before the windows of her mother's room. There she stopped for a short space, her figure being concealed from any one within the apartment by the stone pillar between the two windows, or rather glass doors, which opened into the balcony not only to recover her agitation, but to consider how she might best present herself before her afflicted parent. While in this situation, she thought she heard the soft but low tones of a guitar; and, immediately afterwards, a sweet but plaintive voice reached her ear, singing an old Scotch air, which she remembered to have heard before, but knew not where. While listening to these sounds, she recollected that her poor mother used formerly to play on her guitar, and that she had sometimes seen her from the projecting window of her nursery, sitting in the balcony with that instrument in her hand. "And do you still play, sweet lady?" said Clarissa to herself. "And have you sung and played on your guitar these many many years? and has no one been softened to love and pity by your sweet plaintive voice and innocent skill?"

Clarissa stood in the balcony, out of sight, till the poor lady had finished her song: then stepping softly forwards, she passed through the glass door, and entered the room, resolving, as much as possible, to command her feelings so as not to agitate her beloved parent. The poor lady was just laying her guitar on the table when Clarissa appeared. She was much faded and aged since her daughter had seen her; and though she had been dressed with more than common care that evening, yet there was a certain indescribable forlornness about her which produced a painful degree of depression in the mind of Clarissa, the external expression of which she had much difficulty in suppressing.

At sight of the lovely young woman who was entering her apartment by the balcony, the poor lady started and flushed high, looking round her with a frightened air: but being somewhat reassured by the gracious and sweet manner of Clarissa, who came smiling forward, making her

compliments as to an entire stranger, and requesting permission to be allowed to rest a few minutes in her apartment, she shortly recovered herself, and, with that politeness and perfect gentility of manner which had never forsaken her through her long malady, she drew a chair to Clarissa, near the one which she had herself occupied, assured her that she was welcome, and asked her if she had been taking a long walk.

"I am come a great way to-day," replied Clarissa, affecting ease of manner, although her heart seemed to beat against her throat so as to make it difficult for her to speak articulately; "and I am now tired, and want rest."

The poor lady looked earnestly at her daughter while she spoke, and with such a look of tenderness as a mother's feelings only seemed capable of producing. Then laying her hand on her arm, she said, "You do not live near this place, my dear: have I ever seen you before?"

Clarissa replied, "Do you recollect me, Madam? Is my face at all known to you?"

The afflicted lady held her hand to her forehead, as if in much perplexity. "I do not know," she said; "yet I think the face is familiar to me. It is, however, a sweet face, a very sweet face. And where do you come from, my love?"

"I am come to live very near you, Madam," said Clarissa, "and mean to visit you every day."

"Every day!" said Mrs. Danzy, "how will you get in? If they see you, they will not let you come in." This she added in a whisper; and, rising, she went up close to Clarissa, and said, looking timidly to the door, "They do not like me to be seen; and if they know you mean to visit me every day, you will be prevented. But perhaps," she added, "you know the time when I am left alone, and then you can come. Take care however not to be seen when you do come."

"Are you often left alone?" said Clarissa.

"Yes," replied the poor lady, "yes, I am often alone. But do not mention that, my dear; they will be angry if they know I have told you. And do you say that you will come," added she, looking in Clarissa's face, "do you say that you will come often to see me? That is very kind. It would be a great pleasure to me to see you. I would set

a chair for you every day, if I thought you would come. But perhaps you will come once, and never come again."

The look which the poor lady gave her daughter at the moment she spoke these last words affected Clarissa so violently, that, being unable to control her feelings any longer, she threw her arms round her mother, and, dropping her head on her bosom, burst into an agony of tears, sobbing quite aloud.

Mrs. Danzy was much touched by these tears and this emotion, though she did not seem to have any idea of their cause, or the least suspicion that the lovely young person who now clasped her in her arms, was the beloved child whose absence she had so long mourned. Notwithstanding which, being strongly drawn towards her daughter, she returned her embrace with the utmost tenderness; and, as Clarissa's face rested on her bosom, she wiped away her fast flowing tears with her handkerchief, while her own fell as fast and mingled with them. "And why, my dear young lady, why do you weep?" she said. "What can I do for you? I wish I had any comfort to give you. But I am a poor comfortless creature myself: that, however, does not matter; I am old and of no consequence; but you are young and blooming, and your aspect peculiarly prepossessing. I cannot bear to see your tears: I pray you be comforted."

In this manner she went on addressing her daughter, and wiping away her tears, which still continued to flow.

After a few minutes, Clarissa being somewhat recovered, she attempted to account for her tears by saying that she had been engaged in a long journey, and was fatigued by it. "But I am much recovered now," she added; "the tears I have shed have relieved me: and now, my dear Madam, I am at liberty to converse with you. I am come to live in your neighbourhood, and I hope to visit you daily, and spend many hours with you. If you will permit me, I will bring my work and sit with you, and will read to you if you approve it. Indeed it will be the greatest pleasure of my life to attend you."

"My dear young lady," returned Mrs. Danzy, "who has put it into your heart to pity such a poor creature as I am—one whom all the world has long forgotten? My dear husband has not been at home now for many days;

and though I am in constant expectation of him, he never comes. Nor do I ever see my children now: they either come home so late, or go out so early, that I never obtain a sight of them. And this makes my time hang very heavily on my hands; for I am left alone hour after hour, and day after day; because you know it would not be very proper for me to go out."

"And why not proper?" said Clarissa, subduing her emotions with a violent effort.

"I do not know," returned the poor lady, meekly; "but they tell me so."

"They tell you so!" said Clarissa, rising with indignation, and then sitting down again, while every limb trembled with passion. Then, checking herself, or rather diverting her feelings into another channel, she threw herself again upon her mother's bosom and sobbed violently.

"My dear young lady! my sweet young lady!" said Mrs. Danzy, again wiping away her tears with her handkerchief, "do be comforted; I pray you be comforted. What afflicts you, my love?"

"Do you call me your love?" said Clarissa, lifting up her fine eyes to her mother, who had risen, the better to support her daughter's drooping head. "Your voice is that of a tender parent to a beloved child. Tell me, beloved lady, shall I be your child? your daughter? your friend? your nurse? your constant companion?"

Mrs. Danzy looked earnestly at her child, and then, in a low whispering voice, said, "They will not let you stay with me: when they come, they will take you away."

"No," said Clarissa, "if you wish me to stay with you, I will never leave you. Only speak the word."

"I dare not,—I dare not," replied the poor lady, whose quick ear caught at that moment the sound of a step on the stairs. "They will come; they will take you away; and then I shall be made to suffer. Yes," she added, shuddering with terror, "yes, I shall be made to suffer—you do not know what—but I do! I do!"

The sound of the lock of the antechamber door was now heard: on which the poor creature actually shrieked with terror, and was so earnest for Clarissa to run out into the

balcony and conceal herself from those that were coming, that the young lady, fearing some dreadful scene would take place if she did not give way, thought it best to yield to the request; and before the persons who were approaching had reached the inner door, she had made good her escape, and was standing in the balcony, behind the centre wall or pillar which divided the glass doors, when Mrs. Burton and her sister entered the apartment.

In this situation she was compelled to hear a short conversation between her poor mother and her attendants, which confirmed all her suspicions, and gave her courage to proceed with firmness in her determination of rescuing her out of their hands.

"Lock the doors behind us," said Mrs. Burton to her sister, as she entered the inner room. "And now, Madam," added she, addressing the poor lady, "give me some account of the shriek I heard but now. Are you thus to disturb the house with these uproars? Compose yourself immediately, and let me see you in a proper state to receive two ladies, whom I shall presently introduce to you. But you have been in tears, and your pocket-handkerchief, I perceive is wet with them. What does this mean?" continued the wicked woman. "Sister Di, she must be left alone no more; she will be liable to see company now, and you or I must always be within hearing."

"I have said nothing since you have been away," said poor Mrs. Danzy, in a trembling voice.

"You have said nothing?" proceeded Mrs. Burton, in an inquiring tone: "what do you mean by that?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied the poor lady. "For how should I speak, when I have no one to speak to?"

"But," remarked Mrs. Burton, "you will have some persons presently to speak to: and mind this—I shall be within hearing, whether you see me or not? and if you do not say what pleases me, you understand——"

"I do, I do," replied the poor lady. "But do not be angry with me now: I will please you in every thing."

Clarissa heard no more, for the poor lady was led into her inner apartment, in order perhaps that some alteration should be made in her dress; and Clarissa took this opportunity to make her escape from the place of her concealment to the other side of the house. She had scarcely

entered the paved passage before mentioned, which led out of the garden into the hall, before she met her dear nurse, who was come at the first notice, accompanied by her husband, to see her beloved child.

Clarissa was so violently agitated by the scene which she had lately witnessed in her mother's room, as to be totally overcome by the sight of her nurse; and, had not the good woman and her husband led her out into the fresh air of the garden, where they set her upon a seat and gave her some water to drink, she would certainly have fainted.

When a little recovered, she opened her whole heart to these her humble friends on her mother's case, inquiring of them what could be done, and whether they were willing to assist her in her endeavours to rescue her unhappy parent from her miserable thralldom.

The nurse and her husband, who had long suspected and lamented the misery of their poor mistress, entered with warmth into all their dear young lady's feelings; and being at that time in low circumstances, they received with delight a proposal she made them of returning to the places they had once occupied in the family, the one as Clarissa's footman, and the other as her attendant. And although poor Margaret declared herself unfit to dress a young lady in the present fashion, Clarissa would take no excuse, assuring her that she would be helped by no one if she could not have the assistance of her poor nurse.

Thus the same sense of filial piety which actuated this sweet young lady with respect to her mother, seemed to extend itself to all who had ever shown her tokens of affection and regard in her infancy, completely adopting that memorable maxim of the wise man—*Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.* (Prov. xxvii. 10.)

When this arrangement was made, the nurse having consented to enter into the service of her dear young lady that very night, and her husband as soon as he could dispose of his house and furniture, Clarissa went in search of her sister, to inform her of the agreement she had made with the nurse, and to ask her when she would choose to make her visit to her mother. She found Isabella still sitting with her uncle, making arrangements for her own and her sister's establishment and equipages. "Clarissa,"

said Isabella, "you have been shedding tears. Are they tears of joy or sorrow?"

"They are the effect of both," answered Clarissa. "But I wish to tell you that I have hired my dear nurse again to wait upon me, and her husband is to be my footman."

"Upon my word, Clarissa," said Miss Isabella, "your household will be capitally appointed."

"At least," said the other, "my household will be respectable and faithful, and I shall not live in constant dread of being wronged and deceived; especially," added she, smiling, "if my kind uncle will still condescend to keep his situation as manager of my purse."

The old gentleman took a pinch of snuff on the occasion: then smiling, and drawing himself up with a kind of satisfied air, "Cousin Clarissa," he said, "I do trust and hope that you will never have any reason to repent the confidence you place in me. I have executed your poor father's will according to the very letter of it; and I think and trust that every item of it has been properly attended to: so that your sister will find, when I deliver over to her the moiety of her property, that it has greatly grown and increased during her minority. But no more of this at present. I now have to thank you for your good opinion of me, as well as for the kindness you have shown me this day; and I beg leave, in return, to assure you, I shall make it my business, Miss Clarissa, to pray for your welfare, and that of all who belong to you."

Mr. Barnet was a mere matter of fact man, as I have before said. His words were few, his compliments and professions fewer; and therefore his acquaintance always knew how to appreciate his civil speeches, which might generally be received without deduction. Clarissa received her uncle's compliment with a gracious smile; and then turning to her sister, she remarked, that, as she conceived it to be her duty, so she should count it her greatest delight, to devote the greater part of her time to her dear parent. "For two years to come, Isabella," she said, "I shall have little business, being a minor; and as I do not wish to go out, or to see company, I mean to give up my time entirely to attendance on my mother."

Isabella reddened violently on hearing this declaration, and said, with suppressed emotion, "Your resolution is

good Clarissa, and the *world* will admire you : and if I do not do the same, it will probably blame me."

Clarissa might have answered, "If your God and your conscience do not condemn you, you may defy the censures of the world." But she thought it best at this moment to be silent ; so, rising up, she said, "Come, sister, let us now go and see our dear parent. Nurse is in the hall, waiting to accompany us. She will perhaps assist our mother in bringing us to her recollection."

"Nurse !" repeated Isabella. "Upon my word, Clarissa, you make yourself very ridiculous ; a young woman at your age crying after her mamma and her nurse as you do ! I suppose nurse is to follow you now, as she did ten years ago, all over the house, and to be present at all our conversations. By and by, I shall expect to see her come in and feed you at dinner."

"Sister," replied Clarissa, good-humouredly, "I love to see you laugh, be the subject what it may ; and, from henceforward, I give you full liberty to laugh at me and my nurse : only, let me entreat you to indulge me in having my own way with our poor mother."

"I suppose you will have it, sister," said Isabella, "whether I allow it or not."

"Come, come, young ladies," said the old gentleman, "let us have no more of this : let each of you please herself, and follow her own fancy. Why should you interfere with each other ?"

"Uncle," replied Isabella, "you do not see through Clarissa ; you are not aware what she is about, though to me it is as clear as the noon-day. She wants to get my good Burton and her sister out of my mother's room, and to establish her dear nurse in their place."

"And why so ? why so, Miss Clarissa ?" asked the uncle. "Was not Mrs. Burton the person appointed by your poor father to take care of his afflicted lady ? And I always understood that it was by the desire of the whole family that Mrs. Burton retained her office."

"But if she does not make my mother happy, uncle," said Clarissa, "ought we not remove her ?"

"To be sure, to be sure, cousin ; there can be no doubt of that," returned the old gentleman. "But what reason have you to think the poor lady is ill used ?"

"What reason, indeed!" said Isabella: "it is a mere fancy of my sister's; and if she listens to old nurse's tales, there will be no end of her fancies of this kind."

"My ideas on this subject," answered Clarissa, "are neither taken from my nurse, nor from any other person, but from my own observations."

"And you have had much time and opportunity, assuredly, to make these observations," said Isabella.

"More opportunity than time," answered Clarissa.

Isabella gave Clarissa a searching look; and Mr. Barnet said, "My dear cousin, I wish to make one observation, which I recommend to your attention.—Persons who are afflicted in the manner your dear mother is, must be placed under some control: and it is certain, that the afflicted person will always fear and dislike the individual who is appointed to exercise that control. On this account prejudices should not be lightly taken up against such persons as are placed in situations of authority over the afflicted in mind."

"Very true, very true," answered Isabella. "But though my sister displays such extraordinary feeling for her mother, she cannot even exercise common justice towards other people. And hence she is resolutely bent upon condemning poor Burton and her sister unheard, and means to hunt these respectable old servants out of the house in order to advance her fond old nurse to the confidential station they occupy."

"Dear sister," said Clarissa, "have I ever made a proposal of the kind? All I ask is, that I may be allowed to sleep in my mother's apartment, and assist Mrs. Burton in the care of her."

"Allowed!" said Isabella; "very humble indeed! Apply to your guardian for permission, not to me."

"I am sure," returned Clarissa, "my good uncle will never use any means to prevent my paying proper attention to my poor mother."

"Assuredly not, cousin, assuredly not," said the old gentleman,

This conversation, which I have delivered at considerable length, was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Burton, who coming in smiling and courtseying, said, "Now if you please, Miss Danzy and Miss Clarissa, the poor lady

above stairs is ready to receive you. But," added she, lowering her voice, and looking important, "you must be so kind as to speak low, lest you should ruffle the dear lady; for her nerves are so exceeding delicate, that she cannot bear the smallest discomposure. I did but the other day slip my foot upon the bright floor in the ante-chamber; and do you know, ladies, that, from her fright and anxiety about me, lest I should be hurt, she could not sleep all night."

The word "hypocrite" and "artful woman" were upon Clarissa's tongue; but she restrained herself, and followed Mrs. Burton, who led the way ostentatiously towards her lady's room. The nurse was waiting in the hall, by Clarissa's desire. Isabella passed without noticing her courtesy, but Clarissa requested her to follow.

They now all ascended the stairs in silence to the door of the ante-chamber; which, while Mrs. Burton unlocked, Clarissa remarked, that she could not see occasion, as her poor mother was always attended by one person at least, why she should be locked up. "It does not look well for us, Mrs. Burton," she said, "or creditable, to make a lady a prisoner in her own house."

"It was the doctor's order, Miss," replied Mrs. Burton, drily.

The party now entered the inner room, the door of which was open, and were ushered into the presence of the lady; who appeared sitting gravely and sedately in an arm-chair, behind which stood Mrs. Diana.

When the ladies were introduced, she hardly lifted up her eyes, and scarcely spoke; though she started and flushed faintly on observing that one of the strangers was the same from whom she had lately received a visit of so extraordinary a nature. Isabella looked at her sister with an expression of countenance, as much as to say, "You see what a state she is in: what can be done with such a person?"

Clarissa, however, did not return the glance; but, addressing her nurse, said to her, in a low voice, "Speak to her: see if she will recognize you."

The nurse, being encouraged by Clarissa, stepped forward, and, courtseying, said, "My dear lady, I am come to inquire after you: it is long since I have seen you. Do you enjoy good health?"

The poor lady looked at her for a moment, and then addressed her by her name with considerable kindness: but almost instantly checking herself, she said, "You must ask Mrs. Burton about my health; and then relapsing into a stiff, cold, formal silence, nothing further than a few monosyllables could be got from her.

The two youngladies, having sat for a few minutes looking on their afflicted parent, Isabella arose, and stepping into the balcony, beckoned her sister. "You see the state she is in, Clarissa," she said: "we can do nothing for her. She does not know us. She seems to enjoy every comfort of which she is capable. Let things rest as they are I pray you. You will only expose your mother, and make yourself ridiculous by your over officiousness in this matter."

"Sister," replied Clarissa, calmly, "I will make no change, no confusion. I will only order my bed into my mother's room, and my toilet, &c. into the ante-chamber, that I may be near enough to assist Mrs. Burton in her charge."

"Mrs. Burton will not like this, Clarissa."

"Why not?" said Clarissa. "I shall not interfere with her; I shall only endeavour to assist her."

"You will overthrow her authority."

"Never, when it is properly exercised."

"She will never bear it, sister."

"I am sorry for it, Isabella," replied Clarissa; "because I am resolved, and no earthly power shall move me from my purpose. I am now established in my mother's room, from which I have been too long banished, and here will I take up my residence."

"Amazing obstinacy!" said Isabella. "Mrs. Burton will certainly leave our mother, if you provoke her."

"Then let her go," returned Clarissa. "You may still retain her, if you have a regard for her, as your own maid or housekeeper. I shall never object to any thing you can do for her in that way."

"But do you not know," added Isabella, in an under tone, "that, by our father's will, we are under obligation to pay Mrs. Burton one hundred pounds, and her sister fifty, on the day they leave my mother's especial service?"

"One hundred and fifty pounds!" replied Clarissa; "I

did not recollect the circumstance, though I must have heard it before. But I am glad I know it now; and if there is the smallest difficulty on that account, I will undertake to pay the money from my own pocket."

"You are a minor, Clarissa; you cannot pay that sum."

"But I will give any security."

"You cannot give any security unknown to my uncle."

Clarissa replied, that she had a pearl necklace with a diamond locket in her possession, which was left to her by her godmother, and which she would very gladly lay down as a pledge for the hundred and fifty pounds, provided her sister would pay the money.

Isabella had long felt a desire for this splendid necklace, which she well knew to be of greater value than the sum in question, and she accordingly expressed herself satisfied; adding, however, that she should be better pleased if poor Mrs. Burton was not disturbed.

The young ladies now returned into Mrs. Danzy's room, when Clarissa informed Mrs. Burton of her intention to assist her in attending upon her mother. At the same time, she gave directions to her nurse to go immediately and give orders for a couch-bed being introduced into her mother's apartment, and to see her trunks, boxes, toilet, &c. properly arranged in the antechamber.

While Clarissa was giving these orders, which she did in a clear and decided manner, Mrs. Burton and her sister stood with eyes and hands uplifted; the former, however, scarcely gave Clarissa time to finish her orders, before she burst into such a storm of rage and violence, notwithstanding all her affected concern for the nerves of her poor lady, that every one in the room stood silent with amazement. At length having in some degree spent her indignation, she gave way to a flood of passionate tears; when, turning to Clarissa, she said, "Am I come to this, after such long and such faithful services, to be watched and suspected in this way? But I know, Miss, I very well know, that I never had your good opinion."

"It is no proof," replied Clarissa, "that you have not my good opinion, Mrs. Burton, that I desire to devote myself to the service of an afflicted parent, and that I am willing to assist you and your sister in the work of administering comfort and amusement to her."

Mrs. Burton was about to reply, when the attention of the whole party was drawn to Mrs. Danzy, who appeared to be falling from her chair in a fainting-fit.

Clarissa sprang towards her, and supporting her on her bosom held a smelling-bottle, which she happened to have in her pocket, to the nose of her poor mother, while she repeatedly pressed her vermilion lips against her poor pale forehead.

While thus employed, and her mind fully engaged with the dear sufferer whom she held in her arms, she was suddenly surprised to find herself quite alone; Miss Isabella, Mrs. Burton, and Mrs. Diana, having thought it best to withdraw for the purpose of settling their own plans.

It was some time before the poor lady began to revive. She lay for several minutes motionless: at length, opening her eyes and drawing a deep sigh, she looked up at the sweet face of her daughter; after which, raising her head from her bosom, and looking eagerly around, she said, in a low voice, "Are they all gone?"

"Yes," replied Clarissa, "dear lady, they are all gone, and have left you with me."

"Do not speak loud," said the poor lady; they hear all you say, even when you whisper."

"Then we will say nothing to make them angry," replied Clarissa.

"But they will be angry; they are angry," returned Mrs. Danzy. "They will tell me so when you are gone."

"But I am not going," said Clarissa: "I shall sleep in your room to-night, and you shall tell me where I shall place my bed."

"Who are you?" asked Mrs. Danzy. "I like you very much: but I cannot think who you are."

"I am your daughter," said Clarissa.

"My daughter!" replied the poor lady, sighing: "no my daughters are still children, and it is a long time since I have seen them."

"Perhaps they are much grown then," said Clarissa: "perhaps they are women now."

"No," replied the afflicted lady, "they are little children. My Clarissa is an infant, a very sweet infant: she was taken from me to be nursed, and she will be brought

back again very soon. I have prepared her cradle-bed and her pillow, and she will be brought again by and by.

At this strong and most affecting proof of her mother's derangement, Clarissa could not repress her feelings, but burst into a violent flood of tears.

"Why do you weep?" said Mrs. Danzy, tenderly. "Sweet young lady, do not weep." And she took her handkerchief out, as she had once before done, to wipe away her tears. "And do you say that you will come and sleep in my room?" said she. "But I think they will not allow it," she added, in a lower tone; "I am sure they will not allow it."

"We will see that by and by," said Clarissa. "But do not be afraid; I shall not leave you with them."

While Clarissa uttered these last words, the nurse and other servants were heard in the antechamber bringing in the young lady's trunks, and arranging a toilet for her, which they encircled with a folding-screen.

The poor lady, on hearing the noise they made, stepped to the door with considerable glee; and, having looked on a minute, turned with alacrity to Clarissa, saying, "I do think it is true, and that you are really coming to live with me." And then, with a kind of childlike curiosity, she asked what her young visitor had got in her trunks, and whether she might be permitted to see their contents.

"You shall see me open my trunks to-morrow," replied Clarissa, "and I will show you many beautiful things. But now they are bringing in my couch-bed, I will beg you to point out where it is to be placed."

There are some people who never consider what they shall do till it is time to act; on which account, when the time for action arrives, they are all irresolution and indecision. But this was not the case with Clarissa respecting her mother. She had consulted her friend in the convent on this most interesting subject, and had, in consequence of her advice, wholly made up her mind on the course she ought to pursue: so that, although she appeared to be acting with precipitation, every step she took was the product of mature deliberation. And though her views of religion were at that time not altogether clear, yet she had not failed to seek the guidance of her heavenly Father, with a sincere desire to conform herself in all

things to his holy will. And thus the Almighty was pleased to lead her on by a way which as yet she understood not.

It was nearly two hours from the time Isabella and the two Mrs. Burtons had left the room, before Isabella returned, followed by the elder Mrs. Burton. During this interval, Clarissa, with the assistance of the nurse, her husband, and other servants who secretly favoured her cause, had made good her establishment in her mother's room; while the poor lady, whose hopes revived on beholding the preparations made for the residence of her young companion in her apartment, was standing in the inner room, giving the nurse some directions about the bed, and saying that she hoped it was properly aired.

Clarissa, who was also in the inner room, contemplating the infant's bed with satin quilt, which stood as aforetime in the corner, no sooner heard her sister's voice than she hastened to meet her, and found, with pleasure, that Mrs. Burton was willing to relinquish her present office, and to assume that of housekeeper, provided the promised hundred pounds were secured to herself, and the fifty to her sister.

Clarissa gave her on this occasion all the satisfaction she could wish; at the same time saying, "Understand, Mrs. Burton, that it is your own act and deed to give up this office, and no proposal of mine; since all I wished was to share with you the charge of waiting upon my afflicted mother.

It was now apparent that a wish was felt by all parties to have the matter entirely hushed up. Mrs. Burton begged pardon for having spoken warmly; hoped Miss Clarissa would think no more of it, and expressed a hope that she should perform her duty as housekeeper so as to give satisfaction. After which she began to busy herself by ostentatiously giving directions to the nurse respecting her management of Mrs. Danzy: particularly requesting her not, on any account, to hurry and alarm the poor lady, or suffer her to talk much, with other such intimations as tended to convey the idea of her own extraordinary tenderness and affection. Mrs. Diana also played her part very well: so, when the two sisters had delivered up their keys they departed, leaving Clarissa and her nurse equally

amazed at the ease and speed with which so entire a revolution had been produced in the economy of Mrs. Danzy's apartments.

"And now," said Clarissa, when the door was shut after them, "we will think no more, nor speak any more, of these people; but, instead of embittering our minds against them, we will devote our time to the more important purpose of rendering my dear parent as happy as circumstances will allow. And, first, nurse, you shall call your husband, who is now to act as our footman, to bring us our tea, for the evening is far spent; and I will take out my work, and sit down as quietly as if I were perfectly at ease.

Clarissa having thus given her directions, took her work-bag in her hand, and going into the inner apartment, where her afflicted mother stood trembling from head to foot, having just heard Mrs. Burton's voice, she took her hand, and said, "And now, my dear lady, I have got my bed settled, and all my boxes and toilet arranged, we will have our tea, if you please."

"But will Mrs. Burton allow you to drink tea with me, my dear?" said the poor lady, in a low voice.

"Yes," said Clarissa: "for as she is now to occupy the place of housekeeper, she must live in the housekeeper's room; and I am to have the care of you. See," continued she, "I have got all the keys: and I shall lock the door, and open it, when I please; and from this time no one will come in or go out without my permission."

Mrs. Danzy smiled, and said, "Who are you, my dear? You are very kind to me, and very pleasant, too."

"My name is Clarissa," answered the young lady; "and if you will not be my mother, I will have no other. May I call you mother?"

The old lady kissed the hand which her daughter held to her, a condescension which Clarissa could not well bear: nevertheless, being fearful of exciting the invalid too much, she took no notice of this action, but led her into the outer room; where was placed a small settee, near a table on which John Neale was arranging the tea-cups.

Clarissa placed her mother on the settee, and began, in a quiet way, to take out her work. The old lady smiled, and, her sight being weak, she took out her glass to observe what kind of work her new companion was engaged in.

She likewise noticed John, and asked him how he did, after which, turning to the nurse, she said, "And is nurse to wait upon us? What will become of the infant, if nurse is always here?"

"What infant?" said Clarissa.

"Why, my dear little one," replied the lady. "Nurse, what have you done with my darling?"

"Poor dear lady!" replied the nurse, "you cut me to the heart."

"Your dear child is well, perfectly well," said Clarissa, determining to be calm, "and never so happy as at this moment."

The poor lady seemed satisfied; and taking up one of the tea-cups, the pattern of which she remembered, "These cups," she said, "were given me before I was married; they were a present from my mother." And having once entered upon this subject, and finding that no one checked her, she gave a full, true, and accurate history of the set of china and tea-board which stood before her; in the course of which, she introduced several little family anecdotes peculiarly interesting and affecting to Clarissa.

This story, with its sundry parentheses, lasted till the old lady's attention became wholly fixed upon a handkerchief which Clarissa was embroidering with French silk. She took up one end of it, admired it greatly, and then looked at her daughter with a very sweet smile, repeating what she had several times before said, "Who are you, my love? How beautiful your work is! and how happy your company makes me!"

When the tea-kettle was brought in, Clarissa insisted that the nurse should make tea; after which, the poor lady, who had long been used to take her comfortless meals alone, declared that she had never enjoyed herself more than on that evening.

As I have been obliged to make this story very long, I will not enter into every particular, which otherwise might be interesting, concerning Clarissa's management of her afflicted mother. She remained with her all the evening, leading her to talk upon such subjects as appeared to have no agitating effect upon her mind, till bed-time arrived, which was with her a very early hour. The nurse then assisted her to bed, and watched by her till she fell asleep.

In the morning, Clarissa was ready to assist her mother as soon as she awoke; and, as she always breakfasted in bed, this affectionate daughter was prepared to make her tea by her bed-side; during which meal, the poor lady being delighted to have such company, and much amused with the little bustle of tea-making, began, in the joy of her heart, to tell old stories, among which she forgot not to give the history of the old-fashioned tea-table on which the tea-equipage was arranged.

Immediately after breakfast, Clarissa brought her Bible, and read several chapters to her poor mother, and this was succeeded by a suitable prayer; after which nurse was called in to dress her. These necessary preparations being completed, she led her mother into the anteroom, that she might be present at the unpacking of her box; on which occasion, after amusing her with a sight of the rich silks she had brought from France, she presented her with many beautiful trinkets in ivory and needlework which had been made in the convent.

These the poor old lady received with all the simplicity of a child, and employed herself the greater part of the afternoon in arranging them in her cabinet, while her daughter sat working by her side.

The pleasure of seeing her poor mother so composed and happy, and so easily amused, afforded Clarissa so much delight, that she entirely forgot how the time passed, and was quite surprised when called to dinner. But she excused herself from attending the family at that time, and sat down to take this meal with her mother.

When Mrs. Danzy saw John come in to lay the cloth, and observed a cover laid for Clarissa, she said, with emotion, "Surely, my sweet young lady, you do not mean to dine with me?"

Clarissa replied, "I am come to be your daughter; and where should a daughter dine but with her mother?"

After dinner, Clarissa and her nurse tempted the poor lady into the garden; and, as it was a fine evening, they caused her to sit down on a garden-seat, while Clarissa entertained her with some little stories of things she had heard in France: and she found, that the plainer and simpler the tale, the better her mother was pleased by it.

On their return into the poor lady's parlour, they found

the tea-things set out upon the table, where every thing was tastefully and neatly arranged for their evening meal. Poor Mrs. Danzy was struck with the altered appearance of every thing about her, and turning to her daughter, she said, "What, am I to have another such happy evening as I had yesterday?"

"Yes," said Clarissa, "I hope so, and many many more."

The poor lady was affected, and burst into tears.

Her daughter wiped away her tears, and took this occasion to lead her thoughts towards God; pointing out his goodness to his creatures, not only in all lesser points, but more especially in that wonderful proof of his love, the sending his son to die for lost mankind.

The poor lady seemed to agree in all that was said; but Clarissa could not exactly tell how far she comprehended it.

After a few days, Clarissa found her poor parent so thoroughly calm and comfortable, and so contented in the society of the nurse, that she found it possible to leave her for a few hours during the twenty-four, with perfect comfort to all parties. But she seldom prolonged her absence more than an hour at a time, and was sure, on her return, to be welcomed with a degree of joy which gave her inexpressible satisfaction.

All this while, Isabella was very fully engaged in new modelling her family; and as her fortune was ample, having been greatly improved during her minority by her uncle's excellent management, she resolved to assume a magnificent style of living, and to exhibit an equipage more than ordinarily splendid.

Having made her appearance in form at church, her house was speedily crowded with visitors. She gave handsome entertainments, and received many invitations in return. Thus she presently became involved in one continued round of company and engagements. Clarissa, in the mean time, was scarcely known by her sister's visitors, and was represented by many as a young person of very retired and singular habits. However, as her uncle said, she saved her money and preserved her bloom by keeping quietly at home, while her sister made a useless expenditure of both.

In this manner the autumn and winter passed away, Mrs. Danzy enjoying herself so much all the while under the gentle dominion of Clarissa and her nurse, that she looked comparatively fresh and well. Her daughter also took care to supply her with handsome dresses befitting her situation, and prevailed upon her to spend a considerable portion of her time in the open air.

As spring came on, Clarissa procured a garden-chair for her mother, in which, after many persuasions, she allowed herself to be wheeled about the garden and into the paddock, while her daughter walked by her side; and, after a little use, it was wonderful how much the poor old lady enjoyed these little excursions. There were indeed, times, when, through the force of her mental affliction, she required some small degree of control: but whenever this became necessary, it was so sweetly managed by the affectionate daughter, that a stander-by could hardly perceive it.

Now, after the lapse of many months, there came into the neighbourhood a certain young gentleman, the heir of a very large fortune, and a man of the first fashion in those days.

This young man was solicitous to procure a rich wife; and having heard the fame of the beautiful co-heiresses Isabella and Clarissa, he felt a strong inclination to obtain the hand of one of them. For this purpose, he took handsome lodgings in the village, and formed an acquaintance with some of the principal families in the neighbourhood. It was at a grand ball given in the vicinity, where this gentleman, whom we shall call Egerton Beauchamp, first saw Isabella. Understanding who she was, he got himself introduced to her, and danced with her all the evening.

He was a remarkably handsome man, and very fashionable in his dress and manners. It was no wonder, therefore, that Isabella, who thought of little else but beauty, fashion, and dress, should be much taken with him. Indeed, she thought so much of him, that, in the morning, when she met her sister, she could talk of no one else but Mr. Egerton Beauchamp—the handsome Mr. Egerton Beauchamp.

The same day this gentleman paid her a visit, in order to make inquiries relative to her health after the fatigues of

the ball ; and, under some pretence or other, he continued to call every day for many weeks. During this time Isabella became much attached to him ; and, supposing herself to be no less the object of his regard, she wondered that he did not make her an offer of marriage. But at the end of this period he one day, on passing through the great hall to the dining-room, met Clarissa, whom he had never before seen, with whose whole appearance, as well as with the extreme modesty of her deportment, he was so exceedingly struck, as instantly to resolve, if possible, to obtain her rather than her sister : and, under this impression, he could not but congratulate himself that he had not already made any declaration to Isabella.

Mr. Egerton Beauchamp visited several times at the house after having first met Clarissa, without seeing her again ; but on receiving information that she often accompanied her mother into the paddock, he made some pretence to go thither, where he had several interviews with the young lady in the presence of her parent and nurse, all of which she supposed to be accidental.

After this he saw her on several occasions at the mansion-house, and became so strongly attached that he could no longer conceal his regard.

Mr. Egerton Beauchamp possessed every advantage of person, manner, family, and fortune, which were likely to render him the distinguished object of a lady's regard. Neither was Clarissa by any means insensible to his merits. She saw that he was handsome—handsomer than most men she had ever seen ; she thought his manners particularly pleasing ; while his conversation was lively and intelligent : in addition to which, it was also plain that he loved her. “ But what,” said she to herself, “ what is his private character ? Does he fear God ? is he a good son ? would he be kind to my mother ? I must not marry any man who will not allow me to fulfil my duties to my afflicted parent. No : the Lord assisting me, I would not accept the son of a king, if I thought he would prevent those affectionate attentions which I owe to a suffering mother.”

When Clarissa had made up her mind upon this subject, she endeavoured to cast all her care upon God, and to do her duty in that particular situation in which he had seen good to place her.

It happened one day about this time, being in company with some ladies residing in the neighbourhood, that Mr. Egerton Beauchamp happened to become the subject of conversation; when, after much praise had been bestowed upon his genteel appearance, his handsome person, and his splendid fortune, some one remarked, "What a pity it is, — that he is so bad a son!"

Clarissa coloured and started, on hearing this observation, but remained silent.

Another lady, however, in the company inquired whether it were a certain fact that he was a bad son?

"He is the only son of a widowed mother," replied the first speaker, "and there is little doubt to be entertained that he has returned her indulgence with much ingratitude."

Many facts were now brought forward to prove the truth of this assertion—facts which seemed well known to the company in general, and which, being established on strong evidence, removed all doubt from the mind of Clarissa, who from that time resolved to discourage the addresses of this young man to the utmost of her power, hoping thereby to prevent a regular declaration of his regard.

This plan of Clarissa's did not, however, entirely succeed. Mr. Beauchamp, notwithstanding her coldness, made her a formal proposal, which she decidedly declined; affection for her mother being her leading motive, and a motive of such prevailing influence as enabled her to overcome those sentiments of preference which she had felt for him, and for him only of all the men she had ever seen.

Nevertheless Clarissa could not make this sacrifice without some effort and many tears; although she was at length assisted to conquer her more selfish feelings, and to continue that work of love and duty towards her beloved parent which she had so happily commenced.

Mr. Egerton Beauchamp was seriously attached to Clarissa, and would have preferred her to any other woman of equal or even larger fortune: he was, in consequence, greatly disappointed by her refusal, insomuch that for some months he was unable to recover the blow. At length, however, finding that he still had a chance with Isabella, he again presented himself at the mansion; where, after a decent time for courtship, he made her an offer, and was accepted.

Isabella was no stranger to all that had passed between her sister and Mr. Beauchamp, and it is easy to imagine that she had been extremely mortified by the whole transaction, although she secretly rejoiced that any circumstance had prevented Clarissa's marrying the man whom she preferred above all others.

When Clarissa heard that this gentleman was paying his addresses to her sister, she thought it her duty, although there was no great confidence subsisting between them, to reason with her respecting her intentions and prospects. 'My dear sister,' she said, 'I have been informed, from those who have every opportunity of knowing the truth, that Mr. Beauchamp has not been a dutiful child to one of the most indulgent of mothers; that he has long neglected her, and that he lives in the habitual disregard of her advice. And what, my dear sister, can you expect from connecting yourself with a man of this description? He who has been an undutiful son cannot be expected to make either an affectionate husband or a good father. But independent of the misery which you yourself may incur by this connexion, think, my dear Isabella, to what great inconvenience you may expose our afflicted mother. Our poor parent relies wholly upon us for comfort, and we know that her comfort would be very materially interrupted by a removal from the apartments in which she has spent so many years. You know, also, my dear sister, that this house becomes the property of the first of us who marries: and as that which is the wife's is also the husband's, our mother's happiness will, of course, greatly depend upon the temper of the man who shall become master of this mansion. This being the case, it becomes an especial duty on our part, to use much caution in an affair of so much consequence; since the happiness of one so dear to us, as well as our own, may be speedily destroyed by an imprudent choice.'

To this purpose Clarissa argued with her sister; but her arguments, as might have been expected, produced very little effect: for, as Isabella had never consulted her mother's comfort in lesser matters, it was not to be supposed that she would do so in a concern so deeply interesting.

Isabella was married to Mr. Beauchamp as soon as the settlements could be made, and the wedding-clothes and

equipages procured. Clarissa appeared at the wedding as bride's maid, in company with three other young ladies whom Isabella had chosen for the purpose; she also was present at the wedding-dinner, and accompanied her sister when she made her first appearance at church. These duties, however, being performed, she requested permission thenceforward to remain in retirement, and devote herself, as formerly, to the satisfaction of her beloved parent.

Mr. Egerton Beauchamp objected to this arrangement; but Isabella approved of it, telling her sister that she was entirely at liberty to do as she pleased, particularly as she herself was at no loss for young friends who would be happy to attend her in receiving and making the usual visits at such a season.

Clarissa was somewhat more than nineteen years old at the time her sister married, and from that period till she herself became of age, she lived with her mother in the house, which, according to her father's will, was now become her sister's; where she passed her days in great retirement, confining herself almost entirely to the society of her dear parent. She slept in her room, made tea by her bed-side in a morning, and amused her afterwards till the hour arrived for taking the air, which she regularly did every day in company with her mother; after which she dined with her, read to her, and worked by her or walked with her till tea-time. In this manner she occupied the day so agreeably to poor Mrs. Danzy, that although the old lady still evidenced some tokens of a deranged state of mind, yet she certainly, on the whole, enjoyed great peace, and would sometimes talk very rationally on various subjects, intermingling her discourses with extremely interesting references to events long since gone by.

When Clarissa was obliged to leave her mother, or wished to enjoy a few minutes to herself, she found great comfort in the assistance given her by her nurse, who could amuse Mrs. Danzy almost as well as herself. And, after a while, observing the composure of her mother, and that she was much neglected by her sister, she ventured to introduce her uncle into her mother's sitting-room at meal-times; when Clarissa was happy to find that the old people agreed together very well, and that, while she was by these kind attentions administering to the comfort of her uncle, he,

in return, by his long old-fashioned tales, afforded much amusement to her mother.

In the mean time, while Clarissa was living quietly at one end of the mansion-house, with her mother, her nurse, and her old uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp were engaged in one continued round of gaiety; visiting and being visited; giving and receiving costly entertainments, and in short, running to such extremes of gaiety and expense, as induced Mr. Barnet to foretel, without scruple, that the young people would speedily be involved in difficulties, unless they could bring their minds to submit to timely retrenchments.

Whenever Mr. Barnet had an opportunity of conversing alone with Clarissa, he never failed to express his apprehensions on this head, namely, that Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp would certainly involve themselves in pecuniary difficulties, unless they could be prevailed upon to live in a more economical manner, and to lavish less money in dress, equipage, and amusement. Neither did Mr. Barnet refrain from expostulating with Isabella herself on this subject; though to very little purpose, since neither she nor her husband would listen to any thing he had to urge respecting prudence in pecuniary matters. Pleasure and gaiety were the objects of their most vehement pursuit, from which neither arguments nor persuasions could withdraw them: or, to use other words, these young people were so entirely devoted to self-indulgence, that no motive which could be brought forward was sufficient to influence them to a single act of self-denial.

In the mean-time, Clarissa was speedily approaching the completion of her twenty-first year, at which period her sister would no longer be obliged by her father's will to allow her an apartment in the mansion-house; and accordingly she had given her several hints, though in a half laughing way, that she must soon think of providing herself with another dwelling. These hints, however, had been enough for Clarissa; and, in consequence, she had thus expressed her feelings to Mr. Barnet: "My dear uncle, when I am of age, I doubt not that we shall be removed from this place; and I think we must all move together; for unless I have my old establishment about me, go where I will, I shall be unhappy. Therefore, my kind steward,

you must begin to look out for us, and find me a habitation in which my dear mother may have every convenience that she has enjoyed under this roof. As to ourselves, we must do as well as we can: but there must at any rate, be a corner for you, my good uncle."

"You are a good girl, Clarissa," said the old man. "The Almighty will bless you. You make me ashamed of my own cold and hard heart. But I feel a growing confidence that the Lord will reward you."

Agreeably to this request of Clarissa, Mr. Barnet began to look about for a habitation: and discovering one at the end of the village which he thought might suit their purpose, he made a purchase of it. Immediately after which, by Clarissa's direction, he endeavoured to render the apartments destined for Mrs. Danzy as much like those she had long inhabited as circumstances would admit.

As Mrs. Danzy was particularly fond of the little balcony into which the windows of her sitting-room opened, with the flight of steps which led into the garden, Clarissa took care that a similar balcony and flight of steps should be prepared: and she gave a particular charge that the garden in which the house stood should be planted and beautifully arranged. With respect to her mother's furniture, she had no doubt, in case of their removal, that all would be freely given for her use; although no stipulation of the kind was made in her father's will.

Having taken these precautions, Clarissa quietly and unapprehensively waited the period when she would become of age. In the mean time, she resolved not to take any steps for the removal of her mother, until she understood her sister's wishes on the subject. Of this one thing she was however determined, that if she herself removed, she would never consent to leave her helpless parent behind.

It was in the month of June that Clarissa attained her twenty-first year. This day, however, instead of being hailed with any tokens of public festivity or joy, as the birthday of an heiress, was allowed to pass totally unregarded by all except her nurse and uncle, who both rejoiced sincerely on the occasion. And shortly afterwards the old gentleman, who was a truly honest man, took the first opportunity of giving Clarissa an account of his stewardship, by which it appeared that she was at that time in possession

of an income of two thousand a year from landed estates added to a considerable property in ready money. It was not without feelings of gratitude that Clarissa perceived herself to be so richly endowed, nor did she fail to express a devout hope that grace might be given her to devote her possessions to the glory of God.

After Clarissa had looked over her accotnts, and satisfied herself how profitable a steward her uncle had been to her, she expressed her obligations to him in the warmest terms, and requested that he would always make her house his home, assuring him that she should ever consider herself as owing him the duty of a daughter. The old man was much affected by her kindness, and the more so as his own income was very small.

Clarissa's birth-day had scarcely passed by, when Isabella coming one morning into her apartment, addressed her in a manner as if she wished to conceal ill-humour under an appearance of gaiety. "As you are now one-and-twenty, Clarissa, I suppose you have formed some plans for your future life. According to my father's will, if I married before you were of age, I was bound to keep you in the house till that period; but that obligation has now ceased, and of course you will think of a habitation for yourself."

"Certainly," replied Clarissa, as calmly as she could speak, "certainly, if you wish it."

"I wish it," replied Isabella, "because my house is no larger than we can very well occupy: and you and your people require much room."

Clarissa was silent for a moment, and then replied, "You do not suppose, my dear sister, that I shall leave my beloved mother behind me! you have no objection to my taking her with me wherever I may go?"

"It is not my wish that it should be so," said Isabella. "I and Mrs. Burton can surely take all proper care of her."

"Sister," said Clarissa, "I now solemnly assure you, that, although I should thereby be reduced to the utmost inconvenience, I never will be separated from my mother."

"Then," said Isabella, "you must take her with you when you remove; for Mr. Beauchamp can no longer permit his house to be filled with such a tribe as you have about you."

Clarissa endeavoured to overcome her indignation, and to speak with composure: "You then would rather, sister, that I should remove my mother than tarry with her here?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Isabella. "Indeed, at any rate I could not possibly permit my mother to remain in the rooms she now occupies, as our drawing-room which adjoins her dressing-room is too small for us, and it is Mr. Beauchamp's intention to throw the two rooms into one, by taking down the centre wall and forming an arch between."

Clarissa was silent again for a moment, and then said, "Isabella, my mother shall soon be out of the way of your alterations. I have provided a house to which I can retire with her immediately."

"I was told as much," said Isabella, coldly. "Things do not pass so quietly in a village as that the plans of any family in it can be easily concealed."

"Especially," said Clarissa, "when there has been no intention of concealment."

"You are at liberty to move whenever you please, sister," said Isabella; "and I am glad that you have provided yourself with so agreeable a habitation."

"You will not then be displeased, Isabella," said Clarissa, "if I give orders for the removal of my mother's furniture to-morrow?"

"My mother's furniture!" said Isabella, affecting astonishment, "what am I to understand by that expression?"

"The furniture of my mother's apartments," said Clarissa.

"And do you not know," said Isabella, "that, by my father's will it is to be understood that all the household furniture, plate, and linen, in this house, became mine as soon as I married? And there is no clause which I know of which reserves any articles of this kind to my mother."

"But do you not know, sister," said the astonished Clarissa, "that there are certain articles of furniture in my mother's apartments which she has been accustomed to use for many years, and which it would occasion her the most lively grief to be deprived of?"

"I do not wish to deprive her of them," replied Isabella. "If she remains in this house, they shall be removed to the apartments I have destined for her."

"I repeat my determination," said Clarissa, "that I will never leave her: and, as I cannot remain with her here, I would take her hence though I were to beg my bread with her from door to door."

"Fine exalted sentiments, indeed!" said Isabella; "and all uttered at my expense! But, as I before said, you are at liberty to take her hence whenever you please."

"And will you deprive her of all her little favourite possessions?" said Clarissa.

"Prove to me that these things are hers," replied Isabella, "and I will no longer oppose your taking them."

"And can it be possible that such unimportant trifles should become a question between an afflicted parent and a daughter possessing your fortune, Isabella?" asked Clarissa.

"And do you not see, Clarissa," said Isabella, "that the question does not lie between me and my mother, but between you and me?"

"How so?" said Clarissa.

"You are going to take my mother from hence. You will have the advantage of her income; and yet you expect me to provide her furniture?"

"I understand you now, Isabella," said Clarissa, "which I own I did not at first. Let the goods be valued, and I will pay for them with all my heart, yea, twice the sum which you might require, rather than permit my dear mother to be deprived of a single article of furniture to which she is attached."

The young ladies being now come to an understanding, the several articles in poor Mrs. Danzy's apartment were valued, and Clarissa entered into an engagement to pay their price as soon as they should be delivered into her possession.

In the mean time, Mrs. Beauchamp signified to Clarissa, that it was hers and Mr. Egerton Beauchamp's intention to give a ball: on which occasion Isabella intimated, that it would be necessary to throw the two apartments into one: and that, therefore, the sooner her mother could be removed, the more convenient it would be.

Clarissa received this hint from Isabella without uttering a single word; for she was even anxious to be gone, and had no other difficulty to manage, except that of breaking

matter to her mother, in the best possible way. She ulted her physician on this subject; and was advised him not to trouble her poor parent till it should be quite necessary so to do, as she would thereby be served from many perplexing apprehensions and terrors. *Clarissa* approved of this advice, and made every exertion to prepare all things which could be prepared for her mother's reception at the new house, as well as for the comfort of her uncle and the other parts of her family, which to consist of the nurse and her husband, two female waits of lower order, a gardener, a coachman, and a young person who assisted the nurse in waiting on poor *Danzy*.

On the day previous to that fixed for *Mrs. Danzy's* removal, every other member of the family, excepting those ordered to wait upon the poor lady, moved into the new house; *Clarissa* giving orders, that proper persons should be prepared, about the middle of the next day, to remove the furniture from the old apartments, and replace it in new ones.

The morning fixed for the removal being a very fine one, *Clarissa*, as soon as her poor mother was dressed, persuaded her to go out in her little garden-chair into the paddock; and, as all the rest of her people were going to be engaged in removing and arranging the furniture, *Clarissa* attended her, with the young servant (by name *Fanny*) whom we have before mentioned. When they were in the paddock, *Clarissa* desired the little carriage might be opened, and, while her mother sat in it, she rested at her side, endeavouring to open to her, in the tenderest manner, the necessity there was of an immediate removal.

The old lady seemed at once astonished and angry; but, for a while, the natural sweetness of her temper prevailed. And when she was made to understand, that she must be separated from *Clarissa* and her other attendants, consent to move with them, she did not hesitate one moment; but, bursting into tears, and throwing her arms round her daughter's neck, she declared, that she would forego every comfort of life, than be separated from her dear attendants.

Clarissa kept the poor lady as long as she possibly could in the paddock, amusing her with an account of their new

house and garden; describing how everything was arranged there for her comfort, and who were to live in the house; particularly reminding her, that she might go into every room of that house, and all over the garden, without fear of interruption.

In this manner she entertained her mother till the usual dinner-hour, at which time they returned to the mansion; when Clarissa, with some difficulty, persuaded her poor mother, instead of going up stairs, to enter, with her, into the little study at one corner of the hall, which Mr. Barnet had lately occupied. There they found preparations for dinner; but Clarissa had considerable difficulty to induce her to eat, or to keep her in any degree composed.

Immediately after dinner, a written message was brought to Clarissa from the other house, to say that her presence was necessary there. The young lady was much distressed by this request; but, seeing no alternative, she left her mother with Fanny, promising to return as soon as possible.

On Fanny's being left alone with Mrs. Danzy, she used her utmost exertions to amuse her, and succeeded for a short time. But the poor lady, missing her daughter with her other attendants, presently became excessively restless, and assuming a tone of authority, insisted upon going up to her own room; and such was her cunning, that, escaping from the door of the study before Fanny was aware, and hastily running up stairs, she made her way into her old apartments. But what was her horror and amazement, on reaching those beloved rooms, to find them quite empty, and thickly scattered over with dust and fragments of the wall! For her daughter Isabella, impatient to see her drawing-room enlarged, had already employed workmen to throw down the partition-wall of the two apartments.

At the sight of these things, poor Mrs. Danzy lost all self-command, and breaking out into vehement expressions of grief and amazement, charged all with whom she had to do with the utmost cruelty, calling upon her husband as if he were still alive and could hear her, and lamenting her infant children as secretly suffering some very cruel persecution. At length, a flood of tears coming to her relief, she suffered Fanny to lead her down stairs. And the young woman would, no doubt, have succeeded in bringing

her again into the study, had they not encountered Isabella and Mrs. Burton in the hall.

At sight of the latter, whom she had not seen for a long time, Mrs. Danzy shrieked with agony, looking wildly around her as one that would fly, yet not knowing whither to go. "You see, Madam," said Mrs. Burton, addressing Mrs. Beauchamp, while her eyes flamed with rage, "you see, Madam, how they have held me up as an object of abhorrence to the afflicted lady. Is not this hard to a faithful old servant, who has devoted the best of her days to the service of her mistress?"

"Be silent, Burton," said Isabella: "what avail such complaints as these? If Mrs. Danzy fears and dreads you, has she not precisely the same feelings for me, her own daughter? Thanks be to those who have inspired her with them, and who are building up their own character of filial piety upon the ruin of mine." Then, turning to her mother, whose irresolution had kept her in one place for the last few minutes, she asked her with forced but cold civility, whom or what she was seeking, and whether she would choose to walk into her parlour.

"I am seeking," said the poor lady "all that I love and all that once formed the happiness of my life—my husband, my children, my faithful servants. But they are all gone! gone! gone!—and that sweet young lady, whom they call Clarissa, she, too, is gone?—and I am left here alone, without a friend!" Here the poor lady burst into an agony of tears.

"Without a friend!" said Isabella, "what words are these, Madam? Let the world bear witness, that I am ready to be your friend, and this faithful woman to be your attendant."

Mrs. Danzy shuddered as she looked at Mrs. Burton, and whispered to Fanny, "Take me away from this house."

The whisper, though not intended to be heard, reached the ears of Isabella; on which she broke out with a vehemence of passion exceedingly indecent towards an afflicted parent. She charged her with an entire want of affection towards herself, as well as with an excessive ingratitude to Mrs. Burton; pouring out the most vehement invectives against Clarissa and all her favourite attendants.

The poor lady wept and trembled, and moving with a

stealing step towards the hall-door, seemed evidently to be meditating a flight, but she knew not whither.

Isabella perceived what she was about ; whereupon, her indignation rising higher, she said, " Well, if it is your pleasure to go, you are at liberty so to do. I have offered you my protection and assistance ; but since you reject both, it were better for you to depart, and seek refuge among those who may prove more agreeable to you."

The old lady turned tremblingly towards her daughter, as she uttered these ungracious and undutiful expressions, and then, casting one look back on the large old hall in which she had in happier days reigned the supreme mistress, she stepped out upon the flight of steps before the door, where she was unexpectedly received into the arms of Clarissa, who happened to arrive at that very moment.

Clarissa threw a glance of high indignation at Isabella, who stood just within the great door-way ; and, ordering Fanny to follow with her mother's hood and cloak, with any other little article belonging to her which might be left, she led her towards a neat plain carriage with which she had provided herself, and which was then waiting at the door.

When poor Mrs. Danzy was placed in the carriage beside her beloved daughter, she burst into an agony of tears, reclining her afflicted head on the bosom of that child in whom she had always found comfort. They waited only till Fanny had taken her place by their side, and then drove off. During their drive, which was short, Clarissa found means so effectually to soothe her mother, that the old lady was prepared to see, with pleasure, all that had been done and provided for her.

The carriage stopped at the neat dwelling which Clarissa had chosen for her family residence, when Mr. Barnet coming out to meet them in high good-humour, congratulated Mrs. Danzy on her arrival at her pleasant house, " where," added he, " we are all ready to wait upon you and obey your commands."

On her alighting, Mrs. Danzy was received by nurse and her husband, and led by her smiling daughter into her new apartments, where all her old furniture and beloved possessions were arranged in the nicest order.

At the sight of these, the afflicted lady wept, and looked

her with a feeling of such entire confidence in all surrounded her, as wonderfully tended to the tranquilliser poor mind.

That day, Clarissa's household enjoyed a very large of peace; and this was the more remarkable as Mr. was, in his way, a complete humourist. But this young lady knew so well how to unite a proper audacity and decision of character with extreme kindness, there was not one of the household who stood not in offending her.

For Mrs. Danzy had been some days in her new habit; she was prevailed upon by her affectionate attendants not only to leave her own room; to visit her daughter in that neat and elegant parlour; to take her meals with the family; to walk in the garden; to visit and feed the poultry; to take airings in the carriage, sometimes to a considerable distance; and even to see what little company visited her daughter: on which occasions she made herself agreeable, and often entered with such discretion into common topics of discourse, that it would have been difficult for a stranger to discover in her any thing like a deficiency. But they who witnessed her daily exertions for her infant, and heard her speak of her marriage as an event which had taken place only a few years ago, who saw her constant care to prepare her baby's bed, to set a chair and table for her husband; these people were but too painfully convinced, that the distressing fever which had so long afflicted her was by no means cured, although its symptoms had met with such wonderful alleviation.

In the mean time, another year passed away, in which Mr. Danzy had brought her husband a son, at whose birth great rejoicings were made as at the birth of a little prince; and Clarissa, during the same period had received and declined several advantageous offers of marriage—advantageous, I mean, with respect to rank and riches; beautiful young woman, possessing a large fortune, never want offers of this kind. But Clarissa, having decided to marry the only man who had ever yet pleased her for the sake of her mother, was determined never to enter the marriage state, without good reason to suppose, that by such marriage, she should add to her mother's

comfort. Toward the end of this twelvemonth, the rector of the village dying, the living was bestowed upon a young man, of small fortune, though of noble family, of genteel appearance, and pleasing manners.

This young clergyman (by name Edward Melville) had not long resided in the village, before a great stir was excited by his mode of preaching, which was altogether different from any thing that had been heard in that neighbourhood for a length of years, or even within the memory of man. The chief subjects of his discourses were—the depravity of man's nature, salvation by Christ only, the necessity of the new birth, sanctification by the Holy Spirit, and the glorious mysteries of free grace.

These doctrines, as will ever be the case where they are zealously preached, excited vehement agitation in the congregation; and it was particularly observed that many of the rich left the church, while the poor crowded into it. Among those, however, of the higher ranks who remained to listen was Clarissa, who, after hearing for some time with eager curiosity and astonishment, it at length pleased the Lord to open her mind to the truth; when she perceived with amazement, that she had hitherto been walking in thick darkness, though the unseen hand of her heavenly Father had mercifully conducted her in ways of peace and safety. And hence she was led to hope, that He who had hitherto been her guide and protector in so remarkable a manner, had such purposes of mercy toward her as would assuredly issue in the accomplishment of her salvation. And now she was made sensible how very imperfectly all her duties had hitherto been performed—and that the care which she had so long exercised over her mother and her household had, in general, been directed only to their bodily comfort, having little or no regard to their spiritual interests. She was also made to feel, that there had been a great degree of coldness, and not a little contempt mixed with her due anger against her sister; an error which she resolved, with the divine help, immediately to correct: and, in consequence, she speedily paid her sister a visit, which she had not done since leaving her house.

Clarissa closely attended the ministry of this pious minister for several months, devoting much of her time to

private reading of the scriptures, and humbly seeking the knowledge of the truth. During this period she became very anxious for the spiritual welfare of her family, particularly that of her mother; but, finding it extremely difficult to speak freely with the afflicted lady, on these subjects, she at length resolved to request Mr. Melville to visit her parent and converse with her. She was for a short time held back from making this request, by considering that she was a very young woman, and that there was a considerable degree of awkwardness in inviting a young man to her house. But, recollecting that she had an uncle living with her, she overcame these scruples, and requested Mr. Melville to favour her mother with a pastoral visit.

Lest, however, the history we are upon should become tedious, I shall refrain from entering minutely into this part of it, contenting myself with shortly remarking that Mr. Melville's conversation, with the divine blessing, produced a very happy effect upon the old lady; raising her mind from earthly to heavenly things, awakening her to a sense of her own natural depravity, teaching her the need of a Saviour, and leading her right humbly to the foot of the cross. And although her mind was, as I before remarked, in a state of manifest derangement, yet it was wonderful how sweetly and even eagerly she admitted religious impressions, appearing to be soothed and consoled by them in a most extraordinary manner. As a new-born babe she received the pure milk of the Gospel; and, having once tasted the heavenly food, she discovered an extreme earnestness to impart it not only to all those whom she loved, but even to those whom she formerly had not loved. She was now frequently heard singing hymns and psalms, and accompanying them with her guitar; she was also much employed in studying her Bible, and even in committing to memory many little portions of it. Nothing seemed to delight her so much as when Mr. Melville would accept an invitation from her to tea; on which occasions she became very anxious to have every thing prepared for him in the neatest and most respectful way.

It was easy to perceive that, by these means, a great regard was growing between the old lady and her spiritual guide—such an affection as is exercised between a mother

and a son; and it was remarkable what pains he took to facilitate her progress in the heavenly way; often calling upon her, walking by her garden-chair when she went out, and persuading her to be wheeled to the poor cottages, in order that she might have the pleasure of administering relief to the destitute with her own hands. The conduct of this young man towards her mother greatly pleased Clarissa; but still the dread she had of being mistaken in his character, as well as the natural feeling of modesty belonging to her sex, made her generally retire to her own apartment while he was in the house, leaving the office of making tea to others. But this forced coldness on her part seemed to have no effect on the conduct of Mr. Melville, whose attentions to her mother were invariably kind and consistent; and several instances were brought after a while to the knowledge of Clarissa, of similar attentions shown to other aged and afflicted persons, where there could be no other motive except that of pure religion, which visits the fatherless and widows in affliction, and keeps itself unspotted from the world.

After several facts of this kind had been brought before her observation in a manner which would admit of no doubt, she insensibly relaxed a little of her reserve; so that she sometimes appeared at the tea-table when Mr. Melville favoured her mother with his company. She was now, in her turn, much edified by the pious discourse of this young man, and much delighted by a certain innocent cheerfulness which he possessed in a peculiar degree, and with which he greatly amused the old people, inasmuch that they not unfrequently repeated his agreeable remarks in his absence.

In this manner passed several months, during which the young people had seen so much of each other that a separation would now have become a severe trial to either party; and yet, as Mr. Melville had but a very small property, he seemed to feel that it would be highly presumptuous in him to aspire to the possession of such a young lady as Clarissa. On this ground he hesitated a while; but as the difficulties must be more than imaginary to separate two young people who truly esteem and love each other, he brought himself, after some time, to open his mind to the young lady; in consequence of which, this

aratively obscure young man obtained her as a wife from the first man in the country would have been

Clarissa's marriage with Mr. Melville made no other change in the family, than that of supplying poor Mrs. Danzy with an affectionate son, and old Mr. Barnet with an affectionate nephew, and indeed every individual in the household with a friend who laboured earnestly to promote their future welfare, and to raise their minds from earthly to heavenly objects.

When Clarissa had been married some few months, it was known in the family that she was likely to bless her husband with a little one: but she requested that nothing of the kind might be mentioned to her mother, lest the old lady should thereby be subjected to anxiety.

Some weeks before Clarissa's confinement, it being summer, Mrs. Danzy was advised to go to a small seaplace about ten miles from the village in which she resided: and as she showed no reluctance to this measure, and since she was more kindly treated, lost much of her apprehensiveness, and discovered a readiness to go anywhere with nurse and her husband, the plan was put into execution, though Clarissa was not able to accompany her. During their mother's absence, Mr. and Mrs. Melville were blessed with a little daughter, whose sweet and promising appearance filled its parents' hearts with love and pride. The little infant, whom they christened Clara, grew rapidly; so that at the end of six weeks, when poor grandmother was expected to return, she was welcomed as lovely a little fair creature of her age as had ever been seen.

When Mrs. Danzy's arrival was looked for about tea-time, Clarissa took care that every thing should be prepared in the way she best liked. At the moment when she heard the carriage drive up to the door, she took her infant, who was always dressed with the most exact delicate neatness, and laid her asleep, as she then happened to be, upon the cradle bed so often spoken of before, which had always stood in her mother's room since it had been occupied by herself an infant.

Sooner had Mrs. Danzy stepped from the carriage, the affectionate daughter kissed her, and taking her
L. II. 2 A

hand, addressed her thus—"Now, my dearest mother, you shall be made happy; you shall rejoice in a little Clarissa, an infant whose sweet smiles can hardly fail to chase away all your tears." So saying, she took her mother's hand, and led her to the bed where lay the sleeping baby.

Mrs. Danzy started, changed colour, and bursting into tears, threw her arms round her daughter's neck, evidently at a loss to comprehend the meaning of so novel a spectacle. Then looking at the baby, and falling on her knees by the bed-side, while she pressed her lips on the dimpled hand of the infant, "I know not what to think, I know not what to say!" she exclaimed. "Is this my own child?"

"Yes, dear mother, it is," said Clarissa; "all your own! but I am its nurse."

Mrs. Danzy lifted up her eyes, and clasped her hands together. "I am," she said, "I am a very, very poor sinful creature. O Lord, I have been impatient under trials, and thankless, though enjoying countless blessings. I deserve not the least of thy favours, and am confounded at the thought of my own unworthiness: but thou, O Lord, art infinitely merciful, and hast never dealt with me according to my transgressions. I receive this sweet infant as a pledge of thy love, and as a token that thou still hast purposes of mercy for me." The poor lady could say no more, being overcome with joy and gratitude, inso-much that she knelt weeping by the cradle till led away to tea by her daughter.

From that time, it was impossible to discover whether Mrs. Danzy considered this infant as her own or not; for whenever she attempted to speak upon the subject, her manner and expressions became so confused, as to render it necessary to lead her from the point. Notwithstanding which, her affection for the infant was like that of the tenderest mother; and there was no delight which she could taste equal to that of watching and attending this sweet child.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville were blessed with several children, whom they brought up carefully in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and in the practice of filial piety.

There could not be a more delightful sight, than to see

these lovely young creatures waiting on their grandmother, and striving who should be foremost to perform for her any little office of respect and kindness. Nor was it less touching to hear this poor lady giving them lessons of piety, which she would do in so excellent a manner as to make it evident to all who heard her, that, notwithstanding her affliction, she was fully sensible of the amazing importance of religion.

Thus passed year after year in this happy family. In the mean time, many and rapid changes took place in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp. For a few years after their mother left them, they continued to live in the most expensive manner, till, at length, becoming deeply involved in debt, they had nothing left for it but to fly their country. And it appeared, when their accounts came to be made up, that Mrs. Burton had contributed, together with a new steward, in no small degree to their ruin.

Poor Mr. Barnet, who was employed with others in looking into their affairs, shook his head and exclaimed, "Had I been trusted, this confusion would never have been known."

As the estate was entailed, it could not be sold: but Mrs. Beauchamp and her husband were obliged to give it up for their respective lives, and to be content with about five hundred a year; on which they retired to the Continent, whence nothing more was heard of the family, till after several years, when the news of Mr. Beauchamp's death reached England. Mrs. Beauchamp, however, did not return on this occasion to her native country.

But when Adolphus Beauchamp came of age, he returned with his mother to England, and after remaining with her some time in town, he contrived to get introduced to a very rich heiress; and, as he was an extremely handsome young man, he prevailed upon this lady to marry him. Immediately after their marriage, as they possessed no country-house, the young people agreed to hire of the creditors the old family mansion, until, by the liquidation of his father's debts, it should again devolve to the possession of the elder Mrs. Beauchamp.

The mansion was accordingly hired, and the family returned to the country, after having been absent from it about eighteen years. The elder Mrs. Beauchamp was at this time little more than forty, a handsome gay widow,

and much elated by the advantageous match she imagined her son to have made. The prospect of living, in a dependent state, in a house where she had so long reigned in full power, gave her some pain, it is true ; but she trusted that her daughter-in-law, being strongly attached to her husband, would not fail to show his mother every kind attention : and as her private income was small, having been much diminished by many late expenses incurred during her son's courtship, she was almost under the necessity of accepting an apartment in the old mansion.

On their arrival in the country, Clarissa hastened to see her sister and nephew, but was received with a coldness which precluded all idea of cordiality. The elder Mrs. Beauchamp was, on her first arrival in the country, considerably gratified by the show and splendour of her son's establishment, as well as by the elegant entertainments he was enabled to give his neighbours. But when the first bustle of paying and receiving visits was over, she had opportunity to discover much in her daughter-in-law which was calculated to cause her no small alarm. This young lady was exceedingly proud, and very ill tempered ; in addition to which she exercised an almost unbounded influence over her husband : and having taken care before her marriage to secure to herself the command of their purse, it was not long before her mother-in-law was made to feel the effect of her high and imperious spirit ; insomuch that before a year was passed, several very sharp altercations had taken place between the two ladies.

After one of these the elder Mrs. Beauchamp appealed to her son ; but was told, that, as she was not in her own house she must submit to her who was—an expression which she found it hard to bear from her only child. Many motives however induced her to submit, if possible ; one of which, and that not the least, was a consciousness that she had been condemned for her conduct towards her own mother, and that her neighbours would rather be disposed to rejoice in her present affliction than to sympathize with her under it.

Thus this proud woman was induced to put up with indignities, which the meekest person would have found it difficult to support with patience. Since it was, however, the object of her daughter-in-law to make her house

too uncomfortable for her mother-in-law to tarry long in it, all Mrs. Beauchamp's constrained forbearance could do nothing towards conciliating the young lady. In proportion as the old lady seemed willing to submit, in the same degree her daughter encroached; till, at length, her situation became so intolerable, that she resolved to leave the house, and find some humble lodging, where at least she might be free from insult.

The morning which this unhappy woman had appointed for quitting the house of her ungrateful children, was one which had been fixed upon in the happy family of Mrs. Melville for the marriage of their eldest daughter, concerning whom we last spoke of as a lovely infant sleeping in her cradle.

The connexion which this young lady was about to form was with a gentleman of no very large fortune indeed, but possessing many other very strong recommendations, such as piety, intelligence, industry, and a sweet temper; and withal being strongly attached to the lovely young person he was about to marry. His residence was to be fixed in the village, not far from Mr. Melville's house, where he intended to pursue a profession which he had already commenced with considerable success.

Such a marriage as this, which did not threaten an immediate separation between the beloved bride and her mother, could not but prove an occasion of great joy to this united and happy family. And it was at the moment when they were coming out of church, after the marriage ceremony had taken place, that the assembled family, as they were about to enter their carriages, were accosted by a person, who running up hastily to them, requested assistance for a lady who had fainted at the door of a cottage close by.

The wedding-party consulted with each other for a few moments what was to be done, but it was only for a few moments: for a strong sense of pity overcoming all other feelings, they hastened to the cottage, which was very near the gates of the church-yard, where to their unspeakable surprise they beheld Mrs. Beauchamp lying insensible, in the arms of the cottager. "What does this mean?" said Clarissa, shocked beyond measure at her sister's situation: "what can this mean?"

"Wife, Madam," said the cottager, "they have turned the poor lady out of the mansion-house, the house where she was born and bred, and of which she was mistress so many years; and I verily believe she is broken-hearted."

"I turned her out of the mansion-house! is it possible?" said Clarence. "Surely it cannot be true!"

"It is true indeed, Maria," returned the cottager: "nothing can be more true." And then she proceeded to state certain facts which left the matter no longer in doubt.

On Mr. and Mrs. Melville's being convinced of the true state of the case, they hesitated not a moment upon the line of conduct which they ought to pursue; but, ordering up to the door of the cottage, one of the carriages which were waiting, they caused the fainting lady to be lifted into it, and rapidly conveyed to her sister's house, where, ~~very~~ ^{very} soon as the ~~next~~ ^{next} day when the house would afford, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~lady~~ ^{lady} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~applied~~ ^{applied} as ~~speedily~~ ^{speedily} brought her to her

The trial jury were assembled in the par-
our view, a minister, whose Christian alone, and the
the jury had been called for the purpose, were standing
the court the immediate vicinity when recovering from
the judge, the judge, her eyes and looked earnestly
the judge the judge where she was. Her sister then
the judge the judge, informed her that she had
the judge the judge will her melancholy situation,
the judge the judge the judge to accept an asylum

[illegible]

~~that you could not~~ that you could not

understand the motives on which I act! I trust, in that case, that your feelings towards me would be very different. But think of me, dear sister, as you will, only accept the home I offer you. This apartment, if you please, shall be yours, and all the inhabitants of this house will delight to do your pleasure."

Isabella looked as if she would almost have chosen death rather than a retreat in her sister's house: yet, bereaved and desolate as she found herself, she was forced to accept the offered asylum, hoping thereby to escape all further insult from her daughter-in-law.

The remark was, indeed, never made in the presence of Clariassa; yet there were not wanting many who observed how wonderfully the daughter, who had driven her afflicted mother from her house, was now requited in kind, and even made to suffer more from her own son than her mother had endured from herself.

Although Isabella, as I before said, was forced to accept an asylum in the house of her sister, it very soon appeared that her mind was in a state which would admit of no comfort whatever. Mr. Melville used every exertion to bring her to the knowledge of her Saviour; but his opportunities with her were fewer and shorter than any one had apprehended: for, after passing a few months in the indulgence of excessive grief, she was seized with a disorder which shortly brought her to the grave; and when she died, it was without giving any evidence of that saving change which her sister so anxiously desired to witness.

Mrs. Danzy lived to an extreme old age, growing continually, it was hoped, in piety and in the knowledge of God; though her mind, in other matters, still discovered the same deficiency, which has been so often noticed in the course of this narrative.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville were much blessed in their children; and this favoured family, for many years, presented a scene of as perfect peace as can well be found in this world of sin and sorrow: for the elder parts of the family were willing to accommodate themselves to the younger, while the younger were taught to consider, that respect and kindness to their elders was a duty most agreeable in the sight of God. And as these amiable tempers were in both the effect of grace, they partook, in some degree, of

the unchangeable nature of Him by whom that grace was bestowed.

The lady of the manor, having thus concluded the history of Clarissa, called upon her young people to unite with her in prayer.

A Prayer to be enabled to fulfil the Duties enjoined by the Fifth Commandment.

“O ALMIGHTY Father and Creator of all mankind, thou who hast constituted all the various orders and conditions of men, who hast appointed us to enter into life in the weak and helpless condition of infancy, making us, in our early years, entirely dependent on those who have the charge of us, whether our natural parents, or others standing in their place, and receiving authority from them;—grant us grace to conduct ourselves towards these directors of our youth with that obedience, respect, and tenderness, which are agreeable to thy holy will, and conformable to the lovely example set before us by the holy child Jesus.

“Youth is naturally proud, insolent, and self-sufficient; and the present age is an age of insubordination and contempt of elders. Many of the young people of the present day carry themselves high and haughtily, withholding all due respect from the hoary head. O blessed Father, take from us, we beseech thee, this spirit of pride and self-sufficiency. Make us to know and feel the depravity of our nature, with all the usual follies attendant on the state of youth. Grant that we may be ever ready to give honour to our elders, and ever prepared to receive the admonitions of the aged. Make us obedient to our parents and teachers, and lowly and respectful to all that are in authority.

“If our parents are weak, or old, or sick, enable us to bear their infirmities with tenderness, remembering how they bore with our weaknesses in a state of infancy. If they are unreasonable or unkind, let us recollect, that it is the Lord who hath said, ‘Honour thy father and thy mother,’ and that the obligations of the child cannot be cancelled by the unworthiness of the parent.

“And now, O holy Father, inasmuch as we can do no one thing well without thine assistance, pour upon us,

we humbly pray thee, the gifts of thy Holy Spirit; so that, as the offences of our past lives have, we trust, been pardoned through the death of our blessed Saviour, our future days may be preserved from sin, and especially from that sin which consists in the contempt of those powers which thou hast appointed, whether they be exercised by parents, teachers, magistrates, guardians, ministers, or rulers.

“And now to God the Father,” &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.



Sixth Commandment.—Thou shalt do no murder.

THE lady of the manor, finding herself again surrounded by her young people, asked one of them to repeat the sixth commandment, viz. "Thou shalt do no murder," which was to furnish the subject for conversation during the evening.

"I remember the time, and indeed it is not a very distant one," remarked one of the young ladies, "when I should have said, 'Here at least I am guiltless; here at least I am safe: I never committed murder, that is very certain.'"

"And would you not venture to assert as much now, my dear Miss Emmeline?" said the lady of the manor, smiling.

The young lady shook her head, and replied, "No, no; I have already been brought in guilty in every conversation, and now I dare not plead innocence on any occasion."

"Until we are made sensible of the spirituality and extent of the law of God, my dear young people," remarked their excellent instructress, "we may possibly buoy ourselves up with the idea that we have duly observed

some parts of it; but those persons who have enlarged views on this subject cannot possibly deceive themselves in this manner. Hence the importance of studying the law, and regarding it as our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ: for when any individual is convinced that he is condemned on every side by the law, he sees himself compelled to fly for safety to the Gospel.

"But, to leave the law in general, and to recur to that particular part of it now chosen for our consideration, let us meditate upon these words, viz. 'Thou shalt do no murder;' and endeavour thoroughly to comprehend the nature of that thing from which we are here commanded to abstain.

"'Thou shalt do no murder;' that is, Thou shalt not cause or countenance the death of any fellow creature. The question then is, What is the death which we are forbidden to inflict?

"In reply, I remark, that as man partakes of a two-fold nature, so that by which alone we can be wholly destroyed must also be of a two-fold nature. The first death is, therefore, two-fold, namely, temporal and spiritual; besides which, there is a second death, that takes place when the first death is completed."

The lady then proceeded to describe the several parts and natures of the first and second death, and spoke to this effect—

"*Temporal Death* is the separation of the soul from the body.

"*Spiritual Death* is the separation of soul and body from God's favour in this life, which is the natural state of all unregenerate persons, who are all destitute of the quickening powers of grace.

"*Eternal Death* (called the second death) consists in the everlasting separation of the whole man from God.

"And as the first death is two-fold," continued the lady of the manor, "and is followed by a second death; so also is the first life two-fold, consisting of the natural and spiritual life, and these are succeeded by that which is eternal. Adam, by his disobedience, made his children liable to death in all its forms; and Christ, by his obedience, *abolished death and brought life and immortality to light.* (2 Tim. i. 10.) All living crea-

tures on earth are subject to temporal death; all unregenerate persons are under the dominion of spiritual death; and all men who die unrenewed will be delivered over to eternal death. Temporal death is the mildest and least to be dreaded of any of these modes of death: and hence the Saviour provides no exemption from this, which is, at most, but a light affliction, enduring only for a moment; but, on the contrary, calls on his children to submit to it with joy and rejoicing, inasmuch as it promotes their entrance into glory.

"I have now," continued the lady of the manor, "explained to you, my dear children, the nature of death; and will proceed next to point out the various modes in which that commandment which saith, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' may be transgressed.

"If," proceeded the lady of the manor, "I, through design or negligence, hasten the dissolution of my own body, or that of any other human being, I am, in fact, guilty of murder. If I privately desire the death of any one in order to advance what I suppose to be my own interest, I am guilty of murder in thought and before God. For it is written, *Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.* (1 John iii. 15.) All ambitious and vindictive expressions partake of the nature of murder, and frequently tend to it in a direct way. All wars and fightings, except in actual self-defence, and after all other means have been tried without success to preserve peace, undoubtedly partake of the same character. But inasmuch as wars between nations are commonly beyond the province of females in retired life, I say the less on this part of my subject; only remarking, that it should be the object of every woman on all occasions to promote peace, and to inspire the mind of her husband, brothers, or sons, with the dread of occasioning death in any form.

"It is, I trust," continued the lady of the manor, "almost needless, in the present day, to remark that the practice of duelling is nothing more nor less than a genteel way of committing murder; and I am sorry to add, that I fear there are few duels of which women, if not the occasions, are not the instigators and promoters. It

is astonishing how careless even some of the fondest mothers are in the sentiments which they utter before their sons on the subject of duelling, and how they maintain those sentiments of false honour which cherish this practice, so contrary to every principle of that religion generally professed in this country. It is remarkable also, that nearly all female novel writers formerly maintained the necessity of duelling; and even some at the present day are guilty of the same offence against morality. The same cruel and bloodthirsty spirit may also be observed to pervade every page of the ancient writings of the heathen; and it is in this particular that I consider these writings as being more contrary to the spirit of Christianity than in any other circumstance belonging to them. Granting that it were possible to weed the classic writers from such passages as offend a delicate ear on other subjects, I maintain, that it would be as impossible to clear them of their vainglorious and cruel sentiments, as it would be to separate the warp and the woof, and yet leave the weaver's work in any other state than that of a mere confused heap of threads and ends. But, as much has been said on a former occasion on the subject of heathen writers in your presence, my dear young people, I shall here be the less diffuse: and proceed to remark, that all historians, without any other exception than those of the sacred records, abet the cause of war, bloodshed, and murder. Not one of these, as far as I can recollect, explains the causes of war to be what they are, viz. the lusts and passions of mankind, or makes the proper distinction between the real hero, who gives up his life in defence of his country, and the conqueror who indulges his lust of victory at the expense of thousands of his fellow creatures.

"It may also be observed," continued the lady, "that the greater number of the admired poets of the present day, like so many bloodhounds, (if the expression may be allowed me,) mingle in the same cry; and in their writings, bloodshed and murder of every description are exalted to heaven under the name of glory. This spirit, so contrary to Christianity, mixes itself more or less in most conversations, and is as frequently supported by

the smiles of females as by the approbation of the harder sex."

Here the lady of the manor paused, and the young ladies expressed some astonishment, or, rather, something like alarm, at finding themselves, and even the whole world, implicated in one dreadful charge.

"My dear young people," returned the lady, "be not surprised to find yourselves thus condemned. Have I not from the first laboured to convince you of sin in general, and does it astonish you to find that you are also under condemnation in every particular? How is it possible for you so to have read the Holy Scriptures, as not yet to be convinced that you are individually guilty of the death of Christ, and that you repeat this offence whenever you commit sin? Every one who, after having known the way of righteousness, turns away from thence, crucifies to himself the Son of God afresh, and again puts the Holy One to open shame. Murderers then we all are, my dear young people, and by nature the children of him who was a murderer from the beginning."

"What you say, Madam, is certainly true," replied Miss Emmeline; "but I never saw this subject in such a light before: for it is only a very short time since I should have said, with Hazael, *Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?*"

The lady of the manor then proceeded to make the following observations. "The human race, my beloved young people, are, in the Scriptures, classed into two orders; viz. those who are led by the Spirit of God, and those who live according to the flesh. These are so mingled with each other in society, and are frequently so confounded by human weakness and the remaining influence of sin on the one hand, and worldly wisdom and cunning on the other, that no mere man, however discerning, is able accurately to distinguish, on all occasions, between the real child of God and the mere professor. As we, however, are not to judge each other, it is not necessary for us to look any further into these matters than may be requisite to our right understanding of the Christian character in general. I have laboured, in our examination of those commandments

which have already passed before us, to show their spiritual nature and tendency; and not only to prove that we are condemned by each, but also to explain the faultless obedience which is required of every individual—an obedience which no mere man has ever yet been able to accomplish. It is now my wish to state to you the nature of that principle in the creature which, being followed up to its end, is neither more nor less than universal destruction, ruin, and death.

“It is certain, that the Almighty, in his infinite wisdom, has allowed to all men (to speak only of this earth) their times, and the bounds of their habitation. Every mortal has his appointed season, and his allotted dwelling-place; and to walk his little time on earth in that his prescribed place, with humility and obedience, is the sum of human wisdom. To do that which the Lord would have him do, to mark the notices of the divine will, and to be ready to go and come at the divine command,—this is the substance of religion; and it is dictated by that spirit, which, were it to become universal, would restore the glories of Eden, and make the earth one universal paradise. But the unregenerated man, and he who is but partially delivered from the bonds of Satan, is unable to understand this mystery. He cannot content himself with this situation on earth, and is always anxious either to quit his appointed place, or to vary its attendant circumstances. He always desires something which he sees in the possession of others; and is only restrained from depriving them of the objects desired, by want of power, fear of punishment, dread of shame, or, if he be partly reformed, by something like principle, which prevents him from actually causing that evil to his neighbour in which he still secretly rejoices when occasioned by another.

“But, in order to understand the ultimate tendency of this spirit, we must divest it of its restraints; we must remove the hedges of thorns with which the Lord, in his infinite mercy, so frequently encompasses the ways of those whose salvation he has sworn to accomplish: and we must endue the individual who is actuated by this spirit, with temporal power, with talents, and with health; and then we shall not long be left without a

proof, that the character which aims to advance self, is neither more nor less than that of a murderer, and that religion itself often proves too weak to restrain such an one from sacrificing every other feeling to that of his own exaltation.

"In order, my dear young people," continued the lady of the manor, "to open your minds on this subject, I would strongly recommend to your attention the study of history; beginning with that of the ancients, as it is found in Scripture, and proceeding downwards to the present day, according to the plan traced in the tenth chapter of Genesis: and you will then discover, that these records of ancient and modern times contain little more than the results of multitudes of experiments, made amidst a great variety of circumstances, by kings, heroes, philosophers, and more ordinary men, for securing happiness to themselves, and in their own way inducing others to embrace it: and you will also be convinced of the total failure of all these experiments; and, if the divine blessing attend your studies, you will grow wiser by these multitudes of examples, and will learn to be content in that situation in which God has placed you, satisfied to see yourselves excelled by others, and having no other wish than to be found standing in your lot at the end of your days.

"And now," said the lady of the manor, "as I have kept your attention for some time on what I should call a somewhat dry discussion, I will, if you will permit me, read a little narrative which I happen to have by me, and which I select from any other I could choose on this subject, because it does not affect the ordinary cases of the destruction of the body—a crime which is looked upon with a just abhorrence in civilized society—but relates to that more refined sort of destruction which consists in allowing selfish and ambitious feelings to interfere with the spiritual good of others, and by these means inflicts spiritual death, as far as it lies in the power of man so to do upon our fellow creatures; a species of murder supposed by some to be described in the Psalms, under the term of blood-guiltiness, from which the royal psalmist entreats the Lord to preserve him—*Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with*

thy free Spirit: then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness. (Psalm li. 12—14.)

"From the time when I first had the honour of becoming your instructress," proceeded the lady, "I have endeavoured to draw your attention to the defects of persons in polished life, and in religious society, where gross vices are seldom tolerated, and where sin must assume a decent garment in order to be endured; and it is with this view that I am about to treat of this subject of murder in its more recondite, but probably scarcely less fatal, form."

The lady of the manor then took out a little manuscript and read—

The Story of the two Ministers.

In a large manufacturing town in the north of England there formerly resided a certain tradesman, who, with his wife, obtained good employment, and lived in great credit, in the hope of long enjoying these advantages; when the worthy couple were both suddenly cut off by a contagious fever which at that time raged in the town. By their deaths, their only son Edmund was left an orphan at the early age of two years; and, as little property remained after all the affairs were settled, the child would have been reduced to a very destitute situation, had not an aunt of his father, a single woman, of very excellent character, received him into her house with the intention of adopting him as her own child.

This lady, by name Mrs. Mary Stephens, had, through divine grace, been enabled to devote herself, for some years past, to the service of God. Her fortune was easy, and her wants few; and in order to have but little worldly care, and more time and money to devote to the service of her neighbours, she lodged and boarded in a worthy, though humble family, and thus was disencumbered from the charge of providing her own table.

Mrs. Stephens, though not brought up in polished life,

yet, having been early led by divine grace into a knowledge of that which is right, had been enabled to cast away those petty and unimportant cares and employments which too often fill the female mind, and had occupied herself for many years in reading such books, and performing such works, as rendered her best fit to administer spiritual and bodily help to those around her. She had become fond of reading. She took particular delight in Scripture, and also in profane history, because it threw light on certain obscure parts of Scripture. She loved sacred music and sacred poetry, and cultivated her taste for both. And thus, though plain in her outward appearance, and reserved in her general manner, there were at that time few women whose society was so delightful in private as that of Mrs. Mary Stephens.

The first recollection which little Edmund Stephens had of his infancy, was that of finding himself drinking tea at a small round table with the lady above described. The room in which they sat was very long and wide, though low. It was wainscotted with oak, and a large casement window at one end stood in a bow, raised from the rest of the apartment by a single step. It was winter time, and a fire blazed on the hearth. The chimney-piece was adorned with a set of blue Dutch tiles, all in perfect preservation, each of them presenting some scene from Scripture history; and a plate of toast and butter stood before the fire on a stand of bright black ebony tipped with silver.

This scene of the tea-table no doubt often recurred during the first winter of Edmund's residence with his aunt; but he recollected it as if it had only happened once: and he remembered also, that, after tea, his aunt took him on her lap, and gave him his first ideas of the immortality of his soul, of what his Saviour had done for him, and of the happiness of heaven and misery of hell.

The next thing he remembered, was a course of little lectures, which his kind protectress gave him on the subjects depicted upon the tiles; and no doubt these lectures were repeated over and over again, as, even in after life he carried in his mind's eye the various groups represented on each blue varnished picture of the chimney

piece, from the representation of Adam and Eve in Paradise, to that of the Day of Pentecost and the cloven tongues, which finished the series. Nor was it historical information merely which this excellent woman gave her little nephew on the subjects suggested by the painted chimney-piece. She knew that the scheme of salvation by Christ runs like a golden thread through the whole tissue of Scripture, and she failed not to point out this golden clue to her little boy, and caused him as much as she could, to seize it every where, and hold it fast on every occasion. Thus, of Edmund Stephens, as of Timothy, it might truly have been said, that *from a child he was made to know the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. For all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works.*

Thus the good aunt adopted the first easy mode which suggested itself of conveying spiritual instruction to the mind of her little pupil: neither did she fail to follow up, by every other means which she could think of, that which she had so happily commenced. This sweet passage from the Prophet Isaiah was continually present with her, and afforded a perpetual motive of action—*Whom shall he teach knowledge? and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little.* (Isaiah xxviii. 9, 10.)

It was Mrs. Mary Stephens's wish that her nephew should become a minister of the Church of England; and as she was aware that, in order to his acquisition of that knowledge of the learned languages which is thought necessary for those who are to be admitted to ordination, he must, after awhile, be in a great measure removed from under her eye, she was particularly anxious to make the best of those nursery years so precious to every tender mother or teacher, in which the beloved nursling is altogether her own. To lose no opportunity

of inspiring her little boy with pious sentiments, to make him acquainted with the word of God in all particulars, was therefore her chief and constant object; and, during this interval, it was wonderful to observe the various points of view in which this excellent aunt caused him to search and examine the Scriptures. To trace the Saviour under his various types and emblems, was one of the favourite exercises in which she delighted to occupy her nephew.

At one time, she would point out to him the first appearance in Scripture of the second Person of the Holy Trinity, under the type of light, which, at the command of the Creator, poured itself on the dark face of the earth; and then she showed him how this light was imbodyed, on the fourth day of the creation, in the substance of the sun, that heavenly luminary thus becoming the image of the God incarnate, who in the fifth millennial was revealed to man in human flesh in the person of Christ. Hence she led him to trace this emblem through Scripture, in all its various bearings, until she brought him to the completion of all things, when the man Christ, having finished his office, and delivered up all things unto the Father, it shall be said, *The city hath no need of the sun to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.* (Rev. xxi. 23.)

Another time she would point out to him the signification of the six days appointed for labour, and of the seventh set apart from the beginning of the world for a holy rest, and explain to him the typical meaning of the Sabbath; thus opening to his young mind such fields of beauty and scenes of glory in the latter days, as would fill his imagination for hours, and gave him a subject for divine study and contemplation for days together.

Frequently, also, would she make him trace the notices of our blessed Saviour under the type of the lamb, from the period in which he first appeared under that emblem on the altar of Abel till he shall shine triumphantly in the New Jerusalem, having accomplished the mighty work of man's redemption. And, as the mind of the little boy expanded, she again drew his attention

to the Saviour, not in his state of the victim only, but in that of the Conqueror and the King.

But there was no character of our Lord throughout the Holy Scriptures which she caused her little pupil to study with greater attention than that of the Shepherd; pointing out the disinterestedness and the devotedness of the True Shepherd for his flock, and continually holding up this example to his love and admiration. And then she would again lead him to those views of future blessedness held forth under the type of the Sabbath, when the promises shall be fulfilled; *and the Lord will save his flock, and they shall no more be a prey; and he will set up one shepherd over them, even his servant David, and he will feed them, and be their shepherd; and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.*

On these occasions, this excellent woman would give her little pupil such views of the last millennial glory, and of that blessed time when *judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever*, that he would often say, "Dear aunt, when will these things be? O that the chief Shepherd would come very soon, and gather his flock together!"

But were I to enter into all the various views of Scripture which Mrs. Mary Stephens gave to her little pupil, I should be compelled to protract my narrative to an unwarrantable length. Suffice it therefore to say, that this good woman, always bearing in mind that she was educating a minister, considered, that if, through her negligence and ignorance, his character did not attain to that extent of usefulness which it might, otherwise, have reached, she might justly be numbered among those of whom it is said, *Wo unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but wo to that man by whom the offence cometh!* (Matt. xviii. 7.)

Resolved, with the divine blessing, to set her whole heart to the work, and to spare no effort by which she might advance the spiritual welfare of her little nephew,

when Edmund had entered his tenth year, his aunt thought she ought no longer to delay placing him under the care of some person who could carry on his education in those branches of knowledge, for the teaching of which she was herself incompetent. Accordingly, she inquired for the schoolmaster of the highest repute in the town, and placed her boy under his care as a day scholar. By this arrangement, she enjoyed some of his company every day, and was able to continue her plan of religious instruction in some degree as formerly. She found, however, when her little pupil entered more into the world and was made to learn most of his lessons in books, the tendency of which was not religious, that she had a more difficult task in instructing him, than when all he heard was promotive of that which is right.

It is often asserted, that such and such a book is perfectly innocent, although its tendency is no way pious; but perhaps it may afterwards be found, that every book which is not written with a view, more or less, to the support of Christian morals on Christian principles, is so far from innocent, that it is decidedly hurtful. It was one of the maxims of Lycurgus, that every man must declare himself of one party or another, and that he who stands neuter, must be considered as an enemy to the state. And, to quote a higher authority to the same purport, our Lord says, "*He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.*" (Matth. xii. 30.)

Mrs. Mary Stephens had hitherto brought up her nephew with one simple decided view. She had directed his infant gaze to the Star of Bethlehem; and whenever it seemed to wander from that bright object, she had carefully endeavoured to restore its tendency, and had found some new resource to awaken its attention. She had cherished in the child a pure and simple state of feeling with regard to religion, which she had always represented as the only needful thing, to which every other ought to be entirely subservient. "Whether you eat, or whether you drink, or whatever you do, do all to the glory of God," was the one single motive of conduct perpetually impressed on the boy.

Having therefore proceeded thus far with such decided simplicity and perfect success, she was very well able to judge of the effect upon the feelings of little Edmund, when, in the course of common education, ordinary motives of conduct were presented to his young mind. In order, however, if possible, to counteract the hurtful effects of the lessons he daily learned, she accustomed him, every evening, to show his translations to her, or to construe his exercises in her presence; and she then endeavoured to explain to him where the heathen writers failed in their ideas of religion and morality, and pointed out in what manner Scripture treated the same subjects, and how it decided on the same points of morality.

Thus this excellent woman in some degree prevented her nephew from being corrupted by false sentiments and worldly instructions; notwithstanding which, she often had reason to lament those arbitrary decrees of the world by which the education of Christian children is so very far removed from Christian simplicity.

In the mean time, through the divine blessing on the pure instructions and conversation of his aunt, Edmund Stephens attained the age of fourteen without yielding to any of the temptations of a public school. Every Christian preceptor must be sensible, that when all that man can do for a pupil has been done, yet that all is so little, and so wholly incapable of effecting the requisite change of heart which must take place ere a soul can be received into glory, that we can hardly wonder if some should despair when they do not immediately see the blessing of God upon their labours. Nevertheless, those who have faith in Him who has said, *I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses*, (Isa. xlv. 3, 4.) will not be weary of well-doing; but will persevere in planting and watering, doubting not but that the increase will be given in its due season.

Such, however, being the case, it should be a matter of peculiar thankfulness when a parent or teacher finds the divine blessing attending immediately upon his work. This was a favour especially bestowed upon Mrs. Mary Stephens; and her nephew, at fourteen years of age, dis-

played a decision of character not often attained by advanced Christians. Nevertheless, this excellent boy never pushed himself forward to public observation: his good qualities, therefore, passed unobserved, in general, by those about him; and if his masters and schoolfellows thought of him at all, it was merely as of an harmless, inoffensive little fellow, who had nothing in him.

To be thought harmless and inoffensive, is, however, a matter much to be desired, although the world thinks little of it. It is what Christians should seek to be; and many greatly mar their usefulness by making themselves otherwise, either by over forwardness, or by a coarse and unamiable carriage. Edmund had been taught by his aunt, from his earliest childhood, that this world was not to be his home or his resting-place, and that he must, as a Christian, shun occasions of being praised or admired, or of bringing himself forward as an object of attention. On this principle he accordingly acted; and, in consequence, pursued his quiet course little regarded by any one.

Edmund had remained at school till his fourteenth year without forming any particular attachment; for there was so marked a difference between his general mode of thinking and acting and those of the other boys, that nothing like friendship had as yet grown between him and any individual among them: but at this time, a boy came to the school, a little older than himself, who had something in his general appearance which attracted Edmund, though he knew not wherefore.

This boy, by name Francis Parnel, was the son of a country curate. His father's family were esteemed pious, and Francis entered the school with the character of being a very religious boy; indeed, this character had been indiscreetly given of him by his father when he introduced him to the master in the presence of the other boys.

Whether Francis was or was not this pious boy at that time, we do not wish to decide; but certainly he wanted some of the best evidences of true religion. Although far from being a handsome or elegant boy, or even particularly clever, he had a high opinion of himself, and was acutely alive to every indignity which might be put

upon him; nay, he was very apt to fancy some circumstance in the most common accident indicative of disrespect to himself. He was, in short, precisely such a character as the common run of schoolboys love to torment.

Young Parnel had been told by his father that he would be persecuted for his religion at school, but that he hoped he would stand firm, like the martyrs of old. From being thus indiscreetly addressed, the boy fell into two mistakes: one was, that he fancied himself to be a very far advanced Christian; and the other, that every other boy in the school was a decided profligate, and that a violent persecution would infallibly break out against him as soon as he should evince his own decided Christian character. Agreeably, therefore, with these views of himself and of his schoolfellows, the first time it occurred to him that he ought to read his Bible, instead of quietly withdrawing to his usual place, and taking out his Bible without parade, he placed himself in a very public part of the room, and whenever any boy came near him, declared, in a determined and resolute manner, that he considered himself ill used in being thus frequently interrupted while reading the Scriptures.

This was indeed a spice of the same spirit as that which led some of the early Christians to the stake, when even their enemies would rather that they should have made their escape.

As might be expected, the spirit of persecution was soon excited against poor Francis to the utmost extent of his ambition, and he was made to undergo an incredible number of petty torments for one whole evening; all of which he endured with the patience of a martyr. But when these vexations were renewed in the morning, poor Francis Parnel's Christian heroism wholly forsook him; and when Edmund Stephens arrived at school from his aunt's lodgings, he found the whole playground in an uproar, and Francis Parnel dealing out his blows in such right good earnest, that he had already endowed two or three of his schoolfellows with the marks of his prowess.

Edmund was not a little surprised to find the new comer (whom he had been taught to suppose was to set an example of every thing that was Christianlike)

engaged in a warfare like this, and that with persons with whom he had scarcely spent twenty-four hours: but when he was made to understand the occasion of this furious contest, he was still more astonished; and particularly because he himself had been in the habit of carrying a Pocket-Bible, and using it publicly, ever since he came to the school, and had never met with any other symptom of persecution on that account, than now and then a significant glance or wink, given by one boy to another, with some kind of expression of mock commendation of Edmund Stephens's piety. Edmund was therefore much surprised to find the spirit of persecution suddenly grown to so formidable a height; neither could he help attributing it to the right cause, namely, the offensive manner of the persecuted party.

Edmund was, however, equally hurt by the little command which Francis Parnel seemed to have over himself, and by the open breaking out of profane expressions which this want of self-command in the young Christian had produced in the school; and by this scene he was suddenly and practically convinced of a truth which his aunt had often stated to him—that nothing so thoroughly and completely mars the influence of religion as the unsubdued passions of its professors. Edmund, however, had no time to meditate on this subject; he now felt himself called upon to act, and to show that part of his character which hitherto had not appeared, namely, courage and decision, of which few boys had so large a share. He walked up to the combatants, and seizing the arm of Francis with a firm grasp, he ward-ed off all opponents with a strength which was found irresistible, saying, at the same time, with holy and invincible firmness, "I thought that you, Parnel, were a professor of the religion of the meek and humble Jesus! What then have you to do with combats of this kind?"

"And who are you!" returned Francis, with considerable agitation; "who are you, who take the name of Christ in this manner?"

"Edmund Stephens," replied the other; "and I require you either to give up your pretensions to religion, or to relinquish this mode of conduct."

While these few words were passing between Parnel

and Stephens, the latter had to endure several blows from Parnel's adversaries; from which blows he only attempted to defend himself by keeping them off from his face, and by saying to the ringleader, "Let me alone, Johnson; you know that I never fight."

By this time the whole school were gathered round the three boys, and all with one accord called upon Johnson to let Edmund Stephens alone. And some of the nobler spirits among them said, "We dare to call any boy coward who attacks Stephens and his Bible; but as to Parnel and his religion, they are fair play.—Parnel can give blow for blow with the best of us; he can use the same weapons as we do."

Parnel, who had by this time been brought somewhat to reason by the pleadings of Stephens, reddened violently on hearing these last contemptuous expressions concerning himself and his religion, and was about to break out again into some bitter invectives in return, when Edmund Stephens, who had never let his arm go, drew him from the crowd, and led him to a retired part of the play-ground. There he conversed with him very seriously upon his conduct. "You profess to be more than a nominal Christian, Parnel," said Edmund: "are you aware what such a profession requires of you, and how much injury you may do to the souls of your school-fellows by conduct so disgraceful, united with professions so high?"

Young Parnel endeavoured to excuse his conduct, which he well knew wanted excuse, by representing how much he had been provoked.

"Provoked!" repeated Stephens; "and did not you excite this provocation by your hot and irritable manner? Excuse my freedom, dear school-fellow," added he, seeing the tears start in Parnel's eye; "excuse me, Christian brother, and do not be offended, if I tell you that your religion wants the very corner-stone on which it should be built, and for want of which it cannot stand. Look less to Francis Parnel, and think less of him, and more of Christ who died for him; and you will then find fewer provocations and insults in the world, and you will be allowed to read your Bible and say your prayers without disturbance."

Edmund then took out his Pocket-Bible, which, by its worn and soiled appearance, indicated its having been long in constant use, and referred to several passages upon the subject of humility.—*Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.—A man's pride shall bring him down: but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.* (Prov. xvi. 18. xxix. 23.) *For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to receive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.* (Isaiah. lvii. 15.)

Edmund's pious discourse at length succeeded in composing the mind of young Parnel, and the two boys shortly afterwards entered the school-room together; where, in compliment to Edmund Stephens, Parnel was received by his school-fellows as if nothing unpleasant had happened on his part: and being afterwards continually withheld by his humble friend from displaying his heroic spirit, he was allowed to read his Bible whenever he chose without further molestation. Francis Parnel had, however, conceived such a dislike to those boys who had expressed contempt of him and his religion, that he never felt himself quite happy at school; and as he had attached himself very closely to Edmund Stephens, he became exceedingly anxious to become an inmate in Mrs. Mary Stephens's house, and attend the school as a day-scholar with Edmund. Accordingly, when the next holidays arrived, he made his wishes known to his father, and engaged him to ask this favour of Mrs. Mary Stephens.

This pious woman, whose sole object through life had been to do good rather than to consult her own feelings, was not inexorable to the entreaties of the father, or the wishes of the son; and, finding that it would not be unpleasant to Edmund, she allowed Francis to become a sharer of the little room and bed occupied by her nephew.

Things being thus arranged, after the Christmas holidays, Francis Parnel became an inmate of Mrs. Mary Stephens's house, and the constant companion of Edmund.

It now appeared, that Francis might be amiable, could he be thought to think less of himself and of the world, and to devote himself more entirely to the service of God. But the same error which pervades too many places of education in the Christian world had evidently been blended with the instructions that he had received. Mixed motives of action had been given to this boy, motives of action replete with spiritual death. He had been told that learning was necessary, not only for the elucidation of Scripture, (for which alone it ought to be valued,) but in order to advance him in his school, in the University, in society, and in the Church. He had also been taught that humility was requisite towards God, but that dignity of carriage and spirit were requisite from man to man; and while the character of the man Christ had been at times held up to him as the most perfect model of human excellence, the characters of heathens, as described by their own historians, had afforded the subject of his daily lessons.

Thus, in these and a thousand other instances, had contradictory motives of action been, either directly or indirectly, infused into the mind of this youth; in consequence of which, his conversation displayed a constant series of contradictions: for whereas, through the divine mercy, some of the good seed had taken root and sprung up, the weeds and rubbish so choked them, that they could neither gain strength, nor bring forth fruit. And, in consequence, though Mrs. Mary Stephens believed that the root of the matter was in him, there was so much inconstancy and variableness in his character, that she feared he never would become a useful minister.

During the long winter evenings, after the boys were returned from school, Mrs. Mary Stephens always made a point of introducing such conversation as she thought best calculated to promote the spiritual good of the young people, both of whom were intended to become pastors of the flock of Christ; and on these occasions she used to point out the exceeding and awful responsibility of the ministerial character and functions. And, first, she explained to them that, as much as in man lay, the ministers of Christ were the appointed ministers of life; according to the words of the apostle, which saith, *Who*

hath appointed us able ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life. (2 Cor. iii. 6.)

X "Thus, then," said she, "spiritual life and spiritual death are as certainly in the hands of the ministers of Christ, as the natural life is in the hands and under the command of the physician: and that minister, who, through an overweening love of self, through indolence, or any other motive, fails to deliver his message simply to his congregation, becomes as much the spiritual murderer of his people, as the man who in the days of famine withholds the public stores allotted by government to a starving population is the cause of their natural death. And this awful remark," continued she, "may not only be made in the case of ministers, but in that of parents and teachers, and of all persons in every situation of responsibility, or possessing any influence over any single individual of the human race. Those who, through selfishness, or the undue indulgence of any passion, be it pride, or be it ambition, or be it vanity, or be it sensuality, or be it what it will, if it in any way prevents their administering spiritual nourishment to those dependent on them, or over whom they have any influence from situation or other cause, become guilty, as much as in them lies, in a most awful sense, of the breach of that commandment which saith—'Thou shalt do no murder.'

"But inasmuch," proceeded she, "as it may be said, that it lies not in the power of man to withhold spiritual life and light from his fellow-creatures, it being an accepted doctrine of the Church, and one upheld by Scripture and the very nature of things, that those who are to be saved were predestinated to salvation before the foundation of the world, according to the seventeenth article of the Church—'Predestination to life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby (before the foundations of the world were laid) he hath constantly decreed by his counsel, secret to us, to deliver from curse and damnation those whom he hath chosen in Christ out of mankind;'—I answer, that if the salvation of the soul cannot be counteracted by the malice of man, neither is it possible for one individual, however resolute his hatred may be, to destroy, by death, the body of another, unless

it is the will of God it should be so. For it is written in the book of Job, *The days of man are determined, the number of his months are with thee.* (Job. xiv. 5.)

"Men, therefore, in either case, as ministers of life or of death, can be no more than instruments in the hands of the Almighty. To be instruments, therefore, of good is what we ought to seek; and though offences must come, we must recollect that wo is pronounced on that man by whom they shall come."

The excellent lady would then proceed to describe that state of mind which fits an individual for spiritual usefulness; and, though without intending it, precisely drew that character of which the world cannot appreciate the value.

And, first, she remarked, that a Christian teacher ought to have a deep sense of sin, which is absolutely necessary to his right estimation of the value of a Saviour. He that does not feel himself sick, will not require the aid of a physician, and he that has not felt his own sickness, will not know how to sympathize with another in the same situation.

"A man who would be useful," proceeded she, "as a Christian instructor, ought to have a very deep knowledge of Scripture, neither should he ever allow human learning to divert him from that one necessary study, though he will gladly and eagerly seek to discover and apply all the light which it may be able to reflect upon any obscure passage in the holy Word.

"The minister of Christ," added she, "should have no desire to be exalted upon earth, and no wish but for the general extension and stability of Christ's kingdom. He belongeth not to the kingdoms of the world, and has no part in them; and therefore, as the ancient Romans laboured for the exaltation of their city, willingly giving up their lives for its glory, so he, while exerting a similar spirit in a better cause, ought only to desire the prosperity of Christ's Church on earth, and wish alone that he might be employed in the promotion of this mighty work, if it were only in removing a little of the rubbish which encumbers the place of its foundations. He ought not to embroil himself with the petty discords of the day; but should make a point of taking every man by the

hand who loves his Saviour and speaks in his name, And though he may be particularly attached to his own form of worship and peculiar household, yet he will not presume to mar the work, or weaken the influence, of any individual who gives evidence of his being on the side of the Lord, lest, haply, he should be found fighting against his God."

In this manner Mrs. Mary Stephens used to converse with these youths who were under her care, and she also took especial delight in giving them such views as prophecy would allow of the kingdom of Christ on earth, in that blessed period when the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and many nations shall flow unto it. (Micah iv. 1.) It was her opinion, that were this unheeded doctrine of the millenium more studied, and received with a purer feeling of faith, it would prove a grand means of improving the motives of action of a young Christian. "A youth who has just finished his studies in some celebrated academy or other place of education," she would often say, "is very apt to imagine that he knows all that is to be known, or at least that his acquirements put him upon a footing with age and experience; not being aware that there is no mode of education, however wisely arranged, no habits, however judiciously formed, and faithfully attended to, which can give the wisdom of maturity to young persons. Human learning is by no means found to produce this effect; and when the judgment is naturally weak, it is known often to have a contrary influence, as it has a frequent tendency to excite vanity. The state of mind, therefore, in which young people leave their studies, is commonly an unfavourable one with respect to their well-doing as Christians; and it is often found that the mind of youth at this time is remarkably full of prejudices, and that the young individual is disposed to despise all conditions of men, all orders of government, and modes of society, which differ from certain views of perfection that he may have been led to embrace. He considers every man as a schismatic who does not worship God precisely in his own way, and counts every individual an ignoramus who has not passed through the

same precise train of instruction as himself; neither can he believe that there may be other constitutions and modes of discipline, both in church and state, which may have some excellencies, though they differ from his own.

"By the sober part of young people such notions are commonly held; while by those who are otherwise, there is often cherished a mode of thinking directly contrary, and the young man, in the plenitude of his self-conceit, despises all existing institutions and sighs for every novelty." Such were the views which Mrs. Mary Stephens entertained of young people in general; and she would often say, that if such persons could be led to see from Scripture that a period is to come which, compared with the present age, will be as light to darkness—a period in which it will be proved that all human wisdom will be but as folly, and earthly pride no better than madness—they might, with the divine blessing, be brought thereby to open their eyes to the truth, and, leaving all things which are behind, to aspire only after that glory which is to be hereafter. "But as long," she would add, "as Christians continue to close their eyes and ears to the glorious promises of Scripture with regard to Christ's kingdom on earth, and to fill their minds with the petty discords of the day, they cannot extend their views beyond the narrow views of this world, nor rise above a grovelling mode of thinking, by which their characters and conversation will be depressed, and the concerns of the Catholic Church proportionably injured."

Edmund and Francis had now spent nearly two years under the same roof, during which time their friendship seemed to have acquired such firmness and consistency as led those who knew them to hope it would never be disturbed.

Francis had apparently profited much by the holy retirement in which he had spent so many hours of these years, and the very spiritual conversation of Mrs. Stephens. But though his manner was warm, and at times devout, and though he might be urged to a participation in almost any act of piety and self-denial to which Edmund accustomed himself, yet now and then a degree of inconsistency was discernible in his conduct which

grieved Mrs. Mary Stephens, and made her feel that he was not to be depended upon. He would sometimes let it appear that he hoped to be distinguished in the University for his learning and abilities; he sometimes would express a wish that he might rise in the Church, in order that he might do the more good; and he would now and then drop an expression by which he betrayed his hopes, that when he had a family himself he should live in a more elegant manner than that in which his father did. Nevertheless, when urged upon these points, he would solemnly declare that the secret desire of his heart was to serve his God in simplicity, and to be separate from the world.

The young people had spent two winters together, and were looking forward to a third, when they were unexpectedly deprived of their pious old friend. Mrs. Mary Stephens was one morning found dead in her bed; and thus was this excellent woman suddenly removed from this world of trial into a state of glory.

Her loss was acutely felt by Edmund, to whom she had left all her little property, appointing Mr. Parnel as his guardian. Edmund found himself more attached than ever to Francis, from his affectionate behaviour on this sorrowful occasion; and therefore rejoiced the more when it was settled that the young men should be placed together under the care of a tutor till they were of a proper age to go to the University.

Edmund was not however altogether happy in his new situation. Independent of his grief for the loss of his aunt, he found almost every sentence he uttered in some degree either *quizzed* or ridiculed by some of his tutor's family.

There are many people whom we believe to be pious, (for it would be hard to think otherwise,) whose opinions are of that mixed kind, between what we should call worldly, and what is really right, that they cannot bear any plain, simple, straight-forward sentiments. In some persons, this is owing to a natural weakness and littleness of mind, which cannot grasp a great and glorious idea; in others, it is owing to a disputatious turn, which rejects every sentiment that at the first blush does not

coincide with opinions already received; and sometimes, I fear, it is to be attributed to the secret wish of reconciling those things which cannot be reconciled, namely, earthly with heavenly sentiments.

It happened, that Edmund's tutor and all his family were precisely the kind of persons which I have described: and Edmund soon discovered that if he spoke at all while in their presence, he must be constantly subject to disputations. He therefore had recourse to silence, as being by far the less evil of the two; yet to live under a perpetual restraint was painful, and particularly so, as he saw his friend, after several violent contests, gradually sinking on many occasions into the ordinary way of thinking which prevailed in their tutor's family.

During the time that Edmund was with the tutor, he made considerable progress in that kind of knowledge requisite in the University, and was told that if he chose to exert himself, he might obtain some of the highest distinctions there bestowed. Whether this was the case or not still remains, however, to be shown.

After a due time, Edmund and Francis removed to the University, but they were not both placed in the same college, as Mrs. Stephens, in her will, had named a certain hall as that to which she wished her nephew to be sent, on account of its head having a high character for piety, but which was not approved for Francis, as this hall was not generally esteemed in the world. On this account, therefore, the young men were separated, and saw very little of each other during their residence in college.

The hall at which Edmund was placed was not a situation in which he was likely to obtain much notice. He, however, in the mean time, passed through the University very quietly, and remained there till he was of age to be ordained, when a curacy became vacant in the very parish in which he had resided from a child. Edmund heard of this, and instantly wrote to solicit this curacy; and as he was able to procure every necessary testimony to his good character, the rector, who was very infirm, promised him the curacy, and gave him his title for ordination.

Edmund now left the University, and being ordained by the bishop of his own diocese, he immediately hastened to take possession of his charge.

In the mean time, I should say, that young Parnel had passed through the University with considerable eclat, had obtained several prizes, and, having received deacon's orders, was engaged as a tutor in a nobleman's family, about the time that Edmund entered on his curacy. The friends were therefore separated for a time: but they mutually retained a strong regard for each other.

As soon as Edmund Stephens had reached the town where his curacy was, he hastened, without loss of time, to pay his compliments to his rector, and afterwards, to obtain, if possible, the very apartments which had been occupied so many years by his aunt, and which were rendered dear to him by a thousand pleasing and pathetic recollections.

He heard with no small pleasure that the apartments had been unoccupied ever since his aunt's death, as the mistress of the house had resolved not to let them again. But when Mr. Edmund, whom she had known from a child, came to ask them from her, she could not refuse his request, and begged him to take possession of her own parlour, till the rooms were aired and duly prepared.

Twenty-four hours had scarcely elapsed after Edmund's arrival at the town, before he found himself settled in the very sitting-room so long occupied by his aunt, surrounded by the very furniture which she had been accustomed to use, the chair on which she had sat, the table on which she used to lay her work while he read to her, and the little stool which had served to support her feet.

Affected by these objects, he could scarcely refrain from tears; but, sitting down, he sunk into a long and deep reverie.

During this period of abstraction, he called to mind the general tendency of the education which his aunt had given him, and he perceived, as at a glance, that its whole purport and object had been to fit him for the ministry of Christ on earth, and for the enjoyment

of his kingdom in heaven; and, falling upon his knees, he solemnly and earnestly entreated that he might now be strengthened for the performance of those duties for which he had been so long preparing.

The prayers of this young man were heard, and he was indeed strengthened and assisted in a wonderful degree; so that he presently found himself engaged in such a round of duties, as left him no time either for company or any kind of study which had not some reference to his ministerial labours. His parish was exceedingly populous, being full of manufactories; and the houses of the lower classes were confusedly clustered together in narrow streets, blind alleys, and obscure courts. The young curate could expect no assistance whatever from his rector, who was paralytic, and nearly blind; neither had he any parishioners belonging to his church of such characters as could give him much assistance.

The first attempt of this young man was to acquire an idea of the numbers of his people, to make himself acquainted with the streets and alleys, and to begin, without loss of time, a course of visiting from house to house: and as his fortune was easy, he also resolved to establish a rigid economy with regard to himself, and to devote all he could spare to the necessitous.

One of his first works was to hire a large house, and establish a Sunday and daily school; and because the church was far too small to admit, at once, one tenth part of the population, he added another service on a Sunday, and several others on the week days. He was happy in meeting with no opposition on the part of his rector, who had known him from a child, and being partial to him, was easily persuaded to yield to all his requests.

During his visits among his people, the young curate was presently informed that another denomination of Christians had established a chapel and schools in a remote district of his parish, in which their minister was labouring with considerable effect.

Edmund Stephens, in calculating the number of houses in his parish, and the time it would take to visit each, had already felt that his care of souls was immense, and very far above the compass of one man's capacity,

though he were to devote himself unceasingly to the work. He therefore felt it some relief to find that there was another labourer working in his great vineyard, and he resolved to make himself acquainted with this minister; and if he found that his opinions were such as in the main he could approve, he would offer him his friendship, hold out the right hand of fellowship to him, and assure him, that between them there should be no other contest than a holy strife who should do most good, and win most souls to God. And thus he reasoned with himself: "It is impossible for me to give individual attention to each of my parishioners, and yet, humanly speaking, some may be lost without this particular attention. This Christian minister, in another part of my parish, may be able to bestow that individual attention which I cannot always supply, and he may have a better method of instruction than I have. I know that he has more experience; but, granting he has only as good a method, how shall I presume to take upon me to deprive others of the benefit of his labours, when I perhaps have it not in my power to make it up to them by my own exertions? If I weaken the hands of a pious man, or stop his mouth, and thus hinder his usefulness, am I not, humanly speaking, accountable for the loss of any soul which may thereby perish for want of help, and thus become, as far as in me lies, a spiritual murderer?"

In this manner the young clergyman argued with himself: but as he considered also that there are some who dissent from our Church in points of such amazing consequence, that true Christians can by no means extend their encouragement towards them, he determined to make himself quite sure that there was nothing of this kind in the minister in question; and having ascertained this point, he called upon him, and, opening his heart frankly to him, he asked his friendship, and gave him leave to do as much good as he possibly could in his parish.

The dissenting minister, who was a gentleman in manners and in education, and a person of true piety, was much touched by the frankness and simplicity of the young curate. He received his overtures with cordiality;

and it not unfrequently happened, after this, that these servants of God would consult together, to bring to pass their little plans for the advancement of the glory of their common Master.

When Edmund Stephens had arrived at the proper age, he was admitted to priest's orders, and returned immediately to his labours of love, which he pursued with unabated ardour. And although he made several innovations on certain old customs, established, time immemorial, in the parish, yet on these occasions he either excited less animosity, or heard less of the anger he did excite, (which came nearly to the same thing,) than could possibly have been expected.

Through the divine blessing, he was particularly mindful of what his aunt had said to him on the necessity of keeping his own mind in a calm and heavenly state if he wished to do good; and in order to preserve this state of mind, he found that he must carefully observe several rules. One was, never to allow praise to reach his ears without cautiously guarding against those injurious effects that otherwise it was calculated to produce on his mind; because he found that, whenever he had taken praise to himself rather than carry it to the Lord, he immediately became acutely alive to blame, and more irritated against the person who had blamed him, than he had lately been pleased with him who had extolled him. On this account, when descending from his pulpit, he always carefully shunned such persons as were accustomed to meet him on these occasions with any complimentary expressions; and if he found it wholly impossible to avoid such indiscreet friends, he never failed to declare to them, that he dared not to accept the honour which cometh from man. Another rule which this excellent young man was enabled to lay down for himself was, to keep his ears shut to the common reports and unmeaning tittle-tattle of the day; as he found that this unimportant and trifling gossip had a peculiar effect in lowering the standard of his thoughts, in producing listlessness in the exercise of his duty, and in loading his mind with that fear of the world which a minister ought above all dangers to avoid.

In consequence of the faithful observance of these

rules, Edmund Stephens was enabled to preserve much composure of mind amidst a crooked and perverse generation, and was kept in a state of continued tranquillity, hidden, as it were, within the secret of the pavillion of his God: and being thus blessed with that peace which the world cannot give, he was constantly assisted in his endeavours to seek the mind of the Lord, and to bear in perpetual remembrance that sweet address of the Church to the Chief Shepherd which we find in the first chapter of the Canticles, and the seventh verse—*Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?* Thus he continued to pursue his undeviating course of rectitude, walking in deep humility, and always giving the glory to God, till certain events took place which I shall relate without delay.

The town in which Edmund Stephens resided was one of those large manufacturing places which is continually receiving successive enlargements, and spreading its suburbs, its gardens, new rows, streets, squares, and crescents, over the adjacent country. The town had not formerly extended beyond the bounds of one parish, and this was the parish in which Edmund resided; a region of smoke and spinning-machines, containing many dark old houses, and intersected with narrow streets and miserable little alleys. But of late years, the new buildings had encroached upon another rectory, whose little modernized parsonage-house was now seen standing in a garden, between a square and a half-finished crescent.

This living had lately become vacant, and, through the exertions of old Mr. Parnel, it was procured for Francis, who, being recalled in all haste from abroad, had scarcely time to take priests' orders before it was necessary for him to hasten to——, to be inducted in his rectory.

Edmund Stephens heard of the success of his friend with unmingled pleasure, and anticipated such a renewal of their former intercourse as should render life even more sweet than he had already found it.

Edmund happened to be particularly engaged on the day that his friend was to be inducted, and was obliged to be out of town for some days afterwards; but imme-

diately on his return he hastened to seek the companion of his youth, and having inquired for him at his parsonage, was informed by some workmen, who were engaged in the house, that he was to be found at a lodging-house in the neighbouring square, where he was to remain till all was ready at the parsonage for his reception.

As the parsonage had lately been occupied by a very large family, Edmund could not clearly understand how it was that Mr. Parnel was unable to find in it a corner fit to put his head in. As this, however, was no business of his, he presently lost the singular impression which this seeming nicety of his old companion had at first made upon his mind; and having found out the lodging-house where Mr. Parnel then was, and obtained admittance, he rushed up the stairs, and a moment afterwards had seized the hand of his friend, and was shaking it with an ardour which proved that his kind feelings towards him had met with no abatement from absence.

Edmund was not one of those persons who are keenly alive to every slight, and who possess, in consequence, the quickest perception of every shade and degree of cordiality or want of cordiality in the salutation of a friend; yet he could not but perceive, on this occasion, that there was a certain something in Mr. Parnel's reception of him which threw a damp over his heart. He, however, endeavoured to recover from this sudden chill, and forced himself to suppose that it was only the effect of fancy. He accordingly took the seat that was offered him, and began to express the delight he felt in being restored to one from whose society he had formerly enjoyed so much delight. He spoke of his aunt, and of many sweet hours spent in her society; and remarked, that he had never, since her death, met with a person so entirely above the world as she was, and, in consequence, so truly charming: to all which Mr. Parnel replied, with a degree of restraint which but too strongly confirmed his friend in his first apprehension, namely, that his old companion had lost much of the strength and ardour of his early feelings.

Mr. Parnel was a man who from the inelegance of his figure, and the contour of his features, from a certain something in his mode of elocution, and a want of natu-

ral grace in his movements, was never intended to shine as a public character; while Edmund Stephens was, on the contrary, one who, from the actual symmetry of his person, from the extraordinary spirituality of his mind the sweetness of his temper, the warmth and vivacity of his feelings, and peculiar graciousness and humility of his manner, might, had he been so inclined, have easily acquired all that celebrity, as a popular speaker or preacher, to which a person less gifted as to outward advantages must have aspired in vain.

It was, however, one of the greatest misfortunes to Mr. Parnel, that he wished to be admired by the world; and it is probable that he had always been sensible of the natural advantages which Edmund had over him, and that this thorn had long rankled in his heart, though it seems he felt not the irritation of the fester, till on occasion of the meeting of which we are now speaking, when he found himself, though a traveller, and, as the world would say, a fortunate man, suddenly and entirely eclipsed by a poor curate, whose least perfections, he was well aware, were those which were most visible to the world.

It was a remark of one of the finest Christian characters which has appeared in the present age, that the minister or teacher who would be blessed in his instructions, must first labour in the right direction of his own mind; and although the Articles of our Church form this decision, that in case of ungodly characters having authority in the ministration of the world, yet, forasmuch as they do not the same in their own name, but in Christ's, and do minister by his commission and authority, it is lawful to use their ministry, (*26th Article*,) nevertheless, it is very certain, that, humanly speaking, there is nothing which retards the progress of the Gospel so much as the remaining eruptions of sin among the rulers of the Church, and among all such persons as are employed in the work of instruction. Hence the importance of a proper regulation of the passions among professors, and especially of those deeply destructive and even murderous feelings which consist in the desire of exalting self, and seeking the favour of man rather than that of God.

Edmund had been but a short time with Mr. Parnel, before he was well aware that his former humble friend made pretensions to be a man of fashion; not that he was, indeed, a ridiculous pretender of the kind, although his claims were supported in a way which appeared to Edmund wholly inconsistent with the simplicity and dignity of the ministerial character. Nevertheless he trusted that all was right at the bottom, notwithstanding this little appearance of what he could not relish. He therefore accepted Mr. Parnel's invitation to dinner, and tried to fancy that he was about to enjoy a delightful season with the friend of his heart.

"And so, Edmund," said Mr. Parnel, "you are still at the old lodgings!—still precisely where I first knew you! Do you not find them rather dark?"

"By no means," returned Edmund. "Those rooms seem to me the very regions of light and life; and I have more pleasure in contemplating the well-known Dutch tiles, than I should have in beholding the finest marble chimney-piece in Europe."

"The effect of an old association of ideas, my good fellow," returned Mr. Parnel, somewhat pompously. "The associations of our childhood are very powerful!"

"Yes," returned Edmund, "they are; powerful, indeed; and I pray that mine may never be disturbed."

The conversation then took another turn. Mr. Parnel talked of his pupil; of his adventures abroad; of Naples, and Paris; of the English society he had fallen into in these cities: and hence made it appear that he had suffered a great deal in the cause of religion among his religious countrymen abroad.

Edmund thought that this was very probable, and therefore said something expressive of his approbation of his friend's holy zeal and strength of character.

Mr. Parnel then spoke of the extraordinary coincidences by which at so early an age he was placed in his present very responsible situation; and, with an air of perplexity, said, that he foresaw certain peculiar difficulties which he should have to encounter—difficulties of no ordinary description, and with which he felt himself quite overwhelmed.

"How so?" said Edmund. "Wherein does your situa-

tion differ from that of other ministers who have the charge of souls?"

Mr. Parnel fixed his eyes on Edmund with a stare of astonishment, and said, "Surely, my good friend, you do not think my situation a common one, comparing it only with your own! Consider how much greater my responsibility is than yours. You are acting only for another. I have no one to whom I can look up for advice and direction. If any thing is amiss, I alone am to be blamed; while you are protected beneath the wing of your superior, and if fault is found with you, he is to share in your condemnation."

"Remember," returned Edmund, "that my rector is a man of eighty, and quite past all concern for his people."

"It may be so," returned Mr. Parnel, "that is, you and I know it to be so; but the world only knows you, Mr. Stephens, as the assistant of Dr. Fieldhouse, and you are always supposed to be acting under his sanction."

Edmund bowed, not feeling disposed to speak; and Mr. Parnel having waited a moment for his reply, proceeded to this effect.—"You do not appear, Edmund, by any means to be aware of my difficulties. Permit me to state them to you, and you will then be better able to judge of my situation."

"It is, I trust, and ever has been, my wish, in my character as a spiritual teacher, to act with faithfulness—to fear no man, and to seek only the glory of God. Nevertheless, my knowledge of life has brought me to this conviction—that unless I can preserve the respect and affection of my people, and the good opinion of the world at large, my usefulness will be utterly marred."

"Now, when I consider the state of my parish; when I am made to understand that all the best families of the town, nay, indeed, all those of any consequence in our society, are included in it; when I am told that all my people are persons of influence, and some sort of fashion, that they have never been in the habit of hearing the truth, and cannot be expected to bear it, is it possible that I should be free from apprehensions? And, moreover, when I have the assurance, that if I am more diligent and decided than my predecessor, I shall also incur

the displeasure of the clergy of the diocese in a body, and perhaps come under the stigma of the bishop, is it possible for me, I ask, to be without uneasiness?"

"In the first place," returned Edmund, "I do not see wherefore you should fear your congregation more than I and others do. Are we not all aware that the Gospel is disgusting to the natural man? and that, when first heard, it will awaken all the angry passions of his nature? But have we not this assurance, that, if we are not weary of well-doing, all these difficulties shall disappear? For is not He that is with us stronger than he that is against us? And, in the second place, I would say, that I think you are judging very harshly of your superiors and brethren in the ministry, many of whom will admire and commend your diligence, and others will imitate you; and if you do not first throw down the gauntlet, most of the rest will let you alone. For the admiration and respect of one, at least, I can answer."

"Meaning yourself, Edmund?" replied Mr. Parnel. "Yes, I trust that I shall always possess and deserve your affection; but I am speaking of the higher orders, the benefited clergy of the diocese. If I introduce any thing new, if I make any innovation into the old order of things, I shall certainly draw them all upon me. I am assured of it; and I hope that I am prepared, though I am fully aware of the singularly difficult and painful situation in which I stand."

"O, brother! brother!" said Edmund, rising up, and smiling, "you have gone through the University with eclat, you have made the grand tour of Europe, you are converted into a respectable rector, and yet you are precisely the same Francis Parnel who was at loggerheads with his schoolfellows on the second day of his establishment at school."

"What do you mean?" replied the other, reddening violently: "explain yourself. You, at least, have a lively recollection of my schoolday follies. Come, explain yourself."

"Do not be offended, my good friend," subjoined Edmund: "I meant not to hurt your feelings; and yet I foresee, that you will not have been a year in this place, before you will be at daggers-drawing—to use a strong

expression—with every order and denomination of persons in the town and neighbourhood.”

“How so, Stephens?” said Mr. Parnel.

“In the first place,” returned Edmund; “you will set the irreligious world against you; not so much by telling them the truth as it is in Jesus, as by informing them that you expect their hatred. You will bring the higher ranks of the clergy upon you by letting them know that you expect their displeasure, and that you consider them as the enemies of extraordinary seriousness, and you will undoubtedly hit upon some other method of making yourself equally disagreeable to what is called the low Church. I know that it is impossible to please all men: but surely there is a wide difference between a mean and shuffling conduct, and that which breathes universal defiance.”

“Universal defiance!” repeated Mr. Parnel: “why, Edmund, surely you cannot suppose that I shall reveal those feelings to others which I have uttered only in confidence to the oldest friend I have in the world?”

“Not if you can help it,” replied Edmund.

“Not if I can help it!” returned the other: “why, Stephens, do you suppose that I have no discretion whatever?”

“I think of you,” said Edmund, “as I should of any other man who should allow himself in the like reflections. By dwelling so much and so incessantly on your own concerns, your own trials, the opinion of others respecting you, and the persecutions to which you may be liable, your mind contracts a soreness which wholly unfits you for that contact with society to which every man is exposed. On the slightest touch and the gentlest rub, being so situated, you will naturally start and wince. In every casual circumstance, you will see the fulfilment of some of your apprehensions, and you will naturally be led to betray your feelings where you should not; and thus, in the end, all will come upon you which you now (permit me to say) so causelessly dread.”

“And then, my Francis,” added Edmund, his voice assuming that expression of noble pathos which it ever did on occasion of his tenderer feelings being excited, “and then, my Francis, then where will be that useful

ness which we so often promised ourselves in our early days? How will the image of the Saviour appear in your deportment and shine in your countenance, when clouds of care and anxiety—worldly care and selfish anxiety—shall rest upon your brow? Recollect the description of the parish priest in that beautiful poem of Goldsmith.—

“At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place:
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven;
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head!”

When Edmund had repeated this beautiful quotation Mr. Parnel, instead of making any reply, remained quite silent; neither could his friend in any way define the expression of his countenance. He saw, indeed, that his words had made a strong impression; but whether that impression was a favourable one, he was at a loss to decide. However, as Edmund (in common with most persons who are raised by true religion above the selfish considerations which actuate the greater part of mankind) was not easily disconcerted when he believed he was doing right, he therefore proceeded to express still plainer his sentiments relative to the character of a minister, paying little regard to the variation of Mr. Parnel's countenance; though, in order to give him time to recover himself, he was careful that his remarks should be of a more general nature than those which he had made before.

“I was very much struck,” said Edmund, “with an observation which I lately met with, in a work of a clergyman of the present day, who has with the most unre-

mitting assiduity devoted himself to the study of Scripture. This remark related to the conduct of Aaron and Miriam, when they reproved Moses on account of the Ethiopian woman, and thereby incurred the displeasure of the Almighty. Whatever might have been their motives for this sudden attack upon Moses, whose marriage had taken place so many years before, we cannot presume to say, though they were, evidently, unwarrantable, from the anger that the Almighty himself displayed on the occasion; but the punishment inflicted on Aaron and Miriam, and the consequence of this punishment, together with the remark made upon this consequence, was that which so forcibly struck me in the work to which I allude.—‘Behold, the sin of these two professors delayed the progress of all the host of Israel for seven days. Armed hosts and intervening seas could not retard them; but sin, that evil and accursed thing, did what all the powers of earth and hell could not have done. O professor! think how many may be retarded in their progress towards heaven by one sin of thine, yea, perhaps may be turned out of the way and ruined for ever! Remember what our Lord has said—Wo unto the world because of offences! but wo, *most of all*, unto him by whom the offence cometh!’ ”

Edmund was still proceeding with his remarks, (for Mr. Parnel yet remained silent,) when they found that a carriage had stopped at the door; and, a moment afterwards, a Mr. Harrison, an elderly gentleman of considerable consequence in the neighbourhood, and who was supposed to be favourable to religion, was announced.

Mr. Harrison, on entering, very cordially accosted the two young ministers; and, on his being seated, the conversation took a general turn, till the old gentleman asked Mr. Parnel why he did not find him in his parsonage-house?

This question, as Edmund feared, led to a recital of grievances; for Mr. Parnel being thereby led to speak of himself, could not stop when he had informed his visitor that his parsonage-house needed some repairs, but proceeded to other matters, till, to the amazement of Edmund, he began fully to describe his situation, and the difficulties attending it, in precisely the same manner to

Mr. Harrison, as he had shortly done before to himself, expressing his apprehensions, that all the world would be upon him as soon as he should commence to deal sincerely with his people.

"You are mistaken, Sir," said Mr. Harrison; "the truth is not a new thing in this place:" adding, as he turned to Edmund, "our young friend here has not thus kept us in the dark; and I have every reason to think, that you will have more to fear from the indiscreet flatteries of your people, should you prove faithful to them, than from any other cause. But Mr. Stephens will tell you more of these matters than I can possibly do, for he has had three years' experience, during which neither doctrine nor reproof have been spared."

"Sir," returned Edmund, "I am perhaps the last man to be addressed on this subject: the days of faggots and stakes are gone by, and I hear very little of what is said of me."

"But your church, Sir," replied Mr. Harrison, "your church overflows!"

"It does, Sir," replied Edmund, seeming unable any longer to contain himself; "and since I must speak, I think it but just to my parishioners to say, that I have met with nothing but kindness and affection from them since my residence in the parish."

"And I might add," rejoined Mr. Harrison, in a low voice, addressing Mr. Parnel, "it would be strange if he had not: for never, surely, was a man more worthy of esteem."

It is not known whether Mr. Parnel heard the whole of this whisper; for before it was half finished, he turned to Edmund, and said, "Surely, Stephens, you do not mean to assert that the tongue of censure has in your parish never been moved against you?"

"I make no such assertion," replied Edmund: "I only know that little, either of praise or blame, has hitherto reached my ears. I know that it is not by the sentence of an earthly tribunal that I must stand or fall; and I endeavour to perplex myself as little as possible with what the world may say, though I consider myself bound to receive any reproof given in an open manner either by friend or enemy."

"Certainly," returned Mr. Parnel, affecting to laugh, "you have found out a good method of preserving your self-complacency, my good fellow; a capital way this is, indeed, of retaining one's own good opinion—refusing to hear all that is said against one! Then, you do not know that you sadly lost your popularity among the clergy of the diocese on one particular occasion which I could name? Mr. Harrison knows what I mean: I heard of it when abroad; and it was almost the first thing which reached my ears when I arrived at this place."

Edmund looked at his watch. "At what hour do you dine, Parnel?" he asked. "You will excuse me: I have an engagement which will detain me about an hour—I will be with you again before your dinner." So saying, he bowed to Mr. Harrison, and left the room, his fine features being all in a glow as he took his departure; though when he returned at the end of the hour, and found his friend alone, this glow had subsided, leaving only such a bloom as might be attributed to health and exercise, while the usual serene and holy dignity of his countenance was conspicuous.

We do not presume to say what had been passing in the mind of Francis during this interval, but his reflections were surely of a salutary nature; for his friend no sooner appeared, than he held out his hand to him, and said, with much affection, "Edmund, I have offended you. You left me in displeasure: what did I say? what did I do?"

"O, Francis! dear Francis!" returned Edmund, "my friend and brother! we have spent many happy days together, many precious hours, in that blessed period of early youth which passed away under the gentle influence of my much lamented aunt. There was a time when we had not a secret hidden from each other; and I looked forward to your return as a circumstance which would add many sweets to my journey through life: but unless you will here, my brother, promise never to trouble me with any of those idle rumours respecting myself, my neighbours, and my people, to which you just now alluded, I must from this moment forego all those pleasures which I promised myself in your society. I had, indeed, hoped that at the death of either of us, the

survivor might have been able to give the same reason for his grief as *he* did who lamented his Lycidas—

‘For we were nurs’d upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.’

But if this must not be, I hope that I am prepared to acquiesce in the divine will: for I must not, I dare not, depart from the injunction of my Master, nor from the rule which I have been enabled to lay down for myself, never to allow my mind to be darkened and my usefulness marred by entering into the empty and idle tittle-tattle of the unconverted world.”

“You are warm, Edmund,” said Mr. Parnel.

“I am,” returned Edmund. “My feelings are naturally strong, and my temper ardent: I know them to be so, and I know also what I suffered before this constitutional peculiarity could be brought under the influence of grace. But should not this operate as an additional motive for my endeavouring to keep myself in a state of tranquillity?”

“But, Edmund,” remarked Mr. Parnel, “how can you ever know yourself, unless you hear what your enemies say of you?”

“The lashes of the tongue,” returned Edmund, “are, doubtless, useful in correcting the foul offences of the impious world, and the admonitions of a faithful friend are never to be despised; but, assuredly, the true Christian should rather seek self-knowledge by communing with his God in secret, than by listening to the voice of the multitude.”

Mr. Parnel urged the subject no further, but, giving his hand to his friend, exclaimed, “O, Edmund! you make me feel little in my own estimation. Would to God I could be as you are!”

Edmund was melted even to tears: but, as these persons who possess the most tender hearts generally take the greatest care to avoid a display of their feelings, he hastily brushed away these tokens of affection, and, as if by mutual consent, other and less interesting subjects engaged the conversation of the two ministers during the rest of the day; and Edmund, on returning home, tried to think that he had derived much satisfaction from this visit.

The dusk of evening had arrived by the time he reached his humble apartments. His little tea-equipage was set ready, and on the table by it there lay his Bible, his Concordance and his pen and ink. A bright fire shed its enlivening glow through all the room. He drew his chair to the table, and sitting down, looked around him with an indescribable feeling of gratitude for the peaceful asylum which was granted him from the contending passions of the world. "O my aunt!" he thought, "when shall I meet with a spirit like yours? I have been blessed with the acquaintance of many sincere Christians: but where shall I find one raised, like you, above the world, and while still in the flesh, dwelling, as it were, in the third heaven? How did your exalted and sanctified genius travel over the whole course of the Gospel scheme, from the creation of the world till the moment in which the dying Saviour on the cross cried out, 'It is finished!' How sweetly would you trace the Saviour through every type and shadow of the Mosaic dispensation! and how did your faith expatiate at large, and, as it were, at will, among the glorious scenes of prophecy, amidst the regions of the restored paradise! O that those Christians who enjoyed your society on earth were blessed with a portion of your excellent spirit, and that they would resolve to banish those selfish feelings, their indulgence of which must render their attempts at usefulness abortive!"

The next morning Mr. Parnel returned Edmund's visit. The sight of the old room, and the many well-known pieces of furniture, with the oriel step on which he had often lounged with his Edmund while they studied their lessons, seemed to awaken all the tender and affectionate feelings of Francis. He forgot for a short time the young rector, with all his wonderful perplexities and peculiar situations, and talked for awhile only of Mrs. Mary Stephens, and the happy hours he had spent in her society.

Edmund's little dinner was brought upon the table, served in the plainest way which strict neatness would permit. Edmund insisted on Mr. Parnel's partaking of it with him, and consequently the two friends sat down together.

Of that of which the heart is full the mouth will speak: and Edmund inadvertently entered upon some of those views which his aunt had often set before them relative to the duty of ministers—simple, holy, and scriptural views—and depicted with all the force and vivacity which piety and ardent love for the Christian cause could possibly inspire.

Mr. Parnel remarked that these views were, indeed beautiful, and he also spoke of the effects which Mrs. Stephens's conversations had produced on his mind, both at the time they were uttered, and even long after. "But, my dear brother," he added, "the impracticability of their being realized did not appear to us; we did not then perceive that these beautiful images were the mere creations of an imagination heated by enthusiasm. A very slight acquaintance with the world must convince any man, that your good aunt's ideas of the character of the Christian minister are no more than a fancy picture."

Edmund underwent a sudden shock on hearing this remark; but controlling his feelings, he said, "How so?—the character is drawn from Scripture!"

To this assertion Francis Parnel made no reply; but flying from the particular point in question, he fell again into the discussion of his own peculiar duties, and of what would be expected and required of himself in particular: and it is remarkable, that during the whole of the time in which he was thus engaged, he never once seemed to consider that Edmund Stephens had held for some years a situation nearly similar to that in which he himself was placed, and that he might, therefore, probably be able to assist him with the results of his experience. Edmund, however, remembering the heat which had been excited in his bosom during his visit to Francis the day before, and thinking that he had already spoken his mind with sufficient plainness, was careful not to express himself with warmth on the present occasion, especially as he was then in his own house; and therefore, after vainly making two or three attempts to introduce a more profitable subject, he contented himself with sustaining only a very inferior part in a conversation in which, from experience and natural abilities, he was certainly entitled

to take the lead. And thus passed the hours till Mr. Parnel took his leave.

Edmund once more felt relieved in being left alone, and presently found consolation in pouring out his feelings before the throne of grace: but whether his prayers for Francis Parnel were answered we shall leave our readers to judge, when they shall have finished the perusal of this short, yet, we trust, not unprofitable history.

From that time there was, for several months, but little intercourse between these two young men. Edmund, finding that, when they met, his friend was always so full of himself and his own concerns, that they could not converse either on equal or profitable terms, at length, resolved to seek him out no longer, but to return to the steady performance of his own pastoral duties, which were so arranged as to leave him but a few hours daily for study.—And, in the discharge of his several duties, he still took particular care to avoid all those encounters with worldly persons which might tend to interrupt the pious tranquillity of his own mind; feeling that his usefulness depended, humanly speaking, upon his own heart being habitually kept under the influence of Christian simplicity and holiness. He found, from close and constant observation, that whenever he addressed his people in a high or self-sufficient state of mind, his discourse, however eloquent, however filled with well-turned and finely polished periods, however rich in scriptural allusions and elegant applications, failed of its effect in reaching the heart; while discourses which seemed to want all these perfections, if proceeding from a broken and contrite spirit, appeared to excite feelings which the former had utterly failed in producing. He did not either in one case or the other, attribute his success to his own eloquence; but he believed that a divine unction was frequently poured out upon him when he least expected it, and that when he was in an humble and lowly frame, a blessing wholly withheld at other times often attended his ministry; for *God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.* (James iv. 6.)

These discoveries taught him to regard it as the indispensable duty of every teacher of the Gospel to live close to God; neither was he unmindful of an awful remark

frequently made by his aunt respecting those persons who take upon themselves the charge of souls, whether in the capacity of ministers, schoolmasters, catechists, or writers: who, if they, either from indolence, carelessness, or the indulgence of selfish passions, neglect the duties which they have undertaken to fulfil, become in fact, spiritual murderers, being manifest transgressors of the law which saith *Thou shalt do no murder*, and are, it is to be feared, more heavy offenders than the man who commanded the destruction of the babes of Bethlehem, inasmuch as he could destroy only the bodies of these innocents, whereas, they who, professing to dispense to their fellow-men the bread of life, virtually withhold it from them, become, as far as in them lies, the destroyers of the more noble part of man.

In this manner did this excellent young man reason with himself; and thus he continued his humble, quiet, and laborious course, with little interruption, for more than twelve months after the arrival of Mr. Parnel in the town.

The former friends, in the mean time, met but seldom; and when they did so, Mr. Parnel always pleaded want of time and the pressure of numerous important avocations as excuses for his not indulging himself so often as he said he could have wished in the company of Edmund. Yet neither want of time nor numerous avocations was the real cause of this estrangement. The busiest man must sometimes relax. And had Mr. Parnel thirsted after the society of his friend, he would certainly have found many occasions for enjoying it. But the truth was precisely this: Francis sighed after popularity, and he therefore could not endure to witness in Edmund those qualifications which procured him, unpretending as he was, that favour for which he himself longed,—but in vain. Mr. Stephens was endowed by nature with many of those advantages which attract admiration. His appearance was unusually prepossessing; his voice melodious, full, and agreeable; his elocution clear; his manner graceful; and his very simplicity particularly attractive. Mr. Parnel envied him in the possession of all these attractions; and the more so, because the professor himself did not seem sensible of them: and,

therefore, soon after his own arrival in the neighbourhood, he attempted to solace himself by endeavouring to find out something to the disadvantage of this man so generally admired.

The weakness of Mr. Parnel could not long be concealed from those about him; and as there was no want of idlers and busy bodies who viewed Edmund with displeasure, because they regarded him as keeping himself too much aloof from their society, they presently put it into Mr. Parnel's head, that Mr. Stephens, notwithstanding his apparent humility, was no less eager for popularity than other men: and to this motive they attributed his apparent zeal for religion, his conciliatory manner towards other denominations of Christians, and his readiness to promote every good work which was proposed in the town.

Mr. Parnel's besetting sin was vanity, or, in other words, a kind of selfishness which would never let him be easy when he saw himself surpassed in any pursuit in which he desired to be foremost. It had from early youth been the object of his ambition to be a popular preacher, to become the leader in many good works, and to be as it were regarded as a father in Israel. Had his ambition taken any other direction, he might probably soon have detected the evil of these desires for self-exaltation; for with all his faults, (and these were, indeed, grievous,) there was still reason to think that the root of the matter was in him. But when his desires seemed to tend to an object apparently so laudable, he entertained no doubt of their propriety; and thus he became the slave of envy and of various other evil passions of a like dangerous tendency, without being aware that he was departing in the smallest degree from the strict line of Christian rectitude.

How little do those persons who fail to ascribe the honour of their good deeds to God, how little, indeed, do such persons even suspect the tendency of their conduct! how little are they aware of the murderous character of their desires after self-exaltation! and how far are they from allowing that these feelings, if freely indulged, would inevitably terminate in the dissolution of all order, and produce death and destruction under every

modification ! Having already made a remark to this effect, we return to Francis Parnel.

The selfish feelings before mentioned constantly became stronger in the breast of this young man, and were soon blended with, or rather gave the direction to, all his actions ; so that he was never easy unless he fancied himself engrossing the whole attention of whatever company he might happen to be in. He approved of no good work that might be going forward within his sphere of action in which he himself was not a leader. If he could not be the first in conversation, he would seldom speak at all. And as Edmund was the man who was most likely to be held up by the world as his rival, he gradually cherished such an alienation from his former friend, as to proceed at length to counteract, at first in an underhand, and afterwards in a more open way, every public work which the other attempted to accomplish. But inasmuch as he would not confess his sentiments with respect to Edmund even to his own heart, he still retained something like the language of friendship towards him when they chanced to meet ; and it never could be discovered by those who were most intimately acquainted with both parties, whether Edmund had or had not discovered that Mr. Parnel had ceased to feel for him as in former days.

Some months had passed during which these young ministers had not met, when, one morning, Mr. Parnel called on Mr. Stephens. The moment he entered the room, Edmund was aware that his former friend was in a state of high excitement, though on what account he did not know. For this excellent young man was so entirely raised above the clouds and tempests of this lower world, that he could scarcely conceive the state of irritation into which weaker minds are often roused by the petty cabals with which they are continually embroiled. It was, however, evident to him, that his friend was by some cause or other strongly affected ; and he therefore attempted to restrain the breaking out of his disagreeable emotions, by speaking on the most common and least interesting subjects that then occurred to him, affecting at the same time a certain cheerfulness and unconcern which at that moment he certainly did not feel.

A forced vivacity never has an agreeable effect, at least, with those persons who have even the weakest penetration. Accordingly, Mr. Parnel seemed to be more irritated than pleased by Edmund's manner, and presently discovered his displeasure by saying, "upon my word, Stephens, you possess a wonderful flow of spirits. But I came here to-day on purpose to have some serious conversation with you, and I really wish that you would grant me an attentive hearing for a short time."

"Most willingly," replied Edmund, seriously; "and if I can be of the least service"—

"You are very good," returned Mr. Parnel, dryly: "but I have no particular occasion for your services at present. It is about your own affairs, Edmund, that I am desirous of speaking to you at this time."

"I shall hearken with interest," returned Edmund, "to any thing which a friend may say."

"What," returned Mr. Parnel, "even should that friend venture to repeat some things which may be said by persons not quite so much attached to you as the man who is now before you?"

"I shall not refuse to hear any thing that it may be right I should know," rejoined Edmund. "I confess, that I do not like to trouble myself much with what the busy world may say of me; but I shall, of course, attend to any thing with which my friend judges that I ought to be made acquainted."

"So far, so well," replied Mr. Parnel; "I am glad to find that you are willing to hear reason. And such being the case, I shall proceed without further preface with what I have to say."

Mr. Parnel then proceeded directly to introduce the business on account of which he had made the present visit to Edmund's lodgings, and began, without ceremony, to call his friend to account for such parts of his conduct as did not entirely coincide with his views of propriety and prudence. And, first, he blamed him for his intimacy with Mr. Barret, the dissenting minister of whom mention was before made, conceiving that he might justly do so, on the score of his not belonging to the church as established in this kingdom.

"You cannot regret that he does not," replied Edmund, "more than I do, brother Parnel."

"Indeed!" said Parnel.

"Because," returned Edmund, "I am sorry that so valuable a man should not be altogether with us."

"You surprise me, Edmund," returned Mr. Parnel.

"Do you thoroughly understand the points on which we differ from Mr. Barret?" rejoined the other.

"I never had any conversation with the gentleman in question," replied Mr. Parnel; "and therefore cannot give you an answer."

"Permit me then to say," said Edmund, "that there is no one point essential to salvation in which you, and I, and Mr. Barret, could not go hand-in-hand. This was a circumstance with which I made myself fully acquainted before I offered him the right hand of fellowship. I have, also, every reason to believe, that this man, speaking of him as an individual, is a true servant and child of God, and I know him to be a laborious and successful preacher."

"All this may be strictly true," replied Mr. Parnel, coolly, "but as this man differs from us with respect to the great article of church-government, and, also, in other less points, I am unable to understand, Edmund, how he can be a suitable companion or coadjutor with you, a clergyman of the Established Church."

"Stop," said Edmund, "and permit me to propose to you one question. What, I ask, should be the object of a minister, either of our church or of any other denomination, to make proselytes to his own particular form of worship, or to win souls for the Church of Christ? If the former, then I confess that I am wrong; but if the latter, I think you will find it hard to convince me that I have acted amiss in giving my countenance to such a man as Mr. Barret."

Mr. Parnel made no reply, and Edmund went on to this effect.—

"I will explain to you, my dear friend, the motives which at first led me to regard with a favourable and even a thankful feeling the residence of Mr. Barret in my parish. When first placed in this situation, I took great pains to ascertain the numbers and necessities of

the souls under my care, and found that the former amounted to at least five thousand, and that among these vast multitudes, (multitudes indeed to be all subjected to the pastoral jurisdiction of one man,) there were few who, in a spiritual sense, were not blind, and naked, and poor, and miserable. Having made this calculation, I next proceeded to consider my own physical powers, as an individual, for supplying, as far as lay in the use of means, the amazing wants of these poor creatures. And shall I confess, that after having long and painfully reflected on the subject, it was not without pleasure that I heard of such a fellow-labourer as Mr. Barret. I took some pains to ascertain the principles of this good man; and when I found that in all essential matters they were such as I could most heartily subscribe, I no longer hesitated to pay him a visit, to assure him of my co-operation in every good work that he might desire to perform, and to say that I hoped no other contest would subsist between us than that of an emulation in doing what is right. And I have reason to think that the candour and liberality of my conduct have been the means, on several occasions, of strengthening the hands of Mr. Barret, and enabling him to effect more good than otherwise he could have done."

"But you do not mean to say, that there are no points on which you and Mr. Barret disagree!" said Mr. Parnel.

"Certainly not," replied Edmund; "there are several: but they are all matters of minor importance, and such as we have often canvassed together in perfect good will."

"Upon my word, Mr. Stephens," returned Francis, "your modes of thinking are in many respects so very irregular, that I hardly know what to say about them. But I have done a friend's part in speaking my mind: and if you will not take warning, you must abide by the consequences."

"I am very willing so to do," replied Edmund: "though I cannot conceive what I have to fear."

"You are a young man, Mr. Stephens," returned the other "and are only a curate."

"I know it," replied Edmund.

ough then," said Mr. Parnel; "and I hope that have made up your mind to get no more than a cu-while you live."

have, I trust," said Edmund, "made up my mind at my post, be it what it may; and if I feel that I must not attempt to weaken the influence or tie the hands of a man whom I believe to be a better Christian, certainly a far more experienced minister, than myself, my friend, will at least give me credit for my intentions."

But this Mr. Parnel made no reply, but proceeded to discuss his old friend on some other points, one of which was the irregular manner, as he pleased to call it, in which he arranged his services, having an additional sermon on a Sabbath-day, and one or more on a week day. Edmund pleaded the smallness of his church, the size of the parish, and his wish to do as much good as was pos-

sible. Francis Parnel again brought forward the plea of irreverence, and hinted that he feared the desire of distinction was the secret motive for these innovations.

Edmund replied, that no man had any thing to do with his motives, and that he considered himself answerable to the Searcher of hearts alone.

Mr. Parnel's answer was, that a man's motives were more visible to his fellow creatures than the individual himself supposed.

"Well, then," said Edmund, with some heat, "let every man look to his own heart."

"You are warm, Edmund," said Mr. Parnel, whose reasons for this interference with Mr. Stephens were not understood by the latter, though they appeared plain to Mr. Parnel. "You are warm. What reason can I possibly have for my sincerity but your real good?"

"I am, undoubtedly," replied the unsuspecting Edmund; "and I am to blame to be so warm. But if you will, if you had the smallest idea of the internal struggle which I underwent before I could resolve to sacrifice all earthly prospects at the shrine of duty, you would not thus endeavour to renew the contest in my

mind. Do you, can you, suppose, Francis," added the

young man, "that I am not fully aware of the sacrifice that I am making of all worldly advantages to the line of conduct I have been induced to pursue? But, before I put an end to this subject now, and I hope for ever, let me but propose this single question. Granting, my dear Francis, that you could have sufficient influence to persuade me to give up my weekly services and other unusual efforts, and that you could by any means silence the warning and instructive voice of my brother Christian, what, my dear friend, would you propose to gain by this victory, but an amazing weight of responsibility?—for, I maintain," added the young man, recovering his habitual good humour and vivacity, "that in so doing you bind yourself, as a man of principle, to make up, by your own proper exertions, all the deficiencies which you shall have thus occasioned, not only in my labours, but in those, also, of my pious coadjutor."

Mr. Parnel was going to make some reply; but Edmund plainly told him that, if he pleased they would call another cause.

Francis Parnel left Edmund's lodgings in no very good humour; and these young men did not meet again for several months. At the end of this period, Dr. Fieldhouse died; and the parishioners (without the knowledge of Edmund,) applied in a body to the patron, to give the benefice to their beloved curate. It seems, however, that the living, which was in the gift of the father of the young nobleman with whom Mr. Parnel had travelled, had long been destined for the tutor; and, in less than a week after the death of the old rector, Edmund was informed that his former friend had been presented with it.

The benefice was a large and very valuable one, and a curate had always been kept; Edmund was warmly attached to his people, and was, he hoped, in the way of doing good: he therefore resolved not to leave his curacy, unless dismissed by his rector, although he feared that there might be some points on which they would not agree. He determined, however, to try submission and patience in those things about which his conscience was not concerned; and he made these resolutions from motives of piety only.

Mr. Parnel gave up his former living, which was but

inconsiderable in point of emolument, and was inducted into his new one, before he gave any hints to Edmund concerning his intentions with respect to the curacy. In the mean time, there was in his own mind a violent contest on the subject. He knew how greatly his parishioners loved Mr. Stephens, for he had heard of their application in his favour; he was sensible, also that Edmund was his superior in eloquence, in ability, and in a fine exterior; and he felt that he could not bear to be thus excelled in the very place where he wished to be the person of most consequence. In the mean time, the humble deportment of Edmund, who did not at all presume on his former friendship, left him nothing to complain of; he was also fully assured of his great usefulness. The struggle, therefore, in his mind, was powerful: previous friendship and Christian feeling were engaged in a hard contest with vanity and selfishness. But the latter at length prevailed: and when Edmund called upon him at his new abode, he told him that he should have no occasion for his further services in the curacy.

Edmund was thunderstruck. He grew pale and then red. He had now been the nursing-father of these poor people for nearly five years; he loved and was beloved by numbers; he had enjoyed many sweet seasons in their society; he had been present during many of their scenes of joy and sorrow, and had proved their comforter under affliction, their faithful friend in times of adversity, and prudent guide in seasons of prosperity. Between himself and many individuals of this parish there existed the strongest tie which is to be met with on earth: he had been made the spiritual father of many; and his children in Christ were ready, had it been necessary, to lay down their lives for him. But now, all these strong and tender ties were to be suddenly and forcibly broken. And by whom broken? By a friend, a brother. Edmund felt that within him which would not permit him to speak. He arose, bowed, walked into the hall, took up his hat, and hastened to his lodgings; where we shall leave him, to return to Mr. Parnel, who, as soon as his friend had retired, sat down to write to a young man, with whom he had become intimate at college, probably thinking that by stating his conduct in a fair light to an-

other, he should be able to still the tumults of his own conscience.

In this letter, he pictured himself (according to his usual mode of speaking) as a person who had, throughout life, hitherto, been placed in circumstances peculiarly arduous. He represented himself as living in a populous manufacturing town, whose inhabitants consisted of persons generally occupied in trade, some of whom, having acquired large fortunes, had, in consequence, risen into higher life, though they were still influenced by the contracted views of their former condition. The general mass of the population he described as consisting of zealous and hot-headed enthusiasts on the one hand, and on the other, of persons who knew as little of religion as the savages of the desert; nor did he fail to add, that during many months past it had been his painful lot to stand alone among these people as the only representative of true religion. Various were the fiery ordeals through which, according to his own account, he had to pass, and numerous the scoffs and raileries which he had endured; and if he did not add that he had fought a good fight, it was, perhaps, because he was aware that it was not altogether graceful for a man to praise himself.

The latter part of this letter was, however, that which included the most important particulars, and was worded as follows.—

“You have not forgotten Edmund Stephens, of — Hall, a fine looking fellow, and by no means a dull one. Do you know, that when I stepped into old Dr. Fieldhouse’s place, I found Edmund in the curacy, in which he had been fixed ever since his ordination. You cannot but remember our former intimacy. I should have rejoiced to serve him. But there is a wildness, an enthusiasm, a contempt of order about him, which rendered it wholly impracticable for me to retain him in his situation: justice to my own character, justice to my own people, made it impossible. I had previously, as soon indeed as I had a hint that I was destined to succeed to the rectory, taken the precaution to reason with Edmund about his inconsistencies; but I was not attended to. I had, therefore, no alternative, when I came into possession, but to dismiss him. It gave me exquisite

pain ; it was, indeed, a severe trial to me. I can give you no idea of what I suffered on the occasion : for, after all, he is a good fellow, and I have known him long. I must do without a curate till Stephens is provided for elsewhere. In the mean time, be on the look out for me, for the duty will be too hard for me in the long run, though I shall probably be able to get on for some months to come," &c. &c.

When Mr. Parnel had despatched this epistle, he still found himself so uneasy, that he rushed into company, and there endeavoured to obtain further relief by striving to make his story good among his worldly acquaintance. Nevertheless, although there were some present who seemed to approve of what he had done, poor Francis Parnel could find no peace, and he returned to his house more unhappy than ever. The conscience of this young man was not entirely silenced, and its whisperings during that evening, and as he lay awake on his bed, were such as he was hardly able to endure.

Several days passed, and Mr. Parnel heard no more of Edmund. He spent part of this time at his father's house in a distant part of the country ; and when he returned home, he was prevented by his pride from inquiring after him till the afternoon, when his clerk came to give him notice of a funeral ; at the same time adding that a neighbouring clergyman would have been obtained to perform the duty, had not the rector unexpectedly returned.

"Where is the curate then ?" returned Mr. Parnel.—
"Why cannot Mr. Stephens attend ? Is he gone out of town without informing me !"

"O, Sir !" exclaimed the clerk, "have you not heard ? I greatly fear that we shall never see the blessed face of Mr. Stephens any more."

Mr. Parnel started, and felt as if an arrow had transfixed his heart. "What !" he said, "is Edmund gone ?"

"Not yet, Sir," replied the clerk ; "not yet we hope."

Mr. Parnel demanded an explanation, and awaited it as he would the stroke of death.

"Sir," replied the clerk, "have you not heard that he broke a blood-vessel a few days since, and his life is despaired of ?"

"Impossible!" said Mr. Parnel: "for who then has done the occasional duty during my absence?"

The clerk mentioned the name of the clergyman who had been provided to assist Mr. Stephens.

"Oh! my Edmund! my Edmund! Oh! my brother! my Edmund!" said Mr. Parnel, at that moment awakened from his long dream of vanity and selfishness, and suddenly recovering all the vigour of the Christian character, as his better feelings returning, rushed tumultuously into those channels from which his pride had forced them, "Oh! my brother! Oh! my Edmund!"

More he could not say. But he had taken his hat, and was hastening to the well-known lodgings, when his course being arrested by the funeral procession, he was compelled to endure the anguish of committing a human creature, though a stranger, to the dust, at the moment when his feelings were racked by the apprehension of soon witnessing the death of one whom he had formerly loved as a brother, and lately treated as an enemy.

The sad report was not without foundation. Edmund had indeed broken a blood-vessel, and there was little hope of his life.

After having received the notice of dismissal from his curacy, he had returned home in great agitation of mind, and shut himself up for awhile in his own apartment, where he no doubt used the means appointed by the Almighty for obtaining consolation: for he was enabled to summon the family together at the usual hour; and while reading and praying with them, appeared to be so perfectly calm, that Mrs. Goodman, his landlady, who had known him from a child, and who had been in the habit of watching every change in his fine countenance with something like a mother's tenderness, entertained not the least apprehension that any thing had happened to disturb him. In the middle of the night, however, this good woman was called to his chamber, where she found him bathed in the blood which he had thrown from his stomach.

Edmund had never enjoyed confirmed health, although his complexion usually displayed a beautiful freshness; and more than once, when a child, his aunt had been alarmed by strong symptoms of this very complaint, the

ance of which now threatened the speedy dissolution of his frame.

From the moment of this attack he had been unable to leave his bed, and was ordered to be kept in a state of the most undisturbed quiet.

On the report that he had received a dismissal from his office only the very day before his illness, was soon spread abroad, and every one about him attributed the illness to the agitation of his mind on the occasion. But when Mrs. Goodman, in her zeal, uttered her apprehensions before him, he checked her, and solemnly asserted his opinion, that it had nothing whatever to do with his illness, and that he also believed it to be the will of God, by the gentle means he was now using, to loosen, degree by degree, the ties that held him to earth, that he would speedily be set free from all mortal cares and sorrows.

He then spoke of his entire, firm, and unchangeable confidence in Him who had given up his soul unto death in order that he might bring many sons to glory; he added, that he had a full assurance that the Lord had, through his free and unmerited grace, appointed him to eternal happiness, and that even before the world began: the consequence of which every thing had been so ordered and established for him, that his salvation had been begun, carried on, and completed by the almighty wisdom of God, in a manner which had in nowise depended on himself. To this effect, and in this way, he frequently expressed himself; while his heart, his soul, and his life, seemed, as it were, already elevated to heaven.

Mr. Parnel arrived at Edmund's lodgings immediately after a new and dreadful alarm had been excited by a recent recurrence of the terrifying symptoms which had taken place a few nights previous. Francis found the door of the house unfastened, the surgeon having passed through it in haste a moment before. He therefore entered without knocking, and, going up into the large room at the top of the stairs, he proceeded to Edmund's bed-room, which opened into this apartment, and which was well known to him as the chamber in which he had been his sleeping companion in their early days. The door of this room was standing ajar. Francis gently pushed it open, and immediately unfolded to his sight a scene so heart-rending,

that he could never forget it. He saw his Edmund lying on the bed, supported on one side by the worthy Mr. Barret, while the surgeon and Mrs. Goodman stood on the other. The physiognomy of Edmund was already that of a dying man. His features were exceedingly pale and sunk, though the colour had not yet left his lips, and there was a faint hectic on his cheeks. His eyes were expressive of something more than composure; they beamed with hope, with love, with joy, as he lifted them up to Mr. Barret, who was gently administering some of those sweet portions of consolation with which the Holy Scriptures so richly abound for those who are made one with Christ. Mr. Parnel stood a moment, and then stepped forward, half irresolute, for whereas his love for Edmund drew him onward, the stings of remorse held him back.

At the noise he made every one looked that way. Mr. Barret and the physician expressed surprise; Mrs. Goodman's face flamed with displeasure, and she motioned to him to retire; but the countenance of Edmund brightened with pleasure. A stronger hectic flushed his cheek; his eye sparkled; he would have spoken, but wanting the power, he could only smile: and such a smile—so sweet, so tender, so full of forgiveness, and even of compassion, surely never appeared but on the face of a dying Christian, of one, in a word, whose affections were already above!

On beholding this, Francis could contain himself no longer; but springing forwards, and falling on his knees by the bed-side, he implored the pardon of his friend in terms so warm, so animated, so affecting, that every one present trembled for the effect which they might produce on the dying Edmund.

No very serious effect, however, followed. Edmund was perhaps past that period when earthly scenes could produce any very powerful influence on his mind. A tear, however, trembled in his eye, as he extended his arms to his friend; and in the effort which he made for this purpose his head sunk upon the bosom of Mr. Parnel. "O my Edmund!" repeated Francis, as he clasped his friend to his heart, "can you forgive me? O restore

me to your affection, wretch that I am! O, live, my Edmund; and not only the curacy, but the rectory shall be yours, if I have the power to procure it for you by my resignation: and God is my witness that I am now sincere."

Edmund sighed, but made no reply; for a momentary faintness had come over him, and the surgeon directed Mr. Parnel to release his head gently from his arm to the pillow. When restored to his place, Edmund uttered another deep sigh, and those around him almost feared that he was dying.

An awful silence now prevailed in the chamber for some minutes, occasionally interrupted by the smothered sobs of Mr. Parnel, during which interval the surgeon was feeling the pulse of his patient, Mrs. Goodman was bathing his temples with vinegar, and Mr. Barret was engaged in prayer.

After a short time, some slight colour returned to the cheeks of Edmund. He opened his eyes. He looked at Mr. Parnel with an expression of unutterable love, and, taking his hand, placed it within that of Mr. Barret, attempting at the same time to speak; but though his lips moved, no voice was heard.

"I understand you, ever-dear Edmund," said Mr. Parnel; "yes, my Edmund, I now understand you. Your wishes shall be attended to. Mr. Barret, will you accept the friendship of the first and chief of sinners?"

The venerable minister (for Mr. Barret was an old man) could make no reply; but the starting tear in his eye, and the cordial grasp with which he pressed the hand of the repentant young man, spoke more than volumes. And before we cease all mention of Mr. Barret, we rejoice in being able to say, that the bond of Christian brotherhood formed at the bedside of Edmund was never broken, and that Mr. Parnel was ever afterwards enabled to love and honour those virtues in the character of Mr. Barret which the eye of prejudice had hitherto prevented him from distinguishing, although they had been so frequently pointed out to him by Edmund.

We might dwell long, very long, on scenes such as we have just described; but at present we forbear trust-

ing that little more can be added to show the power of religion as it appeared in the character of Edmund and in the repentance of Francis.

For some days, Mr. Parnel, who scarcely left the side of his dying friend, flattered himself that his disease would not, as others seemed to expect, prove fatal. He ardently longed for an opportunity of making up to his beloved friend the injuries he had done him; and now that it was no longer in his power, he would have given the half of his substance to procure for himself the support, the assistance, and the guidance of such a man as his Edmund. He wondered what could hitherto have blinded his eyes to the Christian excellencies of this friend; and he asked himself, when too late, this question—"For what did I barter the friendship of such a man as this?"

But the prayers of Mr. Parnel for his Edmund were not heard: he was not permitted to have the opportunity he so much desired, of making compensation to this beloved friend for the injuries he had done him.

In a very few days after Francis's first visit to the sick chamber of Edmund, the latter was removed far beyond the reach of all the injuries of earth and hell, having entered into that glory which had been the object of his desire from the earliest years of his childhood.

Mr. Parnel and Mr. Barret stood by Edmund till he breathed his last, and his soul was gently released from his body; they also followed his beloved remains to the grave in the parish church-yard, where they were deposited by the side of those of Mrs. Mary Stephens. Thousands of the parishioners of this excellent young pastor followed him to his last home; and to this day many of these persons cannot speak of him without tears.

But who lamented his loss as Francis Parnel did? When his departed friend was no more, he then became feelingly sensible of his numerous virtues, the review of which made him feel keenly, at the recollection of those evil passions which had induced him, as much as he could, to weaken the hands and counteract the efforts of this excellent young man. He also now perceived the exceeding sinfulness of that narrow and selfish spirit which induces the professor to obstruct and hinder the

good works of others, regardless of the souls that may be lost through this pragmatical and cruel interference. Mr. Parnel now plainly understood and never afterwards lost sight of the drift of the many pious exhortations which Mrs. Mary Stephens had given, and particularly did his mind dwell on that sentiment so frequently and so variously expressed by her respecting the dreadful nature of selfish feelings of any kind, especially when indulged by professors. Neither did he longer question the fact, that these feelings, if pursued to their utmost consequences, must certainly produce murder in some form or other: for, is not the condition of every creature duly allotted and laid out for him by his Maker? and does not that man who indulges envious thoughts, who covets the fame, the honour, the credit, or the possessions of another, in fact desire injuriously to interfere with the existence of that other? and were his wishes granted him, would he not either wholly remove his rival out of his way, or deprive him of those circumstances to which his existence owes its chief value? That this is the true character of worldly persons, do not the record of all past ages fully convince us? How many millions of the human race, who now lie low in the dust, were brought thither by the ambitious and envious feeling of their fellow men! And although in the present state of society in this country the more open and atrocious forms of murder hide their diminished heads, yet it is to be feared that the seeds of murder still lurk in every heart, and that there is not a single individual existing who has not, at some time or other, indulged a murderous thought, or rejoiced in the misfortunes of a neighbour. But if those passions which lead to the invasion of our neighbours' property, and the destruction of the human body, appear so execrable, as to provoke even our detestation when we behold their operation in the characters and conduct of the openly profane, with what abhorrence must the searching eye of the Holy Creator contemplate the remaining power of these destructive sentiments, when they are allowed in any degree to operate in the breasts of professed believers! Would the camp of Israel have wandered so long in the wilderness, and the tabernacle of the Lord have made

such a delay in the desert:—had the host of Israel continually marched forward in one mind; had the strong endeavoured to support the weak, and the old to direct the young;—and had not discord subsisted even among the bearers of the sanctuary itself? would so many thousands have died before they saw the promised land?

Such were the reflections which habitually occupied the mind of Francis Parnel from the moment when he consigned his Edmund to the grave, until, at no very late period of life, he himself was also gathered to his people. Neither did these reflections of his solitary hours, directed, as they no doubt were, by the Holy Spirit, fail of producing such effects of a humble and holy walk through the remainder of his life, as caused him at his decease to be scarcely less regretted by his flock than Edmund had been before him.

And here we conclude this narrative, imploring our readers ever to remember, that he who forsakes the paths of humility is in the high-way of offending, sooner or later, against that commandment which saith—“*Thou shalt do no murder.*”

As the history of the two ministers had not occupied so long a time as several others which had previously been read by the lady of the manor, she indulged her young people, by allowing them to make a few comments on what they had just heard. Most of her juvenile auditors were vehement in their praises of Edmund; while others expressed their strong dislike to Mr. Parnel, though they said it rejoiced them to find that the death of his friend had produced so good an effect on him. Others spoke with seriousness on the view which had just been set before them of the nature of selfishness, and enlarged upon the sweet hope of being set free in a future state of being—freed from all selfish and angry passions; a sentiment in which their kind instructress most fully coincided. The evening was as usual finished with a prayer.

A Prayer on the Subject of the Sixth Commandment.

"O MOST BLESSED LORD GOD, who hast made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth, and hast appointed unto all men the bounds of their habitation, bestow on us, thy humble servants, such a spirit of lowliness and contentment, as may enable us, on all occasions, and at all seasons, to be entirely submissive to thy blessed will, and perfectly resigned to thy fatherly pleasure, and ready, also, to fulfil all those duties which it may please thee to require of us, in whatever situation thou hast thought fit to place us. Remove from our hearts all envy, malice, and selfishness, by which we may be led to depart from that love of each other whereby thy servants are distinguished from the children of the Evil One. Let not, we beseech thee, any selfish desires of eminence and exaltation induce us to mar the usefulness of our neighbour, or to lament his superior excellence, in whatever way thou art pleased to employ him. Let not a contracted spirit prevent our rejoicing in that good, in the promotion of which we ourselves may not have been instrumental; and, especially, preserve us from that dreadful sin of excluding or withholding the light of life from any who may be ready to perish, by refusing our countenance to those who belong not to our own party, or who may have failed to court our favour.

"Preserve us, O heavenly Father, from spiritual pride, and from those high thoughts of self which are at variance with the love of our brethren, and which tempt us to sacrifice the everlasting welfare of our fellow-creatures to what we conceive to be our private interests, by which we are induced to the infliction of spiritual death, and brought in guilty of the murder of souls. As ministers or teachers, let us be contented, even though we might see ourselves excelled; and help us, as Moses did, to rejoice when others of our Lord's people are found among the prophets. Grant, that we may rather be desirous to use our single talent aright, than emulous to receive more talents; and expand our hearts with that most excellent grace of charity, which shall still flourish when

faith and hope shall be no more, and which will be an essential constituent of our happiness when this earth shall be dissolved, and the heavens have passed away like a scroll. For *charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.*

"And now to Him who loved us ere yet the foundations of the world were laid—to Him who prayed for his very enemies at the moment when he was suffering the anguish of the cross—to Him whose gentle influences can overcome the most stubborn heart, and turn the murderous thoughts of man into those of universal love—be all glory and honour, now and for ever, world without end. Amen."

CHAPTER XIX.



*Seventh Commandment.—Thou shalt not commit
Adultery.*

WHEN the young people were once more assembled in the beloved apartment at the manor-house, the lady of the manor remarked, that the seventh commandment supplied the subject which was on that day to occupy their attention; and one of the young ladies, at her request, having repeated this commandment, she herself then proceeded to the following effect.—

“You are all, doubtless, aware, my dear young people, of the tendency of this commandment, and that it was given at once to enforce and inculcate the sanctity of marriage. But, as I am now addressing persons in well-regulated and polished society, I deem it here wholly unnecessary for me to enter into any particulars relative to such breaches of this rule of life as are too often committed by persons avowedly immoral; but I shall improve the present occasion by giving you some few rules and directions respecting your conduct in society as it regards your intercourse with persons of the other sex, which instructions, I trust, may prove advantageous to you, not only in this life, but in that state of being which is to come: inasmuch as, although in the resurrection we shall neither marry nor be given in marriage, but be as the angels that are in heaven, still, humanly speaking, we know not how our own future situations, as well as those of others over whom we may have influence, may be hereafter affected by our good or evil conduct in these respects.

“I have,” observed the lady of the manor, “always

considered, that those persons are greatly to be condemned who speak of matters relative to marriage in any other than a serious manner; and when I consider, also, how much of human happiness or misery depends on the propriety of the female character as it respects the other sex, I cannot help being surprised whenever any expression even of a playful, not to say a vain tendency, on subjects of this kind proceeds, in my hearing, from the mouths of persons who are counted either pious or prudent. I think I may venture to assert, that those young people are the most happy who are least occupied with subjects of this kind; but, inasmuch as such matters must, at one time or another, come under the consideration of every young person, and as I cannot but think that most of you have already heard these affairs spoken of either in a light or serious way, I have resolved on this occasion to present you with my views on these subjects. And having at this time before me a little narrative which contains much relative to our present purpose, I propose now to read it to you, my beloved young people, without further preface, hoping that you will find in the history of the amiable character which is there portrayed, an example which may prove beneficial in every trying circumstance which you may hereafter be called to encounter."

The lady of the manor then produced a manuscript, and read as follows.

The History of Sophia Mortimer.

In the southern parts of Yorkshire, there resided, a few years ago, a gentleman named Mortimer. He had, early in life, been married to an exceedingly lovely young woman, whose merits he, however, knew not how to appreciate, being himself but a coarse and ordinary character, while she was a woman of highly cultivated intellects. The marriage had on her part been forced from interested motives; and, hence, she, as is the case with most persons who act as she did, was not happy. But Mrs. Mortimer did not live long to feel her own unhappiness. Before the second year of her marriage was expired, she died, leaving one little girl, who inherited

her mother's beauty. This little girl was named Sophia.

Mrs. Mortimer had a very intimate and dear friend, who was considerably older than herself, and who had lived with her from her infancy to the day of her marriage; and she, therefore, as a dying request, entreated her husband that this lady might be entrusted with the sole charge of little Sophia, until she should have attained at least her twentieth year. Mr. Mortimer had no particular regard for Mrs. Fortescue, (which was the name of this lady;) but a man must be cruel indeed who, merely from prejudice, could deny the request of a dying wife; and as he had no stronger objection to make against Mrs. Fortescue, than that he did not like her, the old lady was accordingly sent for; and Mrs. Mortimer had the satisfaction, before her death, of seeing her infant in the arms of her friend, and received from her a solemn promise that she never would disregard the charge which she had been thus solemnly entrusted with.

Immediately after the funeral of Mrs. Mortimer, Mrs. Fortescue, who had no settled place of abode, consented to occupy two apartments at one end of Mr. Mortimer's large house, and from that period she became its constant inmate.

Little Sophia was not more than a year old when she was delivered up to Mrs. Fortescue, and, of course, she had no recollection of any time before that in which she began to regard this lady as a tender and beloved mother.

Shortly after his lady's death, Mr. Mortimer, having provided every thing necessary for the comfortable establishment of Mrs. Fortescue and his daughter, set off to York, where he took a house, and, soon afterwards, married a gay young widow, with three daughters, hoping to have a son added to his family; a circumstance which he earnestly desired, because the whole of his property was entailed on the heir male, with the exception only of his lady's fortune, which devolved to her daughter, and which it was calculated would be about ten thousand pounds when Sophia came of age, after the expenses of her education had been paid.

We shall leave Mr. Mortimer to enjoy himself with his new married lady at York and in Town, whither he afterwards repaired, while we now return to little Sophia and Mrs. Fortescue in Yorkshire.

Mr. Mortimer's house was a very noble building—so much so, indeed, that its owner, whose second wife was very extravagant, had an income scarcely sufficient to occupy it in the style he wished, having some former debts not yet paid; and this was the real cause of his continuing after his second marriage, to reside first at York and subsequently in London.

The present building consisted of an old house, to which, though itself sufficiently extensive to accommodate a large family, a number of new rooms in a very superior and costly style had been added. The old and new parts of this immense mansion were connected by a noble hall of the same height as the new portion of the building, and several long passages running in various directions. The apartments appropriated to little Sophia and her establishment were in the old part of the house, and consisted of a large room wainscotted with oak, and furnished with heavy old fashioned chairs and sofas of damask, with window curtains of the same material. Within this parlour was the bed-room in which Mrs. Fortescue slept; and beyond this room were two large light closets, one of which was appropriated to Sophia, and the other to Mrs. Cicely, a respectable servant, who had been Sophia's nurse, and was now become the waiting-maid of the old lady. From the parlour was one door which opened into this bed-room, another which conducted to the garden, and a third which served as an entrance into the long passage leading to the other parts of the house. An old housekeeper, two or three gardeners, a housemaid, an old butler, and a gamekeeper, were the only persons who occupied any other part of this vast building.

The situation of this house was exceedingly beautiful. It stood in the midst of a park, which was richly diversified with dark groves, waterfalls, shadowy glades, and sunny lawns; over which were scattered many deer, and a few herds of horned cattle. Immediately opposite that front of the house in which appeared the windows of the brown oak parlour already mentioned, was seen a broad gravel road, which, winding round a thick grove of trees, descended into a dell where a clear stream pursued its course, and was passable only in one place by

a light iron bridge, the only approach to the house by the west. This winding path and bridge, and a handsome lodge built of white stone at the further end of the park, together with the various intervening groups of trees, and a range of blue hills on the very verge of the horizon, formed unitedly as elegant a landscape as any cultivated place in the kingdom could present to the eye.

We have now, I think, brought, as plainly as possible, before our reader, the scenes which lay extended before Sophia when first she began to be sensible of her existence. It is seldom that a little child asks itself who it is, or what may be its rank and situation in life; and Mrs. Fortescue, and, under her, the faithful Cicely, took care that nothing should ever be said to this little lady of the mansion-house which should make her conceive herself of more consequence than the poor children in the village school, whom she was sometimes carried to see. She was accustomed to call Mrs. Fortescue aunt, and was taught to admire and love the picture of her own mother, which the old lady had obtained permission to remove from its former situation over the drawing-room chimney-piece to the brown parlour.

Mrs. Fortescue loved to hear little Sophia, as soon as she began to lisp, call to this picture, and address it by the name of "Mamma! pretty mamma!" while the melancholy yet dovelike eyes of the beautiful portrait would seem to follow the lovely prattler in all her excursions round the ample apartment.

It is not the immediate purport of this little narrative to enter into a particular and comprehensive description of all that constitutes a Christian education. Those who are really acquainted with true religion will not deny that such an education, however in inferior points it may be modified according to the taste, feelings, and circumstances of those who conduct it, is, upon the whole, no other than a system of instruction that directly leads the pupil to the performance of Christian actions upon Christian principles, and which never admits for a single instant any other motive of conduct than a desire to please God.

Such was the nature of the education that was given by Mrs. Fortescue to Sophia Mortimer; neither did this

pious woman fail daily, nay, almost hourly, to implore the divine blessing upon her labours. And she had reason to believe that her prayers were heard; for as this little girl advanced in years, she evidenced a considerable degree of piety, and the fruits of the Spirit were discernible throughout the whole of her demeanour.

It is seldom found that so long a period of life passes so sweetly, so calmly, and so satisfactorily, as did the first sixteen years with Mrs. Fortescue, after she had undertaken the charge of Sophia. The only interruptions which she had met with to this delightful calm, were occasioned by one or two visits from Mr. Mortimer, unaccompanied by his lady, in the sporting seasons; at which times he had filled the house with roaring country squires, and had, also, considerably disturbed the delicate severity of Sophia's usual habits, by introducing her to his visitors, and setting her to ride upon his foot, which occasioned her sometimes to meet with an overthrow upon the carpet, which downfall was usually cheered by the roaring huzzas of the visitors. But as these interruptions to the usual routine of things were very rare and of short duration, they were not seriously injurious to the child; nevertheless, these visits, and some little attacks of illness, were the only troubles which Mrs. Fortescue experienced through this long course of years: although, had her occasional trials been considerably greater, they would have been amply compensated by the delight she enjoyed in contemplating the divine blessing attendant on her exertions, and in seeing the child of her heart growing up as one of the polished corners of the temple. When we consider the amazing number of accidents to which man is liable in his present state of being, and all the inward disorders occasioned by sin, we ought to cultivate a strong feeling of thankfulness at the close of every day, if we have passed that day in a state of tolerable calm, and freedom from pain. How much more then should we cherish the liveliest gratitude towards the Giver of all good gifts, when, on reviewing our past lives, we can recount, not only many peaceful days, but weeks, months, and years, in which we have known only petty troubles and trifling sorrows

Had not Mrs. Fortescue possessed a faith which could not be shaken, she might, indeed, as these years glided away, and the period approached when she must resign her interesting charge of Sophia, have had some uneasy thoughts; for she well knew that it was only in compliance with the promise which he had made, that Mr. Mortimer submitted to leave his daughter in her hands, and that he would certainly, when that promise should cease to be binding, remove Sophia from under her care, and pursue with her a course widely different from that followed in her education.

It is indeed true, that Mr. Mortimer had seemed to think less of his daughter since his second wife had brought him two sons; still, however, he had taken care to let the old lady know from time to time that he by no means approved of the retired and methodistical way in which she was bringing up his child.

But Mrs. Fortescue was not one of those persons who trouble themselves with approaching evils. To make the best of the present was her only care, and she, therefore, lost no opportunity of giving her dear child such lessons of wisdom as in her estimation might lead to her well-being, not only in the present life, but also in that which is to come.

There was a promise of exquisite external loveliness in Sophia. Her person was elegant; her movements were graceful; her features regular; her eyes dark and brilliant; and a bloom, varying with every change of feeling, delicately tinged her cheeks: and when Mrs. Fortescue looked on this lovely young creature, and considered that in case of her death she would be left without a single protecting friend, (for the coarseness of her father and the levity of her step-mother were too well known to allow her to hope any thing from them,) she felt it necessary that Sophia should be endued with more than common prudence, in order that she might be enabled to meet and sustain the trials which probably awaited her in a world where she was likely to be an object at once of admiration and envy.

Mrs. Fortescue well knew that unless the defence of her beloved pupil was of God, who *saveth the upright*, (Psalm viii. 10,) no earthly wisdom could preserve her;

still, however, she judged it right to employ every appropriate means in order to fit her for those encounters with temptation to which she could not but be exposed. And with this view she frequently conversed with her on those subjects which may fairly be regarded as included within the general command—"Thou shalt not commit adultery;" which command, as interpreted by this excellent lady, embraced every obligation relative to the government of the affections.

And first, she explained to her that this and every other divine commandment has a literal or obvious, as well as a spiritual sense, and that this commandment in particular admitted of several subdivisions.

The commandment, she represented in the literal sense, as first signifying the prohibition of that crime which a married person commits, on forsaking a husband or wife, and forming a connexion with another individual; and, secondly, as forbidding that offence which is committed by those who indulge in the worship of idols, or who, forsaking the true God, adopt other objects of public or private adoration. And, in the spiritual sense, she explained it, as, first, prohibiting such wanderings of the affections in married persons as are pointed out by our Lord in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, twenty-eighth verse;—*Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart*;—and, secondly, as a denunciation of the displeasure against the admission of any created object to that place in the heart which ought only to belong to God.

Mrs. Fortescue then proceeded to point out to her youthful charge, that of these four subdivisions—viz. that which pointed out the sin of conjugal infidelity, that which forbade the commission of actual idolatry, that which forbade the wandering of the affections in married persons, and, finally, that which required the devotion of the first affections of the heart to God—there was one only, namely the last, to which she desired to draw her attention, as being that alone with which a young person in her situation was immediately concerned; and as that, also, to which, if it were duly attended, would involve within itself the right performance not only of all the

rest, but of every other duty which both the Law and the Gospel might require.

Mrs. Fortescue then proceeded to recite those passages of Scripture in which the Church, or the congregation of the redeemed among the Gentiles, is addressed as a wife chosen and beloved; selecting, amidst a thousand others in which this emblem is used in Scripture, that beautiful passage in Isaiah, which for sentiment and pathos exceeds all that was ever penned by unassisted human intellect.—*Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed, and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more. For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall he be called. For the Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith thy God.* (Isaiah liv. 4—6.) And then, she went on to point out other passages, in which the Lord addresses the Church in displeasure, and reproves her for her adulteries, or idolatrous regard towards other gods. And hence she took occasion to enforce the duty which is incumbent on every member of the Church of the redeemed, of so guarding and regulating the affections, that none shall have in the heart a place above Him to whom all love and gratitude is due. “Whosoever,” she observed, “proceeds straight forward towards one exalted point, with his eyes ever directed to that point, will assuredly keep his body erect, and will advance with a firm step. He will comparatively disregard the trifling interruptions and occasional stumbling-blocks in his way. The former he will scarcely observe; and if the latter sometimes cause him to fall, he will rise and advance again ere yet the enemy will have observed that he has stumbled.

“So it is,” continued she, “with every young person whose affections are fixed on things above. The world, to such a one, will lose half its enchantments, and the power of the enemy will be considerably weakened.

“Love thy God, my child,” would this excellent woman always say; allow no mortal to become his rival in

thy affections; and I need give thee no other lesson of wisdom."

"But, dear aunt," Sophia would often reply, "how am I to love him? My heart is so cold and dead with respect to heavenly things, and my eyes and thoughts so busy about worldly matters."

On these occasions the old lady generally repeated, though seldom in the same words, that comprehensive lesson which she had endeavoured, even from the earliest infancy of Sophia, to impress on her mind; viz. the lesson consisting of those few solemn truths which make up the entire and perfect outline of religion: the nature and attributes of the Deity being the foundation of these truths, together with the mysterious doctrine of the three Persons in the one God. From which fundamental instructions she led her pupil to consider the natural relation which subsisted between the Creator and his creatures, ere sin had yet been conceived and brought forth by the father of lies, even by him who once shone foremost among the glorious hierarchies of heaven.

She taught her, moreover, that the origin of sin in the breast of the first offender, was a mystery which no mortal could either comprehend or explain; that, still, this truth was, however, revealed in Scripture, and, as the existence of sin could not now be questioned, nothing better remained to man than for him to receive the doctrine as unquestionably true, at the same time endeavouring, in the use of those means appointed by the Almighty, to secure his deliverance from its power in the present state, and its consequences in the world to come.

Neither did this holy instructress fail to point out those means appointed for man's recovery ere this fair creation had yet been called out of chaos; while she painted in glowing and animated colours, such as faith only can supply, that divine love by which the Father predestinated many sons to glory:—that infinite pity by which the Second Person of the Trinity was induced to undertake their ransom;—and those almighty operations of the Spirit by which the redeemed are progressively prepared for the glory provided for them. "I do not urge moral obligations on you, my child," would this excellent lady often say, "I do not encumber you with nu-

merous prudential motives, in order to guard you against the temptations of life; but I entreat you, my beloved one, to seek that internal holiness which is the best, and in fact the only preservative from the snares of Satan. *For they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.*" (Isaiah xl. 31.)

In this manner did Mrs. Fortescue frequently instruct her beloved Sophia; and from time to time, fearing that she might perhaps fatigue her pupil by dwelling too long on subjects of this kind, she committed her thoughts to writing, and laid the little manuscript aside, proposing to make it a dying gift to her beloved pupil. But while Mrs. Fortescue thus laboured rightly to inform the mind of her charge, in reference to things of the first importance, she by no means neglected her education in inferior matters. She was herself well acquainted with music, was an excellent needlewoman, and had a general and accurate knowledge of geography and history, &c. possessing, at the same time, an acquaintance with such parts of English and French literature as are usually requisite for females in polished society.

In the acquirement of useful knowledge of various kinds, in pleasant excursions in the beautiful environs of the Hall, and in frequent visits to the poor, had many years of Sophia Mortimer's life now been spent, since Mrs. Fortescue had undertaken the charge of her education. And, having now entered on her eighteenth year, she was in many respects such as her adopted parent could desire.

At this period, Mrs. Fortescue became sensible of such a change in the state of her own health, and was aware of so many alarming symptoms, that she could not but feel assured, that her cares for her beloved Sophia must soon terminate.

Such feelings as these in the breasts of persons who have an habitual confidence in God, partake more of the tender sentiment of sorrow than that of bitterness and dismay. "I know my Sophia will be taken care of when I am no more," she would often say to herself: "I shall leave her with entire confidence in Him in

whom the fatherless find mercy, and yet I know that I shall not part from her without some natural tears."

During this summer, however, the old lady had such an abiding impression that she must soon part from Sophia, that for many weeks she could hardly bear to have her out of her sight; and as Sophia's attachment was equal to her own, their enjoyment of each other's society became greater every day.

Many were the hours which they spent together this summer, in different parts of the park and garden, sometimes reading, and at other times conversing; and Mrs. Fortescue seldom failed to direct both their reading and conversation to the promotion, as far as she was able, of the spiritual benefit of her beloved child.

As the days shortened, Mrs. Fortescue began to complain of such a diminution of strength as entirely precluded her from taking exercise, and which soon after confined her to her bed, where, at the expiration of a few months, she closed her blessed earthly career.

Long as Mrs. Fortescue had been ill, her death came rather unexpectedly on the inexperienced Sophia, and was the more severely felt by her, as her time, during several weeks just passed, had been exclusively devoted to attendance upon this excellent lady, who had supplied to her the place of a mother.

Immediately on Mrs. Fortescue's death, Sophia wrote to her father, in consequence of which, she in a few days, received a formal letter of condolence from her step-mother, with an invitation from Mr. Mortimer and herself to come to them in town; adding, that it was their intention, in the ensuing autumn, to visit Yorkshire, where they might probably make a long stay at the family mansion.

Sophia, whose spirits were greatly dejected, shrunk from the very idea of a journey to London. She therefore wrote again to her parents, requesting permission to remain alone in Yorkshire till the time appointed for their visit should arrive. Her request was immediately granted; and Sophia enjoyed the comfort of looking forward to six quiet months, during which she hoped that, by the divine blessing, she might be enabled still to follow those plans of life prescribed by her revered mistress. For

this pious woman, though dead, yet spoke to her, not only through the medium of the manuscript already mentioned, which that excellent lady had, only a few hours before her death, put into the hands of her Sophia; but, also, by a thousand tender recollections and associations which occurred every moment to her mind.

Sophia, after Mrs. Fortescue's death, found a peculiar consolation in doing every thing precisely in such a way and in such order as she thought would please her were she still alive. She arose at the hour formerly prescribed to her, she had her simple meals brought to her with the same regularity, she pursued the same objects of study, walked out at the old hours, and returned again at the same; and, since her late beloved governess was no longer present to hear her read and play, she encouraged her old servant before mentioned to bring her work into the parlour and sit by her, while she varied her lectures in order to suit the simple but pious taste of this respectable person.

There is a certain kind of grave and intelligent modesty, perfectly free from asperity or affectation, sometimes seen in young people, which, when it is natural, and the effect of a sober, thoughtful, and well-regulated mind, is extremely delightful, adding strikingly to beauty where beauty exists, and giving comeliness in cases where beauty is not found. This gravity naturally belonged to Sophia, and appeared to become her in no ordinary degree; and her smiles, when she did smile, were the more captivating, because they were not at hand on every light and foolish occasion, nor ready to offer themselves even without any occasion at all.

The remains of Mrs. Fortescue had now been laid in the grave nearly three months, and the grief of Sophia had acquired that soft character which time only can give to sorrow, when the eventful occurrences took place which I am now about to relate.

It was about the latter end of April, on one of those days in which nature seems to put forth the charms with which poets have decked their Arcadio, when a poor old woman, from an adjoining parish, came to say, that a widow, who had lately come to lodge in a cottage be-

yond the furthest boundary of the park, was dying, and desired particularly to see Miss Mortimer.

When Sophia had seen the woman, and endeavoured to ascertain the exact situation of the cottage, she summoned Mrs. Cicely, who, since the death of Mrs. Fortescue, had been the constant companion of her walks, and hastened to obey the summons of the dying person.

As they walked, Sophia asked her companion many questions relative to this widow. These cottages, however, were not in the same parish with the Hall, but at a considerable distance, having the whole extent of the park, which was very large, between them. Mrs. Cicely, therefore, could give her no satisfactory information.

When Sophia and her attendant had reached the further end of the park, they entered into the turnpike-road by a flight of wooden steps, which were carried over the park-paling; and being got out into the road, they saw the cottages before them. Sophia requested her companion to go up to the first of them, and make inquiry for the dying person, while she herself would stand waiting at the garden-gate.

While Mrs. Cicely was gone into the cottage, a young gentleman in a clerical habit approached in a direction opposite to that which Sophia had come, and drew near the young lady just as Mrs. Cicely came out of the cottage complaining that she could learn nothing there, for there were only children to be seen.

The gentleman then spoke, and, bowing politely, said, "I presume I am now addressing Miss Mortimer?" adding, "If you will permit me, Madam, I will conduct you to the person you wish to see."

Sophia now looked up, and for the first time saw the gentleman, whose near approach she had not before observed. She saw, also, that he was young, was a clergyman, and had a remarkably pleasing countenance, added to a fine person and genteel air. The surprise rather heightened her colour; and as this gentleman was altogether unknown to her, she could not at once resolve what answer to make to this proposal.

The gentleman saw her embarrassment, and probably imagining its cause, he said, "My name is Edward

Sackville, Madam; I am rector of this parish of Fairfield: and though I have never before had the honour of speaking to Miss Mortimer, yet perhaps my name, at least, may be known to her."

Sophia knew the name, and had always heard its owner spoken of in the highest terms by those who well understood the nature of true piety. Recovering herself, therefore, from her embarrassment, she thanked Mr. Sackville for his obliging offer; and, repeating to him the message she had received in the morning, asked him if he knew the poor widow.

He replied, that he knew her history well, and that she was an object well deserving the liveliest commiseration, and had once known better days, but had been reduced to the utmost need by inevitable misfortunes; to which he further added, that there would probably be a speedy end put to all her sufferings, as she could not live many days. He trusted that she possessed that firm confidence in her Saviour which was a sure promise that death would prove to her the beginning of everlasting joy.

Sophia then asked Mr. Sackville if he supposed the dying widow to be in want of pecuniary assistance.

To this he replied, that she perhaps might, indeed, have some wants of that kind, but that he felt assured there was some other motive for her requesting to see Miss Mortimer. He then told Sophia that this poor woman had one little girl whom she had hitherto educated with great tenderness, and that she thought it possible that it was in order to interest her in the behalf of this child, that she had expressed so strong a desire to see her.

The tears started into Sophia's eyes when she heard this conjecture; but she had no time to reply, for the party having been seen from the upper windows of the cottage, were now accosted by a decent elderly woman who was employed in nursing the dying person, and were led by her through the small kitchen into an inner chamber, where the invalid was stretched on a little couch. The poor woman exhibited all those evidences of approaching dissolution well understood by Sophia from her acquaintance with the similar scene which she had so lately witnessed.

The dying widow thus first attracted the attention of the young lady. But her eyes presently wandered from the pale countenance of her mother to the blooming and dimpled face of the little daughter—a child about four years of age, who was sitting on the bed near the head of her parent, and looking upon her with an innocent expression of wonder and sorrow.

Mr. Sackville presented Miss Mortimer to the dying woman, addressing her at the same time in words of tenderness and sympathy. The poor widow thanked her for attending so soon to her request, and proceeded instantly, with all the eagerness of one who feared she might not have breath to utter that which lay nearest her heart, earnestly and humbly to implore her protection for her child.

"I have heard of you, Miss Mortimer, I have heard of you," she said; "I have been told that you are pious and tender hearted. O hear the widow's prayer. Take my child, and see that she is brought up among pious persons."

The suddenness and vehemence of this address agitated Sophia. She looked alternately at the mother and at the child; and then, turning to Mr. Sackville, she said, "I am dependant on my father's pleasure; and should he when he comes, disapprove of what I have done, what can I do?"

"In that case," replied Mr. Sackville, "I am ready, Miss Mortimer, to be your substitute."

The widow clung to these words. "Then you will take her under your care, Miss Mortimer? you will protect my little Annette?" she said; "you will see that she is piously brought up in her humble station? you will be a friend to her?" And thus she spoke, gasping for breath between every word.

"I will, I promise you I will," said Sophia, bursting into tears. "I will do all for your child which I possibly can. Make yourself easy on that account. I will love her. I will be kind to her. I promise you I will."

I shall not enter into further particulars of this scene in the cottage, nor describe the pious gratitude of the poor widow. Suffice it to say, that after Mr. Sackville

LADY OF THE MANOR.

had read the prayers for the sick, and Sophia had kissed the little Annette, they left the cottage.

Mr. Sackville accompanied Sophia only to the park gate, where he took leave of her in a most respectful manner, assuring her that he considered himself bound to relieve her from the charge of the child at any time when she might signify the slightest wish of the kind.

She thanked him; adding, however, with warmth, that she hoped she should never be compelled to give up an engagement into which she had entered with so much delight.

"And are you not cruel," said he, smiling, "to withhold from me even the smallest part of an employment in which you take so much pleasure? May we not consider ourselves as partners in this work of kindness?"

Sophia did not know what answer to make to this remark, or how to take these expressions, whether seriously or in jest. She therefore made no answer, but wished the young gentleman a good morning.

As Sophia was walking home, her thoughts were so deeply engaged by the scenes through which she had just passed, that she scarcely heard one word of a long story which Mrs. Cicely addressed to her on certain domestic subjects in which she considered herself as being particularly well skilled; and she was not sorry, on her reaching home, to be left entirely to her own reflections.

What these reflections were it would be hard to describe; but this was certain, that she repeatedly called to memory, during the rest of the day, every word which Mr. Sackville had said to her. She also fancied that she had discovered a likeness between this young gentleman and an old portrait of the Duke of Monmouth, which hung in the great hall, and which she, when a little child, had been accustomed to admire.

So few had been the events which had varied the life of Sophia, that it were not to be wondered at if her thoughts were entirely engrossed by the circumstances of her walk this day; neither should it excite any surprise, though she did not immediately distinguish the agitation into which she was thrown by the prospect of her new

and interesting undertaking from other feelings of a nature not to be indulged.

Sophia did not sleep quite so well as usual during the following night, and the next morning she thought of the Duke of Monmouth's picture. She, however, went through her devotions, as usual, and immediately after breakfast, renewed her accustomed employment: but she had scarcely begun to feel herself interested in her engagements, before a servant came to say that a gentleman wished to speak with her.

"With me!" said Sophia, rising in haste.

The servant, who was an ignorant girl, and employed under the housekeeper merely to assist in cleaning and airing the house, answered, that she was sure he was a gentleman, from his appearance, and that he desired to see Miss Mortimer. "He now waits in the hall, Madam," she said.

"And why," said Sophia, "did you not take him into another room?"

She then called Cicely, and went to meet her visitor in the hall. It was Mr. Sackville, and he held in his hand the little Annette, who evidently appeared to have been crying severely, but now had ceased from shedding tears, probably from wonder at her new situation, and the various extraordinary objects about her.

Before Sophia had time to speak to the child, Mr. Sackville, addressing himself to her in a manner indicative of much feeling, presented her with the little girl, saying, "Miss Mortimer, I have brought you a little orphan. Her poor mother died during the night; and I found the child, this morning, weeping at the foot of the bed on which the corpse of her parent was laid."

Sophia was much affected by this description; and as she looked upon the child, and recollected that she herself had also been left at a very early age without a mother, she could not refrain from tears.

Mr. Sackville was evidently touched by the tokens of sympathy that escaped Sophia on this occasion, though he made no remark on the subject, but merely assured, Miss Mortimer, that if, upon reflection, she had found it would not be in her power to provide for the child, he was ready to take her in his hand to his own house.

Sophia politely objected to this proposal, but thanked Mr. Sackville for the generosity of his offer. She then would have taken the hand of Annette, but the little girl shrunk from her as a stranger, clinging to Mr. Sackville, as the person with whom she was best acquainted.

The reluctance of the child caused Mr. Sackville to lengthen his visit; and while he lingered, he endeavoured, in a manner which Sophia thought peculiarly tender and condescending, to reconcile the little weeping orphan to her new situation. At length, Mr. Sackville found it necessary to take his leave; although there was something in his manner which showed that he did not go without reluctance.

After he went from the door, Sophia, standing in the hall with the little Annette, was left in a state of mind of such mingled pain and pleasure as she had never before experienced. Mr. Sackville had gone some distance from the house before she recollected herself sufficiently to consider, that if he should happen to look back, it might seem strange to him to see her standing where he had left her. She therefore suddenly raised up the little ragged orphan in her arms, who was once more weeping bitterly on finding herself again left with a stranger, and hastened into her own parlour, where she mingled her tears with those of the child.

How long this pair might have continued weeping together, had they not been interrupted by the careful Mrs. Cicely, is not known; but she, suddenly appearing, produced a complete suit of infant's clothes, lying across her arm, which habiliments she had drawn from some deep hoard or repository of her own, such as may generally be found in the possession of old housekeepers and ladies' maids; her other hand being armed with a formidable apparatus of combs and brushes, and other implements of the same description: while the housemaid followed her up, with a tub filled with warm water, and a large piece of soap.

The little girl, though once kept neatly by a tender mother, now too evidently bore the symptoms of long neglect, and Mrs. Cicely's plans of lustration were, therefore, the more needful. When, however, the good woman would have separated the child from Sophia, the

little creature, now in total despair at this third change of companions, set up a roar which made every chamber and passage in the old hall ring and resound again. Sophia had no idea of carrying on this contest to any purpose, and was about to take the child up again on her lap, when Mrs. Cicely, seizing the little rebel by main force, carried her off into that quarter of the offices in which she had purposed to carry on her operations, leaving her young mistress to meditate at her leisure on the events of the last twenty-four hours.

It was more than an hour before Mrs. Cicely again appeared. The good old servant's eyes on this occasion were beaming with delight and triumph. In her arms she carried the little orphan, whose infant charms now appeared in all the lustre of perfect cleanliness. Her pretty flaxen curls, newly combed and arranged, were parted on her forehead, and hung in ringlets over her delicate cheeks and fair neck. The tears, forgot as soon as shed, had given way to the sunshine of delight; for in her hand she carried a piece of bread and butter, over which Mrs. Cicely had sprinkled a little sugar; and, as Mrs. Cicely sat her down at the door, she ran up to Sophia, and, stroking down her clean frock, called on her young protectress to look at her nice dress.

Sophia was not now afraid of returning her infant caresses; and as she clasped her in her arms, she entered into discourse with Mrs. Cicely respecting all the arrangements which she intended should be made with regard to Annette.

And now, what a bustle was excited! for young people are pleased with a bustle: and much experience and regulation of the mind is necessary, before we can learn to practise this injunction of our blessed Saviour—*Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.* (Matth. vi. 3.) Through the advice and direction, however, of Mrs. Cicely, every thing was settled respecting Annette before the evening. Mrs. Doily, an old servant of the family, who now resided in the lodge at the park-gate, was sent for, and engaged to take Annette at all such times when Sophia might find it impossible to attend to her. As Mrs. Doily was a superior person, who had no children, and was exceedingly kind and attentive

to the poor in the adjacent village, Sophia did not doubt that the little orphan would be happy with her whenever she might be compelled to devolve this charge upon her, notwithstanding certain little symptoms of fretfulness which sometimes appeared in the old lady's face.

Mrs. Cicely had convinced Sophia, that Annette ought to be dressed plainly, and early accustomed to such little services as might keep alive in her mind ideas which were suitable with her real situation in life. Agreeably therefore with this plan, the materials which were to be procured for her clothes were to be quite plain, and one of the servants from the Hall was despatched to the next market-town to make the purchases.

As Sophia expected her father and step-mother at the Hall in a few weeks, she yielded to Mrs. Cicely's advice, and sent the little girl every evening to sleep at Mrs. Doily's, employing a decent labourer, who came from the village to the Hall at an early hour every morning and returned every evening, to carry her backwards and forwards.

These matters being duly arranged, and the little girl's clothes cut out, Sophia found great delight in her new charge; and had she not been guarded by a few hints now and then from Mrs. Cicely, she would undoubtedly have injured the child by allowing her to find herself of too much consequence with her.

Sophia had inquired the day and the hour of the poor widow's funeral, which was to take place in the parish in which she had died. It was her intention that the little orphan should attend it; and as Mrs. Cicely wished to be also present, one of the men-servants undertook to carry Annette to the church of Fairfield while the old housekeeper walked by his side. The little girl was dressed in neat mourning: and when her new clothes were put on, and the man stood waiting to take her up in his arms, she came smiling to Sophia, full of glee at the idea of going out, and utterly unconscious of the purport of this excursion.

The little creature had now been four days with her new friends, from whom she had received so much kindness, and had found so much comfort, that she was now quite at ease, and the remembrance of former objects of

affection, and of former afflictions, were passing away swift as the shadows of the morning.

The gay delight of the little Annette met with no interruption during their walk; and she had much to say about the deer in the park: and as it was not needful for the party to pass the cottage in which the widow had died, the little orphan seemed not to connect any thing that was passing in the church-yard with the memory of her mother, until the people were about to lower the coffin into the grave; on which she suddenly shrieked, ran forwards, and endeavoured to clasp the coffin with her infant arms, calling on her mother in the most beseeching and moving accents. Every one was affected: and as the child could not easily be appeased, Mr. Sackville, as soon as the service was concluded, took her in his arms, and carried her to his house, having invited Mrs. Cicely and the man-servant to accompany her.

Mr. Sackville resided close by the church; in an old-fashioned and respectable parsonage-house standing in a garden abounding with fruit and flowers. He honoured Mrs. Cicely with an invitation into his parlour, and requested her to preside at his tea-table while he endeavoured to amuse the little child by such little devices as his own affectionate feelings suggested. After tea, he went into his garden, and brought from thence a nosegay of the choicest flowers, which he requested Mrs. Cicely to deliver to Miss Mortimer with his most respectful compliments.

When the party returned, the gay flowers were delivered to Miss Mortimer; and Mrs. Cicely, being much pleased by the polite manner in which she had been received, was induced to depart in some degree from her usual discretion in expressing her admiration of Mr. Sackville, to which opinions Sophia attended with a ready ear. And when Mrs. Cicely added that he was as well-looking as he was good and pleasing, Sophia asked her if she had ever particularly observed the picture which hung over the marble slab in the entrance-hall, adding that she thought it bore a very striking resemblance to Mr. Sackville.

Now as Mrs. Cicely had often been employed in showing the Hall to strangers, and had received many half-

crowns and five shillings on such occasions, it was not to be supposed but that she could tell the names and some little of the histories of the best portraits which ornamented the walls of Mortimer Hall. She was therefore somewhat surprised to be asked by Sophia whether she had ever observed this picture, which was counted the finest in the house: and turning round therefore somewhat quickly, she said, "Why, dear Miss Mortimer, surely you can't suppose that I have forgotten the handsome Duke of Monmouth! Why, he was one of the finest looking men, I have been told, who ever wore a boot, or carried a sword. And, now you speak of it, Mr. Sackville is like him, only making allowance for the black coat."

Nothing further was then said on this subject; and good Mrs. Cicely walked out into her own domain, utterly unconscious of the indiscretions of which she had been guilty: and as Sophia from that time seldom mentioned Mr. Sackville to Mrs. Cicely, the good woman was not induced to make any observations which might lead her to think that she had contributed in the smallest degree to excite in the mind of the young lady (whom she loved with something like maternal tenderness) any feelings which might tend to render her unhappy.

And in this place I cannot refrain from paying my tribute of respect to that class of persons, one or more of whom may, I trust, be found in every long-established and worthy family of consequence in England, Scotland, and Ireland. I mean, that class of faithful servants who having lived long in a family, and seen the births and watched the infancy of children, are become, as it were, incorporated with the family itself, and have no interest more warm, more tender, and more sincere, than the well-being of those whom they serve. Sometimes, indeed, such persons may err in their judgment; and may, on some occasions, injure where they wish to benefit. But, notwithstanding the little flaws which are sometimes found in such characters, it cannot be questioned that the children of a family owe something like filial duty to these old and faithful servants of their parents, and that the comfort of their declining years should be the object of their tenderest care.

From the day of the funeral for more than a fortnight Sophia was left in the undisturbed enjoyment of her little plaything. The child was pretty, and remarkably engaging, and soon made it appear that she had received from her mother ideas which proved that the poor woman had been accustomed to what is called better life. With what glee did the little prattler appear in the morning at the foot of Sophia's bed! and how sweet were her gentle salutations when summoned to return in the evening! "I am coming to-morrow," she would say, "very early. You will let me come to-morrow, lady, will you not?" This was constantly her question, till by experience she became more assured of her being allowed to come back the next day.

One evening, Sophia having been obliged to send Annette to Mrs. Doiley's rather earlier than usual, as the little girl was standing at the door of the lodge, Mr. Sackville happened to come by; and immediately recognizing her, he dismounted, for he was on horseback, when, entering the lodge, he discoursed awhile with the child, and, during the conversation, told her, that she was the happiest little girl he knew, for she had the loveliest and best mamma in the whole world.

It is not to be supposed that Annette remembered these words so as to convey them with any consistency to Sophia; but Mrs. Doiley made an errand to the Hall, the next morning, for the very purpose, and failed not when there to repeat them in a manner which by no means deducted from their force.

Simple and unimportant as this little circumstance may appear, it was not without its effect on the mind of Sophia. From the first moment that she had seen Mr. Sackville, his superiority to all the young men who had hitherto come under her observation was sensibly felt by her; and all that she had since heard of him tended only to strengthen her prepossessions in his favour. But it was not till Mrs. Doiley had repeated this speech which he had made to Annette, that the young lady whom it so highly commended became sensible of the extent of her partiality for this young man; neither was she, till this moment, aware that the time was come which called upon her to prove whether she was indeed

a worthy pupil of the excellent Mrs. Fortescue, or whether she had hitherto been merely a professor of religion, while, in fact, her heart remained estranged from her God.

She felt that it was, indeed, a painful moment when she first saw how far her mind and heart had already been allowed to wander from that object of supreme regard, on which Mrs. Fortescue so long continually laboured to fix them; and when, on her first looking inwards, she could not but see how powerfully certain thoughts relative to a young man and a stranger had lately occupied her mind, and mingled themselves, more or less, with all her duties, but especially with those very acts of love and tenderness which she had shown to the poor orphan.

What a casting-down of any high thoughts of self, which she might possibly have entertained and cherished, respecting her kindness to this little deserted one, was it, when the convictions of the spirit, flashing on her conscience as the light from above on the jewels of the breast-plate, led her to see how much of self, how much of earthly feeling, how much of the desire of appearing interesting and worthy in the eyes of the only man who had ever yet attracted her attention or pleased her fancy, had united and mixed itself, as poison, with this her sweetest work of charity.

O how humbling, how degrading, in her own judgment, were these reflections! and how did they constrain her to turn away with secret anguish from the voice of every one who would have commended her for what she had already done, or might intend to do, for Annette.

While looking on this little fair creature, she would often say to herself, "Yes, little lovely one, you do deserve to be loved for yourself alone: and I *will* love you for yourself alone, the Almighty helping me, through evil report and good report. I desire to love you; and I will pray that my motives with regard to you may be purified and rendered wholly independent of all earthly feelings. But, alas! while in this sinful body, who can hope to be pure? who can hope to be clean? who can wash himself from his secret sins?"

It was at this period that Sophia, for the first time, con-

sulted the little manuscript left by Mrs. Fortescue: for, by the advice of this excellent woman, it was not to be opened till the young lady found herself in need of such directions as a prudent, pious, and delicate maternal friend alone could give.

The few first sheets of this manuscript contained certain tender expressions of love and affection; and then proceeded to the following effect.—

“I have requested you, my child, not to open this little volume till you actually stand in need of my advice relative to subjects on which, from the delicacy of your feelings, you would not easily be induced to speak to another. I therefore may now suppose myself to be addressing you at the crisis when you feel that some danger exists, lest your affections should be unduly influenced by an earthly object. Under the best circumstances, and in case of an affection which is reciprocal and authorized by parents, there is undoubtedly room to fear that the heart may be drawn downwards, and that the more spiritual affections may be regarded only as secondary to those whose sources and objects are upon earth; nevertheless, it is certain, that the more those affections to the creature (which are authorized and legitimatised by divine and human sanctions) are connected with duty, and confessed to the world, the less liable are they to withdraw the mind from God. The danger then to be apprehended for the spiritual welfare of a young person, in the formation of earthly connexions, is not at the period when the affection is authorized and acknowledged, or when love becomes a duty, as after marriage, but at that crisis when the heart is looking out of itself for happiness; when the imagination is busied either with the real or fancied perfection of the comparative stranger; and when all the anxious and ambitious feelings of the mind propel the individual to endeavour to look into futurity, and to influence her own fortune. This then is the time in which the young female should be most on her guard, and here is the trial of her faith,—if that grace be in her possession. To cast on God all her concern about her future settlements should be the object of her endeavours. In this case, as in every other, the Christian

should be ready to adopt that most difficult of all sentiments, 'Thy will, O God, be done!' It is true, that in her own strength she will never be able to put up that prayer; yet in the strength of her God, she may and can do it. And having so done, with what dignity and ease will she be enabled to tread the thorny mazes of life, divesting herself of a thousand cares which continually perplex and enervate those persons who will not make God their confidence. 'I am ready, O my God, to be what thou hast ordained,' should be the language of every female heart. 'I cast my cares upon thee; and I desire never more, of myself, to resume their burden. Whether single or married, I desire to be thine; and I would wish never, without thy guidance, to take a single step, either to the right or the left, by which I might by any means influence my own lot.'

"And now, my beloved Sophia, let us but suppose what effect a secret and sincere devotion of this nature to the Almighty, would have on the carriage of any young woman. What modesty, what simplicity, what ease and artlessness, would be the result of such a state of mind! Would not faith of this kind impart a polish to the manners, and shed over the general character a lustre and a loveliness, which the most laboured artificial education would in vain attempt to imitate?"

Sophia meditated long and closely on these passages cited from the manuscript; and thus, having fully found out what line of duty to pursue, under her present circumstances, she resolved, with the divine help, to set herself more earnestly than ever to the furtherance of her own improvement, and of that of Annette; to think as seldom as possible of Mr. Sackville; and to endeavour to forget her little difficulties by active, cheerful, and useful employment.

She wrote to her father, stating what she had done respecting Annette, and promising that the child should never be a burden to him. In answer to which, he returned a few lines, intimating, that he considered her adoption of the child as a whim, which would pass away in a very short time, and which was not worthy of his notice either one way or other: for he concluded his

letter with this expression—"Amuse yourself as you like, child; but don't plague me with your pets, whether they may be monkeys, lap-dogs, or beggars' brats."

Sophia was very thankful for this consent or acquiescence with her will, however inelegantly it was signified, and she secretly determined to keep Annette, as much as possible, out of her father's sight.

Towards the end of the fifth month after the death of the excellent Mrs. Fortescue, Sophia received a letter from her step-mother, informing her that it was the intention of the family to be in Yorkshire in less than a month. The letter was concluded with many strong expressions of regard, which Sophia could not well comprehend, as this very affectionate step-mother had sometimes allowed a whole year to pass away without taking any notice of her even by a letter. Reflecting, however, on the duty which she owed to her father's wife, she resolved that she would endeavour, if possible, to love her and her daughters. Still, she could not but regret, that her happy days hitherto spent in retirement must now in a short time come to an end; and she wept to think that, in all probability, she would be compelled to diminish, in a great measure, her attentions towards her beloved Annette. The very thoughts of this were so painful to her, that she would often take the little girl into her arms, and give way for a long time to her sorrow.

The summer was gone, and autumn had considerably advanced, when a coach full of female servants arrived at the Hall to prepare every thing for the proper reception of the family.

Sophia still kept possession of her own apartments, and pursued her own simple and unostentatious plans, always admitting her little Annette by the glass door which opened on the lawn, being herself, as usual, constantly attended by Mrs. Cicely. But, remote as her rooms were from the rest of the house, many unusual sounds of loud voices and slamming doors reached her ears, which disturbances she deemed, too truly, but the precursors of a more general interruption of her repose.

During this interval, Sophia received a message, through Mrs. Doiley, from Mr. Sackville, urging her, in

very polite terms, if she found the charge of little Annette likely to be at all inconvenient to her, to commit her to his care, assuring her that he would be ready to give her up again whenever she might require it.

There was something so kind and considerate in the feeling which must have dictated this message, that Sophia felt herself greatly obliged to the young gentleman for it. She, however, declined his kind offer; adding, that, at present, she foresaw no inconvenience whatever, likely to arise from her little charge, but that, in case any difficulty should occur, she would not fail to apply to Mr. Sackville.

On the morning of the day fixed for the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, and the three Misses Clifford, the daughters of the latter, Sophia spent, as usual, several hours in instructing her little Annette, and she was still engaged in this agreeable task, when she saw several out-riders approaching through the park, followed immediately by a sociable, and a travelling post-chaise. Sophia started, changed colour, and, calling Mrs. Cicely, she begged her to stay in her room and attend to her little Annette; "For now," added she, bursting into tears, "now—now—I can do no more for her."

"Nay, my dear young lady," said Mrs. Cicely, who was as much afraid of innovations as her young mistress could possibly be, "do not be so much alarmed. We shall not, surely, be interrupted in these rooms, which you may say have been yours ever since my poor lady died! And if they do but leave these to us, we shall then do vastly well. And I am sure I shall never go out to trouble any of them, if they will let me alone here."

By this time, the gay train of equipages had reached the house, and were wheeling round the front door. A moment afterwards, the shrill voices of the fashionable young ladies were re-echoed through the long passages; while Sophia, in visible agitation, kissed Annette, who was prevented from following her by Mrs. Cicely, and hastened to meet her parents. In a few moments, she found herself in her father's arms.

Mr. Mortimer's expressions of admiration and affection at the sight of his daughter were loud, and like himself, of the coarsest sort; for although he was something

of a man of the world, yet perhaps few persons were gifted with a smaller number of refined notions. Mrs. Mortimer's reception of Sophia was not, at least apparently, less warm than that of her father: neither were her daughters behindhand in their expressions of regard, although the beauty and simply elegant carriage of Sophia was by no means calculated to give them pleasure.

As soon as the first compliments had passed on both sides, Sophia had leisure to contemplate her newly-arrived relations, who were all busy in counting the packages they had brought with them, and giving various orders respecting them; and after which, they proceeded to the dining-room, where a cold collation was prepared.

Mrs. Mortimer had been very handsome, and still, though near her sixtieth year, was, with the assistance of rouge and false hair, what the world called a fine woman, though such a figure as a serious Christian would contemplate with many bitter feelings. For what can be so lamentable, as to see one who, in the natural course of things, must soon resign this world, and enter into a new and eternal state of everlasting joy or sorrow, clinging closely to temporal things, and adorning, with all the vain and deceitful decorations which fashion can supply, that body which must in a short time be food for worms?

Mrs. Mortimer had, by her first husband, six children, three only of whom were living. Her eldest daughter, Catharine, was at this time nearer forty than thirty years of age. She had never possessed any part of her mother's beauty excepting a tall and commanding figure, which of late had been spreading rather too much into the *en bon point*. Her face was large and broad, naturally very pale, and slightly marked by the small-pox, her large eyes were of a grey colour, her mouth was extremely small, and her nostrils were wide; the whole forming a very unpleasing assemblage of features. Notwithstanding which, a fashionable mode of dress, a quantity of rouge, and an amazing degree of effrontery of manner, and a knack at repartee, rendered her generally acceptable in society, particularly as she was able to conceal under the cloak of entire openness and unblushing as-

surance, a character extremely artificial and designing. But though this lady's passion was ambition, she now had sense to discover, that her own person was not such as to warrant any hopes of her advancing the family dignity by a high marriage in propria persona. Her present object, therefore, was to establish her two younger sisters: and for this purpose, in conjunction with her mother, she had made several skilful manœuvres, and had actually got at this time in her web a foolish young baronet, who had professed some regard to Miss Juliana Clifford when in town, and who was even expected that very evening at the Hall: for the sapient mother and daughter judged that they should here be able to bring the whole artillery of Miss Juliana's charms to bear more directly upon him than in London, where he was subject to the attacks of other mothers and daughters, as cold-hearted, ambitious, and cunning, as themselves. Judge, then, if you can, what must have been the dismay of these ladies, when they discovered that the wilds of Yorkshire contained in Sophia a more powerful rival than any that they had had to fear in St. James's. However, nothing was to be done but to put a good face on the business: for which reason, Miss Clifford lavished on Sophia no small portion of compliments and caresses, by which she hoped, in time, to gain her confidence, and obtain from her an avowal of her most secret inclinations. What use she meant to make of such an avowal (could she obtain it) will hereafter appear.

In my description of the family party which now took possession of Mortimer-Hall, I have said nothing of Mrs. Mortimer's younger daughters, and for the plain reason, that there was little to be said about them. They, indeed, were passably good-looking, but, though affecting much delicacy, they were ready unreservedly to lend themselves to the ambitious and worldly views of their mother and sister. Strangely mixed as was this party, it was thought necessary by each individual to appear well with the rest. Yet there were certain feelings between Mrs. Mortimer and her daughters, who formed one party, and Sophia, who stood alone, which both parties were willing to conceal, but which they would still

have found considerable difficulty in doing, had it not been for the boisterous humour of Mr. Mortimer, who could hardly restrain his triumph on finding his wife's daughters so entirely eclipsed by his own.

"Why, Sophia," he exclaimed, as he cut a succession of enormous slices from a monstrous round of beef which stood before him, "you would do credit to the head of any man's table! A prince need not be ashamed of such a companion to share his throne with him. Believe me, I never thought that old dame Fortescue would ever have made so much of you as she has done. Upon my word, you credit the old girl's management. But what! what's that long face? O! I must not talk of your old governess, I see. Well, well, then, I won't. Come, child, look up, and don't pipe and whine. However, I am glad to see you, and that's the plain truth. Give me your hand, child: I don't know that I have seen any thing I have liked so well, these twenty years."

"Twenty years, Mr. Mortimer!" said Miss Clifford, laughing; "you forget how many times during the last twenty years you have looked at me!"

"And at my bay mare too," said Mr. Mortimer: "and yet, I still stand to what I first said. Sophia here pleases me as well as—nay, even better than any thing I have seen these twenty years." And he confirmed his assertion with an oath, which made Sophia's ears tingle and heart sink.

The conversation was then forced into another channel by Mrs. Mortimer, who declared that if she remained at the Hall, she must absolutely have the dining-room newly furnished;—an observation to which Mr. Mortimer only replied by a shrill whistle, at the same time throwing the contents of a plate of beef on the floor, causing a violent contention among a half a dozen or more dogs that had followed the party into the room.

When the travellers had appeased their hunger, it was proposed that they should explore the house, and settle what apartments they might choose to occupy. Immediately they were all in motion: and Sophia, availing herself of the confusion which ensued, approached her father, and took his hand, just as he was leaving the

dining-room, and raising it at the same time to her lips, she told him that she had a favour to ask.

"And so," said he, turning good humouredly round, "you are already presuming on your pretty face to wheedle and coax me. But I tell you, Miss, that I will refuse you whatever you are going to ask."

"Then, dear father," said Sophia, "will you please to turn me and Mrs. Cicely out of the brown parlour and the rooms within it?"

"No," said the good-humoured Squire, "no, I will not, saucy one!" And as he spoke, he chucked her under the chin. "You sha'n't have your way, I promise you. The brown parlour is good enough for such as you; and there you shall stay: so don't be coaxing me."

"But I will," said Sophia, again kissing his hand, and receiving at the same time a cordial embrace from him.

"What's all this?" said Miss Clifford, looking back.

"What is little Miss about now? come, come; I must look into these matters."

"Secrets in all families, Miss Clifford!" said the squire; "and some you must not look into."

Miss Clifford laughed, hit her step-father a tap on the back, and secretly resolved that she would have a watchful eye over both the father and daughter.

The examination of the house was the more speedily concluded, as the baronet already mentioned, and his friend Captain Dalrymple, were expected at dinner; and Sophia was not sorry when she was dismissed from her attendance, and permitted to return to her own apartments, which, with the offices, were the only parts of the house that Mrs. Mortimer and her daughters had not inspected.

She returned, however, to her own rooms, full of joy, in the persuasion that she should not be turned out of her favourite asylum. And she found Mrs. Cicely so ready to participate in her satisfaction, that the good old woman even requested permission to take her meals in her closet, or in one corner of the parlour, in order that she might be left the more to herself. Sophia joyfully acquiesced in this proposal: and as Cicely's services were to be devoted wholly to her, both the maid and the mis-

tress began to hope that they should still enjoy much peace and comfort during those intervals in which Sophia might not be required to join the family.

As some hours yet remained before dinner, which was to be ready at six o'clock, Sophia gave her little Annette another lesson. She also read to her a little story from the Scripture, and prayed with her. And then, having, with Mrs. Cicely's help, arranged her simple dress, she left Annette to drink tea with the old servant, and, giving the child a kiss, she repaired to the drawing-room, where the family were by this time assembled.

Sophia now, for the first time since her recollection, entered a room superbly lighted with patent lamps and wax candles, and found herself introduced to such a scene of fashionable life as she had hitherto only known through the description of Mrs. Fortescue.

In the drawing-room were several sofas, on one of which, in a remote part of the room, sat Miss Juliana, lolling apparently at her ease, and discoursing with a young gentleman who sat by her, and whom Sophia supposed to be Sir James Horton. Miss Clifford was standing with her back to the fire, talking to Mr. Mortimer. And Mrs. Mortimer and her young daughter, seated on another sofa, were engaged in a very animated conversation with Captain Dalrymple, who stood before them.

Sophia had been a little surprised at the dashing mode of dress of these ladies when she had seen them in the morning, and she had trembled lest any authority should be used to compel her to adopt the short petticoat, the showy half-boot, and the blowsy head-dress, on which she had looked with such disgust. But what were these in comparison of the bare shoulders, the naked arms, and thin silk stockings, which now met her eye? The posture, too, of all the females, accorded so little with her old-fashioned ideas of decorum, that she stood at the door, not knowing which party she was to join, or by whom she was to take her place.

Her entrance was not, however, unobserved: and all admired, though some not without bitter envy, her modest dress, her gentle aspect, and her sweet expression of humility and innocence.

Her father was the first who spoke. "What! my sweet Sophia!" said he, as he went to meet her; "my little elegant peasant! Give me your hand, and let me lead you to your mother." So saying, he conducted her to Mrs. Mortimer, who made room for her near herself, with a parading kind of alacrity, by which she endeavoured to conceal her inward mortification.

The ceremony of introducing the two gentlemen to Sophia had scarcely taken place, before the dinner was announced: and Mrs. Mortimer, taking Sophia fondly by the arm, told them that they should not separate her from her newly-found child. And thus, by a skilful manœuvre, she left the baronet with her own daughter.

Nothing particular happened at dinner. Sophia, seated between Mrs. Mortimer and Miss Clifford, was nearly concealed from Sir James, who was entirely engrossed by the two younger Miss Cliffords. And the Captain, being devoted to the sports of the field and the pleasures of the table, was so entirely in his element in the society and at the board of Mr. Mortimer, that he never lifted his eye from his plate, nor devoted his faculty of hearing to the remarks of any other person present than the jolly squire himself.

The ladies sat the usual time after dinner, and then withdrew; when Sophia, full of joy at being able to make her escape, retired to her own apartments, where she found Annette asleep in Mrs. Cicely's bed, and the good woman herself at work by the bed-room fire.

"Miss Mortimer," said she, "I have kept Annette to-night, because I was so dull without you. O, my dear lady, that we could but call back the happy days that we spent together before this company came!"

Sophia made no answer; for she felt her heart rise to her throat, and she was also much afraid of saying too much: for, surely, (she thought,) my father was at liberty to marry again; and who can dispute his right to come to his own house?

Sophia sat down by Cicely, and read to her a few chapters in the Bible, till she was called to tea; when, begging the good woman to go to bed, and not wait for her, if she should be late, she took her neat work-bag, and returned to the drawing-room.

Sophia, on opening the door, became fully aware that the ladies, who had not yet been joined by the gentlemen, were engaged in some very warm discussion; for although the contents of their elegant work-boxes were spread before them, yet these were wholly disregarded, and they were (to use a common yet expressive proverb) all putting their heads together over the table, and speaking with great vehemence. As Sophia, however, advanced into the room, every head was suddenly drawn back, and an immediate silence followed, which would have appeared even more awkward than it did, if the never-blushing Miss Clifford had not turned to Sophia, and begged her, if she could, to solve their difficulties. "Can you tell us, my dear Miss Mortimer," she said, "how far we are from York?—for my sisters will insist upon it that it is fifty miles, and I am as obstinately determined that it shall be only forty: and here we are, at ten miles distance, quarrelling with each other about this knotty point, and resolved not to budge an inch to come to an accommodation."

Sophia smiled, but was not, however, quite such a novice as to suppose that all the heat and anxiety that she had seen manifested, and which were indicated both by voice and countenance, were engaged about no other object than the distance of Mortimer Hall from York. Nevertheless, supposing that it was not any business of hers to look further into this matter, she sat down and took out her work, which happened to be a frock for Annette, it never having occurred to her that such an employment could possibly give occasion for any comments. Works of charity, however, being less common some years ago than they are now, it was not to be supposed that the little garment would pass unobserved, or that Miss Clifford would lose this opportunity of indulging in her favourite style of remark, which consisted of drawling and stupid commendation, concealing, at the same time, real disapprobation.

"How I do love Christian boldness!" said she. "I do love to see people who are not afraid of letting the world behold their good works: for such a sight so rarely occurs. Most people are afraid of having their charitable actions known. It is well, my dear Miss Mortimer."

mer, that you, at least, have not this defect of character; and I trust that we shall be enabled to profit by your example."

"Surely, Miss Clifford," said Sophia, blushing, "you forget that we are here only a family party, with the exception of one or two gentlemen, who are come to see my father. And men, in general, do not trouble themselves with ladies' needle work."

"True, my dear," said Miss Clifford, drawing up her small mouth to a point: "very prudently observed: I had forgotten."

Sophia smiled, (for she could not help it,) though vexed, and answered, playfully, "Well, when I have done my plain work, you shall teach me some of this fine embroidery, and then I shall be fitter to sit in company; but in the mean time I must finish what I have to do:" and she continued to stitch with her usual quiet and elegant diligence.

The remarks on the unfortunate frock having apparently produced no sensations, another subject was presently called by Miss Clifford, though with such seeming ease, that it had not the air of being lugged in by the head and shoulders, as it surely would have appeared, had it been brought forward by a less skilful manœuvrer. This subject was one that too frequently engages the conversation of young women whose minds are not right towards God,—namely, those unsanctified wanderings of the affections and fancy which are falsely ennobled by the general name of love.

Miss Clifford, having rallied both her sisters by turns on these topics, suddenly turned round to Sophia, and staring her full in the face, exclaimed, "And now, my pretty shepherdess, it behoves me to look a little after you. Are there no Strephons, nor Colins in these fair wilds? Come, now, be a good girl, and tell me who it is that bears away most hearts in this place. Who is the favorite shepherd in the Arcadia which surrounds Mortimer Hall? There can be no question respecting the shepherdess, as I presume that my little Sophia here has not many rivals among the Yorkshire damsels?"

Sophia looked up for a moment, on hearing this address, and replied, with a smile, that she knew of no shep-

herds in that neighbourhood, but one who belonged to her father, and who, being very old and rheumatic, always wore a Welsh wig under his hat.

"Monstrous!" said Miss Clifford; "it is almost as shocking to see a shepherd in a wig, as a shepherdess in a bell-hoop. But, my dear little sister," added she, with a laugh, "If you have no shepherds hereabouts, certainly, this sweet retirement must contain some favourite friend, whose name you would not now mention for all the world, but on whom, however, it is your chief delight to meditate when walking alone, and when you sit in silence, guiding your needle, as you may now be doing in the favourite parlour, when the moon is shining, and the owls hooting, as I suppose they sometimes do in the neighbourhood of Mortimer Hall."

"For shame, Kate," said Mrs. Mortimer, "you make your sister Sophia blush. She is not used to your saucy ways."

"Why, now you mention it, Ma'am," said Miss Clifford, holding up her quizzing-glass to her eye, (for this young lady was short-sighted when she chose to be so,) "I really do perceive that my little Sophia, is blushing. Why, my dear Miss Mortimer," she added, "have I actually put you out of countenance? have I really made you blush?"

"Yes," replied Sophia, looking up; "but not for myself."

"Witty, upon my word," exclaimed Miss Clifford, and she again drew up her mouth into the form of a round O, from which position it suddenly relaxed, when this lady, bursting into a loud laugh, added, "Upon my word, my little Sophia Mortimer, you are the prettiest demure little thing I have seen for these hundred years; and the best of it is, you would have us think that you have never yet beheld the man you could like, and that for your part you have a much more sincere affection for old Mrs. Cicely and Mr. Perry, the butler, than for any young gentleman you ever saw in your life, or ever are likely to see, and so forth. But let me tell you, my little girl, you will not get any credit here for all your pretty little pretensions."

"I make no pretensions," replied Sophia, modestly,

"I don't presume to be either wiser or better than my neighbours; but as I think that the truth is always best spoken among friends, I will confess that it is my wish never to be joked upon subjects of this kind. It was the request of poor Mrs. Fortescue that I would never speak on these concerns, unless in a serious manner, and when necessary: and as I have now no occasion, either to speak or even to think of them, I should be sorry, when I have neither cause nor temptation to do so, to neglect the injunctions of this my maternal friend."

"O," said Miss Clifford, drawing up her mouth, and protracting the exclamation to a ridiculous length, "indeed! I beg pardon. I am sorry. Had I known so much before, I trust that I should have been more prudent. I would have died rather than have touched this tender subject with so rude a hand. To some persons I know that the affairs of the heart are matters of great importance. Perhaps they were so to Mrs. Fortescue; perhaps they are so to you. You may depend in future, my dear Miss Mortimer, on my forbearance; only excuse me this once:" saying which, she held out her hand to her new sister, at the same time assuming an expression of the ridiculous pathetic at which Sophia could hardly refrain from smiling, though she experienced so strong a sentiment of distaste as wholly deprived her of the power of being amused by those peculiarities in Miss Clifford which few could look upon without mirth.

When the gentlemen appeared in the drawing-room, the conversation of course took another turn. Mr. Mortimer was in high and boisterous spirits, and the Captain was ready to second him in all his humours; the baronet being the only quiet person of the party, the young gentleman having swallowed a sufficient quantity of liquor to make him more than commonly stupid.

After tea, Mr. Mortimer called for music, and asked Sophia to play.

Sophia could play, and sing also, with considerable taste; but it was sacred music to which her attention had been chiefly directed, and she was, therefore, unprepared for any thing of a lighter sort. She stated this difficulty to her step mother; when Mr. Mortimer ob-

serving her whisper, and desiring that it might be repeated aloud, a burst of laughter from the good Squire himself, with certain fainter expressions of merriment from the young ladies, was the immediate consequence: while the father, clapping his daughter on the back in a manner something similar to that with which he would have caressed his favourite horse, bade her look up, saying, that she need only put herself under the tuition of Catharine Clifford, and she would teach her to sing to many new tunes.

"And would you wish me to learn all the tunes which Miss Clifford might be able to teach me?" said Sophia, turning to her father, and speaking in a low tone.

"You are a sly rogue, in spite of that little demure face of yours," replied the father, with a loud laugh. "Ay, ay, Miss Catharine, you may look: but I'll match my Sophia against you any day, deep as you may be."

"Deep?" repeated Miss Clifford, being, for once, more out of countenance than she wished to be thought.

In the mean time, as Sophia could not, with advantage, shew off her musical talents to the present party, Miss Juliana and her younger sister were led in triumph to the piano-forte; while Mr. Mortimer, who hated every thing relative to music beyond a hunting song, settled himself to sleep in a corner of the sofa near Sophia, leaving the Captain (as the baronet was not wide awake) to the severe duties of extolling the Italian airs and recitatives, which he detested even more heartily than they really deserved.

While things were in this train, Miss Clifford and her mother left the room, Mr. Mortimer presently snored aloud, and the baronet began to rouse himself: while Sophia was lost in meditations, which turned first upon the characters of her newly-introduced relations; secondly on the conversation which had passed before tea; and thirdly, by a natural connexion, on that forbidden subject of thought which for some time she had so successfully avoided, namely, the various supposed or real excellencies of Mr. Sackville, and the peculiar resemblance which he bore to the portrait of the handsome and gallant Duke of Monmouth.

Thus had evil communications in some degree com-

menaced their baneful operations on the heart of this young lady, and had rendered her power of resistance against that which was evil, less than usually strong. For worthy and estimable as Mr. Sackville was, his excellencies were as yet nothing to Sophia, neither did she know that they ever would be. He had hitherto made no avowal of regard for her, and she knew not that he would ever do so; nor was she sure that if such an avowal were even to be made, it would be sanctioned by her father. She had, therefore, every reason that both religion and prudence could suggest, to restrain her thoughts from this object; and hitherto she had been in a great measure enabled to keep her mind in a proper state, and to cast every care on her God; but, as I before remarked, the light society into which she had fallen already had an injurious influence in lowering the hitherto high tone of her moral feelings, and thus rendering her more susceptible of temptation.

More than half an hour had passed in this manner, during which the baronet had first yawned, then stretched, then shook himself, then kicked the dogs from before the fire-place, then got out of his chair, then stood where the dogs had been, with his back to the rest of the room, then turned round with his back to the fire, then looked at one and another of the company present, and, lastly, lounged to an empty chair beside Sophia, where he began to play with her scissors which lay on the table.

Sophia was indulging her own thoughts, as I before hinted; and though she had certainly seen Sir James move, she was scarcely sensible that he had settled himself so near her. Having twisted the scissors round his little finger for some time, the young man at length ventured to speak, and to ask the young lady if she had ever been in London.

At the sound of his voice so near her, Sophia started, and was obliged to ask him to repeat his question, before she knew what to answer.

"You were never in Town, I think, Miss Mortimer?" said Sir James.

"I believe not, Sir," replied Sophia.

"Not within your recollection?" said the other.

"No, Sir," returned Sophia.

"Then you were there in infancy?" said the baronet.

"No, Sir," said Sophia.

"Then you were never in London at any time?" subjoined the other.

"Never, Sir," replied Sophia.

"Indeed," said the baronet, "I thought so."

"Sir!" said Sophia, trying to rouse herself to something like attention.

"I really did think," said the baronet, lisping, and trying to look sentimental, "I really did think, that you had never been in Town."

"What answer am I to make to this?" thought Sophia, "Does he mean to be polite, or merely to laugh at me?" And as she could not decide on this point, she did not venture any reply.

"London spoils the complexion," said Sir James.

"I have heard so," replied Sophia.

"I am sure you have not been in any place to spoil your complexion," remarked the baronet, making a violent effort to utter the most civil thing that he had ever ventured to address to a lady in his life; and as Sophia was wholly unprepared with any answer, it was some moments before his faculties were enabled to recover the equilibrium from which they had been violently thrown by this unusual effort. A cessation of conversation, therefore, ensued for a few seconds, which interval was interrupted only by the hard breathing of the sleeping Squire, and the pathetic quaverings of Miss Juliana's voice. At length the baronet spoke again. "You are working for the poor, I see, Miss Mortimer. I like to see ladies work for the poor. My sisters are often employed in that way."

These last were the only sentences which the baronet had uttered that had pleased Sophia. She accordingly looked up and smiled.

Sir James thought her smile very sweet, and was thinking how he might deserve such another, when Miss Clifford, who had returned into the room a minute before, and had been closely considering this *tete-a-tete* between Miss Mortimer and Sir James, thought proper to call upon the young gentleman to play with her at backgammon: soon after which, Sophia took occasion to beg permission of her mother to withdraw; a favour

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which was readily granted her by Mrs. Mortimer, who begged that she would always consider herself at liberty to retire whenever it was agreeable to her.

As Sophia had gone to rest at a later hour than usual, she awoke later the next morning; and the first thing she beheld, on opening her eyes, was her little Annette, sitting by her bed-side, working with her needle. This was a consolatory sight to her, and seemed at once to banish all uneasy thoughts. She arose in haste, and endeavoured to make the best of her time in instructing the child till called to breakfast.

It was apparent, when the family party met again, that the eyes of Sir James were more frequently directed towards Sophia than to Miss Juliana, though there was nothing in his conduct relative to either of these young ladies which was by any means particular. His slight preference of Sophia, however, was quite sufficient to alarm Mrs. Mortimer and Miss Clifford; and immediately after breakfast these ladies had a private conference upon the subject in which the latter told her mother that she had a scheme in her head by which she hoped to avert the danger which threatened them.

Miss Clifford was one of those women who, being herself destitute of any idea of the state of mind of a pious young person, could not suppose it possible for any young woman to have attained the age of eighteen without having formed some attachment, and who, therefore, felt convinced that Sophia must have some object of preference in the country. She, consequently, determined to divert her attention from the baronet by bringing this person before her, and encouraging the connexion either openly or clandestinely, whichever might be judged by herself or her mother most prudent. But the difficulty was, to find out this person, particularly as Sophia was not to be bantered upon the subject of love. Miss Clifford was, however, too good a politician to be deterred from her purpose by a trifling obstacle; and she, therefore, when Sophia appeared in the drawing-room after dinner, accordingly began her operations. "And now, my dear Miss Mortimer," said she, "as you have lived all your life in this country, do tell us who are our neighbours. And first, who lives at the large white house on

the top of the hill? and who at the new brick house on the road between this place and the last stage? Are there any young people in either of these mansions?"

Sophia answered all and each of these inquiries with such perfect ease and simplicity, that, although questioned and cross-questioned again and again, she betrayed no indication by which Miss Clifford could draw any conclusions whatever.

When the gentlemen came in, the subject was continued, and Mr. Mortimer very unsuspectingly lent his assistance to Miss Clifford in her inquiries. "And who lives at the Old Hills now?" said Mr. Mortimer; "and who at the Barn Elms? and what family is now at Horsford?"

Sophia answered all these questions to the best of her power, and thus every thing went on quite smoothly till Mr. Mortimer asked, "And who is rector of Fairfield at this time?"

"Fairfield!" repeated Sophia, as if she had never heard of such a place before.

Miss Clifford then fixed her grey eyes on Sophia, and Mr. Mortimer replied, "Why, child, don't you know the parish at the higher end of the park? The rector was a very old man when I was last in this neighbourhood. Is he living still?"

"No," said Sophia.

"And pray," said Miss Clifford, in a drawling, stupid voice, "who holds the living now?"

"A Mr. Sackville," said Sophia, using her needle with particular diligence.

"Sackville!" repeated Miss Clifford, in the same stupid voice, "I think I remember him at York:—an elderly man, is he not, and remarkably plain?"

"No," said Sophia, but speaking as if something choked her, "no, not particularly old."

"Well, I do not know that he was so very old," subjoined Miss Clifford; "but features particularly ordinary make a person look older than he is."

Sophia was busy with her needle, and unusually short-sighted: she was, therefore, obliged to look close to her work.

"Mrs. Mortimer," said Miss Clifford, addressing her mo-

ther, "you remember Mr. Sackville at York; a remarkably plain man, but very agreeable. We must cultivate his acquaintance. I only beg, Juliana and Harriet, that you will not fall in love with him."

"But how do we know," said Mr. Mortimer, "that the rector of Fairfield is the same Sackville you knew at York? Have you seen him, Sophia? Is his appearance as remarkable as these ladies say? Is he any ways an odd-looking man?"

"No, Sir," said Sophia, "I believe not."

"Is he an agreeable man, Miss Mortimer?" asked Miss Clifford. "Our Mr. Sackville was an agreeable man: what is yours?"

"I have seen very little of him, Miss Clifford," replied Sophia, gravely.

"But one may sometimes form no incorrect opinion of a person from one or two interviews," returned Miss Clifford, looking exceedingly hard in Sophia's face; and then suddenly and abruptly introducing another subject, being perfectly satisfied of all she wanted to know upon this.

The next day being Sunday, the family appeared at church, and on the Monday following, many of the neighbouring gentry paid their respects to them at the Hall. None of these guests were, however, seen by Sophia, as she had walked out, after breakfast, with Mrs. Cicely and Annette, on an errand which took her to a considerable distance.

Among these visitors was Mr. Sackville, who had for once broken his resolution of never seeking any acquaintance beyond his parish, in order to pay his compliments to Mr. Mortimer. What his motives might have been, he perhaps hardly understood himself: but Miss Clifford, who was confirmed in her suspicions by his appearance, suggested to Mrs. Mortimer that she could not do better than invite him to dinner, and thus provide at once an admirer for Sophia, and convince the baronet, by ocular demonstration, that he had no chance with her.

The invitation was accordingly given and accepted for the next day; when the unsuspecting Sophia was not a little astonished, on her entering the drawing-room, to find Mr. Sackville conversing with her step-mother.

During the evening every arrangement was made by

the manœuvring mother and daughter to throw these young people in each other's way; and Mr. Sackville seemed so well pleased with the opportunities thus given him of conversing with Sophia, that every hour seemed but a moment to him.

Although Sophia's manner was perfectly modest and artless, yet it was sufficiently evident, to such observers as she had about her, that her feelings for Mr. Sackville were very different from those that she discovered towards Sir James. Nothing, however, passed between this young lady and gentleman but what was lovely, holy, and of good report. They first talked of Annette, and Sophia repeated many little anecdotes relative to her which she thought interesting; and such was the warmth with which she expatiated on this subject, that, without observing it, she had drawn upon herself the eyes of many in the room, who had never before seen her so animated. Mr. Sackville then described some particularly beautiful flowers which he had in his garden, at the same time promising Sophia some roots and seeds of them; and he afterwards gave her an account of some persons who had lately died in his parish, in a very happy manner.

When Mr. Sackville took his leave this evening, which he evidently did with considerable reluctance, Miss Clifford afforded him an opportunity of coming again by requesting the loan of a new publication which he had accidentally mentioned.

As this narrative has unavoidably extended itself to some length, I shall not increase its bulk by describing either the various means which Miss Clifford, in connexion with her mother, employed to bring Mr. Sackville continually to the Hall, or the various methods which she took to keep alive the remembrance of him in the mind of Sophia in his absence.

"How could you think," said she one day to Sophia, "of calling Mr. Sackville a plain man? In my opinion he is remarkably handsome."

"I do not remember having mentioned the subject," replied Sophia, colouring deeply.

"Then I am, indeed, mistaken," said Miss Clifford. "I am sure I thought you had affirmed as much." And

then, because Sophia would not allow herself to be addressed on such matters, this talkative lady proceeded to warn her sister Harriet, in Sophia's hearing, against falling in love with him, saying, that handsome men were always vain, and adding, that she was sure he had some design in coming so frequently to the Hall.

In the mean time several weeks had passed, while the baronet evidently betrayed an increasing preference for Sophia, and more and more uneasiness in the presence of Mr. Sackville, of whose advantages of person and manner he seemed perfectly sensible.

Mr. Mortimer at first did not appear to know what was going forward in his family; and Miss Clifford hoped he would continue in ignorance. But on Sir James becoming more open and decided in his attentions to Sophia, her father began to think that it would be her own fault if his daughter did not become Lady Horton. The idea pleased him: and, from that time, he endeavoured to promote the connexion to the utmost of his power. His attention being thus drawn to what was passing, he was not long in observing that Sophia, though always modest and dignified in her manner, betrayed a much greater degree of pleasure in being addressed by Mr. Sackville, than by Sir James; and, in consequence of this discovery, he did every thing short of absolutely forbidding him the house to discourage Mr. Sackville's visits.

While all these things were taking place, Sophia found reason to lament the loss of that peace of mind of which she had once enjoyed so large a share, although her retired apartment and her little Annette were still as dear to her as ever. She now remembered with anguish the days when her heart had been sincerely and continually devoted to her God: when it was her highest pleasure to read her Bible, to dwell upon the merits of her Saviour, and to seek the presence of the Holy Spirit. But now she found that a mere earthly passion was acquiring a growing influence over her mind; and that this passion was constantly fed either by the presence of the favoured object, or by her hearing him continually spoken of. She was at this time made sensibly to experience what Mrs. Fortescue had often told her, that the young woman who allows the encroachment of any pas-

sion which has not received the sanction of duty, utterly destroys her peace for the time being, if not for ever. "But are there no means," said she, "of overcoming this evil? Shall I patiently submit to be the slave of feeling? No, no," she added, "I will consult my late beloved Mrs. Fortescue's book, and I shall no doubt be directed to what will supply a remedy for my present uneasy state."

Sophia did as she resolved. She read over, again and again, the little manuscript left by her deceased instructress; and, thus, was she led, under the divine blessing, to a sincere and hearty repentance, to a renewed devotion of herself to God, and to a more active and lively exercise of her various duties.

Sophia now endeavoured to give less of her company to the Miss Cliffords, and more time to her Bible, her general improvement, and her attentions to the little Annette.

But while these things were passing in the mind of Sophia, and she was gradually recovering her mental vigour, Sir James, being hurt by a hint purposely given him by Miss Clifford, respecting Sophia, who she pretended cherished an invincible dislike to him, took himself off without making the offer expected by Mr. Mortimer; at which, the angry father declared that he would shortly leave Yorkshire, and take his whole family to Bath, in order, he said, to separate his daughter from the young man to whom he too plainly saw she was attached.

It was a severe blow to Sophia, when she was informed of this proposed visit to Bath, and she tried to persuade herself that all her sorrow on this occasion arose from her reluctance to leave Annette: for she had come to the conclusion, that she thought no more of Mr. Sackville but as of a friend, with whom she might probably have no further conversation. But it was necessary on account of Annette, that Mr. Sackville should know of this intended journey; and although Sophia very properly objected to entering into an epistolary communication with him on the subject, the matter might, however, easily have been settled through the medium of Mrs. Cicely: yet Sophia chose rather to fancy that there were

some objections to so simple a mode of arranging this knotty point, which she supposed could be managed by nothing less than a personal interview with the party concerned; and therefore, as Mr. Sackville did not, as formerly, now come to the Hall, she allowed day after day to pass without making the requisite communication, or forming any arrangement for the comfort of the child while she herself was to be absent.

In the mean time, the engaging little creature wrapped herself more and more closely about the heart of her protectress, and the child's entire freedom from apprehension respecting the approaching separation daily increased the sadness of Sophia. "O my little Annette!" would she often say within herself, "must I leave you? and will nobody love you, and bear with you, and please you, as I do? Cicely must go with me, and I know that Mrs. Doiley is sometimes cross with you; and then you will have no one to whom you may tell your little sorrows, or who will wipe your weeping eyes. Ah, little orphan, I shall often think of you when far, far away."

Such were the reflections of Sophia; in spite of which she still hesitated to allow Mrs. Cicely to acquaint Mr. Sackville with her concern about the child, though the good woman was very willing to convey to him any message which her lady might wish to send.

Such was the state of things, when, one fine clear morning in December, Sophia went out to walk in a remote and retired part of the park, holding Annette by the hand; and, lost in melancholy reflection, having passed the more open part of the inclosure, they turned into a path leading to a deep dell or dingle, that was shaded in the summer season by the thick foliage of many trees which grew on its sloping sides. At the further end of this dell was a waterfall, which, tumbling from the higher grounds, fell dashing and foaming into the depths of the glen. At the present season of the year, the trees were leafless, and the full glare of day shot into the very bottom of the valley. The cold, however, had been severe; and the feeble December sun which now appeared in the vaporous sky, had not sufficient power to dissolve the hoar frost which spangled every bough and spray and rendered the moss of the unfrequented pathway

short and crisp beneath the foot. Many long and brilliant icicles were hanging like cones of crystal from the rocky sides of the cascade, and the whole scene of the dingle was not now as beautiful as it would appear in the heats of summer, inasmuch, only, as the ideas which it suggested were less promising of enjoyment in the open air.

"Look, dear Ma'am," said little Annette, pointing her finger to the cascade, "look at those long pieces of glass which hang down by the brook: look how bright they are! May not I carry some of them home?"

"Not now," said Sophia: "it is wet and cold; we cannot get down to the side of the water."

"Then we will come again by and by," said Annette, "when the winter is gone. We will come and fetch them, shall we not Ma'am?"

"Come again, my little Annette!" returned Sophia. "Ah, little girl, they will be gone before the summer comes, and gone perhaps with them may be all your happy days—melted away, possibly, like those sparkling icicles before the rays of the summer sun. For O, my child," she added, "I shall then be far beyond the reach of your infant cry, and your gentle calls for my notice and protection." This exclamation was made by Sophia, as she stood near a tree under which there was a bench placed in such a situation as to command a view of the waterfall: and so acute were the feelings of this young lady at the moment, that she sunk upon the bench, and throwing her arms round the neck of the little girl, burst into an agony of tears.

Little Annette had not yet formed an idea of the cause of Sophia's distress; but she well knew that tears were in general the tokens of sorrow, and she instantly took up her little muslin apron to wipe her lady's cheeks while her own sparkling eyes became suffused with crystalline drops.

At this moment Sophia heard an approaching step, which, from the hardness of the frosty ground, resounded, as it came nearer, more plainly through the valley. She started, and looked up; and before she had time to change her attitude, Mr. Sackville appeared before her.

This retired dingle was no common haunt of the young

clergyman's: but he had happened to pass through it that morning, as a shorter road to a house on the other side of the country, where he had been paying a visit.

At the sight of Sophia and Annette, his cheeks became suffused with a sudden glow of pleasure; but when, on a second glance, he perceived the traces of sorrow on their features, his own countenance instantly changed, and, as it were, reflected the uneasiness which theirs expressed, just as the clear mirror of some glassy lake reflects the variations which every passing cloud or vapour occasions in the heavens above.

"Miss Mortimer," he said, "can it be Miss Mortimer? But why these signs of sorrow?" And coming up more closely to her, "My dear Miss Mortimer," he added, "how is it that I see you thus uneasy? what has happened? can I do any thing for you? have you met with any accident? is all well at the Hall? can I assist you? how can I serve you?"

Sophia endeavoured to wipe away her tears, to look more cheerful, and to command her voice so that she might at least speak with composure; but failing after several efforts, the tears again gushed forth, and she laid her head on the shoulder of Annette, whom she had taken upon her lap.

Mr. Sackville, then, in his alarm, addressed the child, and begged her to tell him what was the matter. From Annette, however, he could get no satisfaction: and becoming more alarmed, he grasped Sophia's hand, and entreated her to relieve his anxiety.

Sophia, being quite ashamed of her weakness, endeavoured to rouse herself. She looked up, and said, "I am afraid, Sir, that you will think me very silly—very much to blame: but,—" and she hesitated.

"Think you silly; dear Miss Mortimer!" rejoined Mr. Sackville; "O how little you know my heart. But I beseech you, set me at ease. Let me know the occasion of these tears. Something, I feel persuaded, has greatly afflicted you: and you will make me miserable, indeed, if you send me away in this state of anxiety. I beseech you, tell me the worst. Is it what I apprehend? Is it what I most dread? Are you going to leave the country?"

"Yes, Sir," stammered Sophia; "yes, Sir, I am going; and my heart is almost broken—because—because of little Annette."

And you are going with Sir James Horton?" asked Mr. Sackville, suddenly turning quite pale.

"With Sir James Horton!" replied Sophia, reddening violently, "with Sir James Horton! No, never, never, while I live."

Mr. Sackville seemed to breathe again, and his colour returned. He tried to make some apology for the strange question he had asked; but made such blundering work of it, that he found it would be best to leave all apologies alone, as they only served to make Sophia the more sensible of the singularity of the question he had so unwarily put.

"What could make you think of Sir James Horton, Mr. Sackville?" asked Sophia, as soon as she could recover her speech. "He is nothing to me, nor I to him. He has left us some days: and when he was here, he had nothing to say to me; he was not my acquaintance."

"I am most sincerely rejoiced to hear this," said Mr. Sackville.

"And wherefore, Sir?" asked Sophia, whose astonishment increased every moment. "Do you dislike Sir James?"

"No," said Mr. Sackville, "not exactly; but—I am glad that he is gone."

Sophia looked earnestly at him; and then turning to Annette, heaved a deep sigh, and wiped away another tear.

"But you are unhappy, ever dear Miss Mortimer," said Mr. Sackville; "and you are still shedding tears. You are going from this place, you say. Let me entreat you to explain the cause of all this. O how many, many sorrowful hearts you will leave behind you: and none, none more sad than mine."

Being thus urged, Sophia informed Mr. Sackville of the intended journey to Bath, and her consequent separation from Annette, which must ensue.

It was not Mr. Sackville alone who was affected by this explanation: for Annette now, for the first time, comprehended the evil with which she was threatened—

on which, throwing her arms more closely round Sophia's neck, she burst forth into such bitter cries, that for a few minutes neither Sophia nor Mr. Sackville could appease her.

Annette, when thoroughly excited, was violent; though it was but seldom that occasion of such excitation occurred; and it is certain that this poor little orphan had already had experience enough of the unkindness of the world, to give her a rational dread of being left again with strangers. "You shall not go from me, ma'am," she said, "no, never, never. I will not live with Mrs. Doiley; I will stay with you."

"You shall come to me," said Mr. Sackville; "I will take care of you, my dear Annette, till Miss Mortimer returns, and you shall not live with Mrs. Doiley."

Annette was silenced by this promise; for, next to Sophia, she best liked Mr. Sackville; and Sophia looked up to the young gentleman with such an expression of tearful gratitude as he prized more highly than any words she could have uttered.

"Make yourself easy on Annette's account, my dear Miss Mortimer," said Mr. Sackville; "I promise her my best services. Poor though they are, and far inferior to yours, you well know that I consider myself bound by every consideration capable of influencing a human creature, to be the guardian of this little girl. When you can no longer give her your personal attention, I will take her to my house, and place her in safe and careful hands. But must you go?" he added. "Well, if it must be so, it is my duty to submit. Will you, however, come back, and make us happy?"

"I hope so," replied Sophia, faintly.

"No, you never will," returned Mr. Sackville, sorrowfully: "you will be too much loved and valued. Never, till this moment, was I ever induced to wish that I was more than the humble rector of Fairfield."

Sophia was silent; and her head was bowed on the neck of Annette.

"I cannot suppose," said Mr. Sackville, "that a young lady of your rank and fortune, and various advantages, would condescend to think of one so humble as I am; and yet I have sometimes almost ventured to hope that

you would not altogether despise me. Your tastes are so simple, your pursuits so adapted to a retired and domestic life, that I have at times even presumed to think that my humble situation, were there no other objection, might not entirely preclude all hope on my side."

This was plain speaking, and such as Sophia could no longer misunderstand; but she had some difficulty in giving her answer, merely from the want of the power of utterance, and not from any hesitation about what she ought to say. At length, however, she spoke, and said, that it was her fixed resolution, never to enter into any engagement without her father's approbation, and that being so very young, she would wish Mr. Sackville to allow her time for consideration: adding, that every proposal of this kind must henceforward come to her through her father, and that she believed it would be best that the affair should be dropped at present.

It is not necessary that I should now repeat what Mr. Sackville further said to Sophia. Suffice it to observe, that the few words which the young lady said in reply were of such a nature as to convince him that he possessed her esteem, and, indeed, more of her regard than it was consistent with those principles of delicacy which had been impressed on her mind, for her to avow. Had he doubted this even a moment before, he must, however, have been convinced of it by the deeply sorrowful expression of her countenance when she took leave of him.

We do not presume to describe the state of Sophia's feelings as she returned home. What had passed had certainly tended in some degree to relieve her mind of its anxiety respecting Annette: neither was it by any means a painful discovery to her to find that she was, confessedly, so dear not only to the best but to the most pleasing young man she had ever known. But, on the other hand, she was not without some uneasy thoughts, arising from the conviction that her father's views for her were far higher than a union with the rector of Fairfield; while her uneasiness was increased by the additional persuasion that if she allowed herself to take a single devious step in this affair, she could not, and, in fact, she dared not, to expect the divine blessing upon it.

In meditations of this nature, Sophia occupied the remainder of the afternoon; and was scarcely come to any resolution before she was called to dinner.

During the meal, she was full of thought and perplexity; but suddenly, the course that she ought to pursue seemed to be clearly laid open before her mind, and she immediately resolved to seize the very first occasion to attempt that which she now thought it right to do.

It happened that there was no stranger present this day at the Hall; and when the family party removed from the dining-table, and were seated round the fire, as soon as the servants had left the room, she began to carry her purposes into effect.

"I have been in the park this morning," said she; "I went to see the old cascade, and I think I never saw it look so beautiful." She then added some incoherencies about icicles, liquid diamonds, and hoar frost; looking, however, so little like an icicle herself, while speaking, that Miss Clifford began to prick up her ears, and open her eyes.

"Humph!" said the squire, as, raising his glass of port to the candle, he looked through the ruby-coloured liquor with one eye, while the other was closed.

"I met Mr. Sackville in the dingle," proceeded Sophia, resolved at once to speak out.

"You did!" said the Squire, setting down his glass, and looking in high displeasure. "By appointment, I presume?"

"No, Sir," returned Sophia, "by accident."

"A very common accident, I reckon!" said the father.

"No, Sir," answered his daughter; "I never met Mr. Sackville in the park before."

"Where, then, were you used to meet him?" asked the Squire.

"I never saw him but once," replied Sophia, "till he came here, by invitation, to dinner."

Miss Clifford drew up her mouth, and looked as if she would have said, "That's false."

"Well," said Mr. Mortimer, breathing short, "and what passed between you and the young man?"

"We first spoke of the little girl, Sir, of whom you al-

lowed me to take charge; and Mr. Sackville undertook to provide for her during my absence."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Mortimer, holding in his indignation with no small difficulty; "and so, you and Mr. Sackville are in partnership in this concern! A pretty prudent arrangement, truly!"

"Pathetic and tender, at least," said Miss Clifford; "quite romantic!"

Sophia's heart was beating violently; but she was strengthened by the hope, nay, the assurance, that she was doing right: and thus she was enabled to give a straight forward and simple statement of her first accidental meeting with Mr. Sackville, and of the engagements into which they were then drawn.

The Squire puffed, and swelled, and swallowed a bumper. And Miss Clifford, laughing outright, said, "Pretty enough! The opening scene of a romance! O for the pen of a Richardson, to work up this beautiful commencement into some sentimental *denouement*!"

"And so," said the Squire, "you first talked of your mutual protegee!—and then, what else? what was the next subject?"

"Mr. Sackville," replied Sophia, "said, that he regretted—that he was sorry—that—that I was going to Bath."

"Did he so?" said the Squire. "And did he not ask you to stay behind, and assist him in taking care of the beggar's brat?"

"Not exactly, Sir," replied Sophia, trembling, "but something to that purpose."

Every eye was now opened wide, and fixed on Sophia.

"And what might be your answer to all this?"

"I referred him to you, Sir; for that I was resolved never to accept any offer without your consent."

"And you are now come to ask it, I presume?" said the Squire.

"No, Sir," replied Sophia: "I have nothing to ask of you but a continuance of your affection, of which I should have felt myself unworthy had I attempted to conceal, either from you or my mother, what had passed this morning."

Mr. Mortimer looked at his daughter for a moment, as if he knew not whether to be pleased or displeased with

her straight-forward manner. At length, displeasure prevailing, he broke forth with a voice as loud as if he had been calling a pack of hounds from a false scent, and wished Mr. Sackville every misfortune which a vindictive or passionate man commonly desires to imprecate upon the object of his resentful feelings; and at the same time, rising from his chair, he turned his back to the fire, kicking his dogs, and holding his sides with his hands.

"And so," said he, recovering from the first burst of passion, "you did not tell the young man that he was a presumptuous fool, but made a courtesy, and thanked him for his good opinion of you. Was it not so?"

Sophia made no answer: on which, he turned shortly round to her, raised his fist as if he would have struck her, and bending his face down to hers, "Tell me, I say; do you like the man? Say you do, and I renounce you. Why don't you speak?"

"What, Sir," said Sophia, gently, "and be renounced by my father! Surely, no man living ought to be so dear to me as my father."

"You are an artful hussey," said the Squire, with abating displeasure. "But remember, child, that you don't deceive me. I hate deceit: and it would break my heart to be deceived by my child."

"No, my father, no," said Sophia, bursting into tears, and throwing herself on his neck, "no, I will never deceive you (the Almighty helping me) nor any one here present. I own that I respect and—esteem Mr. Sackville; but I should hate myself, if I could be guilty of any thing like art on his, or, indeed, on any account; which was my motive for entering upon this subject in the present company."

The Squire returned the embrace of his daughter with even more than his usual warmth, exclaiming, "You are a good girl, Sophia; and I am proud of my girl; and I do believe every word you utter: and that's more than ever I would say of any other woman under the sun."

"Under the sun!" said Miss Clifford, laughing. "That would be saying a great deal, had you been speaking at noonday."

"At noonday!" said the Squire, letting go his hold of

Sophia, and turning to the other, "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, is not the sun above us all at noonday, papa?" said the young lady, in an affectedly childish accent: "and is it not below us all at midnight? And so, as it happens, there are none of your dear connexions under the sun precisely at this moment."

"Why, there now," replied the Squire; "what is this but one of your feminine fetches and roundabouts? I am sure that my good girl here would never have had such a crooked thought as that you have just uttered. But," he added, "as I stand here, whether under or over the sun I know not, nor care; and as my name is Cockspur Mortimer, she shall not have the parson; and here I am, ready to stand to it. So go to your room, girl, wipe your eyes and smooth your brow, and let me never again hear the name of Sackville as long as I live and breathe."

So saying, he popped himself down in his chair, bade Sophia ring for a pipe, and looked, at the same time, towards the door, and then at his wife, as much as to say, "You had best now be going to your own quarters."

It was with a heart comparatively easy, that Sophia returned to her room. She felt that she had been enabled to do right; and she was now further enabled to commit the entire affair respecting Mr. Sackville into the hands of God, being well assured that all would be ordered for the best. And here was an exercise of faith; an exercise of a kind, to which many, if not all persons are called, at some stage of their youthful progress. Happy, then, thrice happy, are those whose religious feelings are such as Sophia Mortimer's;—who are enabled to bring their faith to bear on matters of this kind;—and who, instead of repining, either at the necessary or unnecessary restraints to which they may be subject in their parent's houses, are led to be habitually thankful for the blessings and comforts they actually enjoy, and are supported in their endeavours to throw their cares upon their God.

In the mean time Mrs. Mortimer and her daughters being assembled in a room into which Sophia had no

access, were engaged in conversing on what had just taken place, and in discussing the character of the young lady.

Miss Juliana and Miss Harriet seemed disposed to think that she wanted sense; but Mrs. Mortimer was rather inclined to the opinion that it was not sense which she wanted so much as experience and knowledge of the world. "She certainly is attached to Mr. Sackville," said she, "and he to her; and they both wish the match. I therefore cannot conceive what could have been her motive for breaking the matter so abruptly to her father, and arming him, as it were, against herself: for she could not have expected from him any other answer to the proposal than that which he gave her."

While the rest were speaking, Miss Clifford looked unutterable things; and when she had heard every opinion, she burst out to the following effect.—"Indeed," said she, "I wonder at you all; yet not so much at my sisters, as at you, Mrs. Mortimer. If Sophia Mortimer is a fool, I am one; and if she is a simple, undesigning character, so am I. No; depend upon it, she is as deep as the grave, and does nothing without design. There are no characters so profoundly artful as those who conceal their art under the semblance of truth. Depend upon it, Sophia knows the length and breadth of her father's finger better than either you or I do: and, notwithstanding his storming and raving as he did, I do not think she could have taken a wiser step towards the promotion of her end, than what she did this evening. The Squire loves an open, straight-forward manner; and Sophia knows that he does, and she acted accordingly. She was well prepared for his bluster, and armed against it. And I think I never saw a prettier piece of acting in my life, than the scene between the roaring country Squire—the good-hearted John Bull—and the pretty, modest, blushing daughter."

"Kate," said Mrs. Mortimer, "you are a naughty one. 'Set a thief to catch a thief!'—is there not some such proverb? But I will not have you take such liberties with my husband, your honoured father. I won't have him called a roaring country Squire."

"Well, then, I won't repeat the words again, my dear

mother," replied the daughter.—And so saying, the ladies adjourned to the drawing-room, and called for coffee.

I have said nothing of Mr. Mortimer's sons, and my readers may suppose that they therefore occupied but little of their father's attention; but the truth is, that they were at school near London, and were not to come home during the Christmas holidays, because their parents had engaged that they should spend them with Mrs. Mortimer's sister, a lady who lived near Windsor: Sophia was therefore obliged to postpone the pleasure she had promised herself of becoming acquainted with her brothers.

From the eventful day of which I have given so full a description, until that fixed for the journey to Bath, was only one short fortnight, during which every thing passed smoothly between Mr. Mortimer and his daughter. Nevertheless, Sophia felt herself still uneasy on account of her little Annette; particularly as the child still continued to weep bitterly whenever the journey was spoken of.—"Oh, Ma'am, dear Ma'am," the child would often say, "my mother is dead, and you are going away. What will become of little Annette?"

"I hope that I shall come again," Sophia would answer: "and then we shall be so happy." And on these occasions, she would try to direct the thoughts of the child to that great Being who is the Father of the fatherless.

As soon as the precise day for the journey was ascertained, Sophia sent Mrs. Cicely to Mr. Sackville, to give him information of the decision. And this she did without any attempt at secrecy: at once telling Mrs. Mortimer what she had done, and her motive for so doing.

Mrs. Cicely, however, came back in very low spirits, informing Sophia that Mr. Sackville was very ill, and, in consequence, confined to his bed.

Here was a new cause of trouble to Sophia: and the several days previous to her journey were, therefore, very unhappy ones to her; though she endeavoured to bring her mind to all that might happen.

At length, the dreaded morning came; and the sociable and the travelling-carriage were driven up to the door.

Sophia breakfasted in her own room, with Annette;

and Mrs. Doiley was in readiness to take the child, in case no message should be brought from Mr. Sackville. One only consolation at this time offered itself to Sophia: and that was, that her father, followed by his groom, had gone forward at day-dawn, and would not be present to be irritated by the tears she could not repress.

At length, she was informed that the ladies were ready; and, giving a last sad look at the brown oak parlour, she proceeded into the great hall, followed by the sobbing child, whom Mrs. Doiley in vain attempted to hold back.

The ladies were already in the sociable, and Sophia was kissing her beloved Annette for the last time, when Mr. Sackville himself, having passed the carriages, entered at the great door, and approached the weeping pair. He looked exceedingly pale, and was evidently much dejected; but the joy which both Sophia and Annette expressed at beholding him, brought back the colour to his cheeks.

"O! Mr. Sackville," said Sophia, "are you, at length, come! and are you better?" And then, scarcely knowing what she did, she extended her hand to him, adding, "I shall be happy now I have seen you again, and you appear so much recovered. To your hands I commend my little Annette. You will bear with her, and you will love her. You must indeed love her. She is worthy of your affection, and you can hardly conceive how dear she is to me."

"If she is dear to you, beloved Miss Mortimer," he said, "she must be so to me. She shall never know what it is to want a friend as long as I live." And as he gently strove to draw the little girl from Sophia, he added, "O, could I but hope that you would sometimes think of us when far away, I should be the happiest of human beings."

Sophia said nothing; but the sad expression of her modest eye spoke more than words could have expressed.

Mr. Sackville then led her to the carriage, but neither of them spoke. A new flood of tears gushed from the eyes of Sophia as she gave her parting look to Annette and Mr. Sackville; and then covering her eyes with her

handkerchief, she felt truly thankful that this scene had discovered no more to her step-mother and sisters than what they previously knew, and that, although they might charge with folly, they could not condemn her for deceit.

The carriage now moved off, and in such a direction that the house and park continued in view for some time; and as Sophia looked back for the last time, she saw Mr. Sackville, at a considerable distance, conducting little Annette across that part of the open lawn which led them towards Fairfield. She heaved a deep sigh, wiped away the fast-flowing tears, and now, for the first time in her life, heartily acquiesced in Job's declaration, that *Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards.*

The journey to Bath was performed in three days, and the change of scene had a considerable effect in tranquilizing the mind of Sophia.

Mr. Mortimer had taken the precaution to secure a handsome house in the upper part of the city; and Sophia was exceedingly well pleased to have a small room appropriated to herself, with a light closet for her servant. "And now," said Mrs. Cicely, (who was much pleased with this arrangement,) while she was attending Sophia, "had we but our little Annette here, we might be tolerably happy."

Sophia sighed, and answered, "Annette would be a great comfort; but this place can never be like our beloved home."

Sophia had not, for some days past, been able to comprehend the state of her father's feelings towards her, for he had dealt largely in a kind of enigmatical phraseology, to this purport—"Never mind, Sophy, my dear: when we get you among us in Bath, we shall put all things to rights; and then we shall forget all our odd ways, and be more like other people:" these expressions being either followed up by an oath, or some sporting term, to which Sophia could attach no meaning whatever. The truth is, that Mr. Mortimer admired his daughter very much, and loved her more; but there was a something in her character which made him uneasy, because he thought it too serious; and he feared that her simple, Christian state of mind might stand in the way

of her advancing herself in marriage. He flattered himself, therefore, when she was removed from the place of her education, and introduced into a gay society, that her prejudices would give way without any trouble: he was, therefore, not a little surprised, when, on the morning after their arrival in Bath, the public balls being made the subject of discourse, Sophia, with much simplicity, asserted, that, as she did not know how to dance, she, of course, could have no share in these amusements.

This declaration seemed to startle the whole party, but especially Mr. Mortimer, who, having left the management of his daughter's education to Mrs. Fortescue, had never conceived it possible that she should have omitted an accomplishment which he considered so essential as that of dancing. He set down a dish of tea, which, at that moment, he was just raising to his lips, and blamed Mrs. Fortescue for this negligence with a vehemence which made the tears start in the eyes of Sophia: she, however, said nothing, till her father asked his wife whether she thought it might not still be possible to repair this injury by procuring a dancing-master for Sophia.

Before Mrs. Mortimer could reply, Sophia calmly remarked, that she hoped her father would excuse what she was about to say, but that she thought it best at once to confess that it was impossible for her to partake of any of the amusements which are commonly followed in the world; adding, that the principles in which she had been brought up were so entirely opposite to every thing of the kind, that if she entered into any of them, it would be at the expense of subverting the whole system of her education.

This remark excited such general amazement throughout the party, that for a few moments no one spoke. At length, Mr. Mortimer, looking at her with smothered indignation, said, "Why, surely you do not mean to say that you will not go wherever I and your mother choose that you should?"

Sophia was silent, and looked down.

He repeated his question in coarser language, and a louder voice.

Sophia replied, "I know my duty to my earthly father,

and I know that his authority is inferior only to that of my heavenly Father."

"Amazing assurance! and that from you, Sophia?" said Mr. Mortimer, his lip quivering with rage.

Sophia trembled, but made no answer.

He repeated her name several times over, and asked her if she did not mean to reply when spoken to.

She looked up, and said, "Sir!"

"Repeat to me," he said, "your late bold assertion: repeat it, and then leave this house, and let me never see you more."

Sophia still remained silent; and Mr. Mortimer breaking out with increasing violence, his lady interfered, endeavouring to soothe him and to reason with Sophia, who, however, she secretly hoped might prove unpersuadable: for she could, by no means, endure the idea of being obliged to carry with her into every society, one whose superior beauty and attractions could not fail of totally eclipsing the charms of her own daughters.

Sophia replied to her mother's reasonings with much temper and sweetness; alleging, that the strict Christian principles in which she had been educated put it entirely out of her power to enter into any of the public pleasures of the world with satisfaction.

Mr. Mortimer, however, was not in a humour to bear these reasonings. He called his daughter a Methodist, and expressed a hope that Mrs. Fortescue might be already tasting the punishment of her hypocrisy.

On hearing this, Sophia, who, notwithstanding her assumed composure, had, no doubt, been violently agitated during the whole debate, burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed so violently, that Miss Clifford, who pretty well knew all her mother's secret thoughts on this occasion, took her by the hand, and led her out into the next room, where she contrived to soothe and console her, and in some degree to restore tranquillity; although, when left alone, Sophia could not, on reflection, discover whether her comforter approved or disapproved of what she had said to her father.

In the mean time, Mr. Mortimer had expressed himself with so much violence against his daughter for her obstinacy, and against poor Mrs. Fortescue for the

methodistical and queer education which, he said, she had given her, that Mrs. Mortimer was obliged, in order to soothe him, to promise to take the matter on herself; and she expressed her assurance, that she should soon be able to bring the young lady to reason—this lady being well aware, from long experience, that it was always more easy to manage her husband by seeming to acquiesce in his opinions than by openly opposing them.

When Mr. Mortimer had received this assurance from his wife, he went out, and proceeded to the pump-room, in order to discover, from the book which is kept there, who of his friends he was likely to meet with in Bath. The first person he met in the public room was Sir James Horton. Mr. Mortimer did not expect to see this gentleman, and was therefore the better pleased.

The baronet inquired after the ladies of the family, particularly mentioning Sophia.

At the sound of her name, Mr. Mortimer's anger was again aroused, and he gave Sir James an account of the contest he had had with her in the morning at breakfast.

"Comical enough," said the baronet; "but I do not know whether I don't like her the better for it. And I'll tell you what, Mr. Mortimer," added he, looking sagacious, "I don't know whether I am not half of Miss Sophia's opinion myself: for I really think that it would be almost as well if the young ladies in these days were not quite so fond of dancing in public, and those kind of things."

"And is that your real opinion?" said Mr. Mortimer.

"Upon my word it is," replied Sir James; "and I'll tell you what, too, I have heard other young men say the same."

This conversation went a great way towards soothing the mind of Mr. Mortimer, who did not part from the baronet till he had engaged him to dinner; an invitation which the other was glad to accept, being pretty well assured that he should not meet Sophia elsewhere than at her father's house.

Sophia, in the mean time, had returned to her own room, where she spent the greater part of the morning

in reflecting on what had passed ; and though she felt satisfied that the thing that she had done was in itself right, she still deplored the mode in which she had done it, charging herself with abruptness, want of respect in manner, and a variety of other failures, by which she felt herself condemned.

Thus must every sincere Christian find reason more or less to lament a large mixture of depravity blended with even his best actions, and be ready, in his most triumphant moments, to complain, "When I would do good, evil is present with me."

When the hour of dinner arrived, Sophia went trembling into the presence of her father. What then must have been her amazement to find him in perfect good-humour, and her old acquaintance, Sir James Horton, by his side !

As Sophia had never regarded this gentleman in any other light than that of a common acquaintance, she received him graciously ; and thus good-humour seemed to be restored to the whole party.

From that day, several weeks passed in a dull round of nothings. Sophia was, indeed, never asked to go out, but then, as Sir James continually visited at the house, she found herself constantly engaged in conversation with him at home, if conversation it could be called ; for, though he always sat by her after tea, he seldom ventured to say any thing, and she as seldom lifted up her eyes from her work. She saw less of the three Miss Cliffords, than when in the country, as they were out every evening ; but Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer remained much at home, and received Sir James and other friends at their house. Sophia spent her mornings in her own room, Mrs. Cicely, to whom she often read, and with whom she talked much of Annette, and of the poor people she used to visit, but seldom mentioned Mr. Sackville's name.

At Christmas she made up a box for Annette, containing a variety of clothes made by her own hand, and a five-pound bill ; all of which she sent off by a servant of the family, who was returning into Yorkshire. In answer to which, she received a letter, written by the old housekeeper at the Hall, containing Mr. Sackville's

thanks, and several little anecdotes of Annette; who had, she said, been to see her several times.

Sophia, on reading this letter, could not help shedding tears; for from that time, and for several successive days, she frequently indulged in thoughts about Mortimer Hall and Fairfield, meditating on these things in bed, and forming imaginary plans of happiness, from which neither Annette nor Mr. Sackville were, of course, excluded: and to these thoughts she continued to give way, knowing at the same time that she was doing wrong, till dissatisfaction with herself, and with every one about her, was the consequence. She fancied that her relations and connexions possessed qualities even more unpleasant than they really did.

Mrs. Mortimer, though wholly a worldly character, had never been unkind to Sophia, nor interfered with her in the execution of any of her plans; and though Sophia, had she known her motives, would perhaps not have owed her many thanks for her forbearance, yet, judging from appearance, she had no reason to be dissatisfied with her step-mother, and, to say the truth, she had never felt herself very uneasy with her, till at this period in which she had yielded in secret to self-pleasing. As to Mr. Mortimer, he was precisely the same as he had always been, and as Sophia had always known him to be; yet it was not till now that she began to experience, from his coarseness, a kind of disgust which a daughter ought by no means to acknowledge to herself, and a sentiment of displeasure at his second marriage, although that step was certainly justifiable. Once or twice, about this time, Mrs. Cicely inquired if she was unwell; and, one day, on her coming up from breakfast in a very disconsolate mood, the old servant asked her if any thing particular had happened that had affected her spirits. "Surely, my dear Madam," she said, "you have had no bad news out of Yorkshire?"

"No," replied Sophia, sighing; "but I hate this Bath: and Mrs. Mortimer looks so coolly upon me: and my father is so rough: he gets worse and worse every day."

Mrs. Cicely looked hard at her young mistress, and

then said, "Why surely my dear young lady, you are not expecting to find heaven upon earth?"

"Not at Bath," replied Sophia, fretfully.

"Nor any where else," returned Mrs. Cicely. "If you do, Miss, you will be sadly disappointed. There are troubles in every situation of life; and I hope that you will not be one of those young ladies who make more than they need, by supposing that they are not well used, because their parents and friends have something else to do than to think of them, and be always striving to look pleasant and make themselves agreeable to them."

"Cicely!" said Sophia, looking at her with astonishment.

"Perhaps I am too bold," returned the old servant. "But, my dear Miss Mortimer, you cannot have forgotten that I was your nurse, that I closed the eyes of your dear mother, and that I enjoyed the privilege of being present whenever that best of women, good Mrs. Fortescue, gave you your lessons; and though I never pretended to understand many things which she taught you, yet, when she gave you religious instructions, grace was given me to comprehend a great deal of them. And thus some light was put into my mind which otherwise I should not have had; and by this light, my dear Miss Mortimer, I am led to see that it is sinful to give way to fretful and uneasy tempers, especially when we consider that this life is but a passing state, and, as the Pilgrim's Progress explains it, but a road or pathway to a better world. To be sure, my dear young lady, you have some trials; but can you not leave your cares on God? Do, my beloved Miss Mortimer, make the trial."

While Mrs. Cicely spoke, Sophia stood swelling, partly with anger, and partly with grief; and when the old servant was silent, the young lady walked out of the room, and down into the drawing-room, where, at that hour, she expected to be alone. A book was lying on the sofa-table. She took it up, and her eyes ran over some pages, but she knew not a word she read. She had never before felt so wretched; she had never hated herself so thoroughly, or esteemed Cicely so much. At length, unable to bear her own reflections any longer,

she dashed down the book, ran up to her own room, fell on her knees before Cicely, threw her arms round her neck, and, bursting into tears, acknowledged all her faults, and even went so far as to beg her pardon.

The worthy old servant clasped her young mistress again and again to her bosom, made a thousand apologies for having spoken so freely, and for some moments wept without restraint over the darling of her heart.

This little incident had the most blessed effect on Sophia in restoring the equilibrium of her mind. Her father had allowed her music and drawing-masters: she now set her whole heart to improve by them. She employed Cicely to find out poor people, whom she relieved from her pocket-money, buying and making clothes for the needy. She cast aside all amusing books which had not a decidedly religious tendency, for there are certain states of mind when these act like poison on the feelings. She read the Bible, and the commentators upon it, aloud to Mrs. Cicely; and so wholly occupied all her powers both of mind and body, that she fell asleep the moment she laid her head on her pillow, and ceased for a length of time from all speculations on her future plans of life.

In the mean time, while Sophia was endeavouring to think as little as possible of Fairfield, any further than as it was connected with the interest she took in Annette, Miss Clifford, who had not been a careless observer of the manœuvres of the baronet, dull as they were, was not inattentive to the good policy of keeping up the remembrance of Mr. Sackville in the mind of Sophia: not that she ever addressed her directly on the subject of her regard for this young gentleman; still, she was never at a loss for some occasion, either of speaking of him to her sisters in Sophia's presence, or alluding to something which must necessarily bring him to that young lady's recollection.

And here we have an additional proof of that which every well-meaning young lady must already have discovered—that there is often much more danger to be apprehended from indiscreet or designing persons of their own sex, than from their intercourse with the other. A young woman of correct views will seldom find it difficult to check the forwardness of any person who calls

himself a gentleman; but she will find it to be by no means so easy to silence the poisonous insinuations of a female companion, or to shut her ears against those evil communications which corrupt good manners, too often proceeding from persons of her own sex.

In the mean time, the tardy baronet had made up his mind to ask Mr. Mortimer for his daughter, which, one morning, as the two gentlemen were walking together to the pump-room, he accordingly did, with as little ceremony as he would have ordered a new pair of boots; never having dreamed of the possibility of his being refused.

The father received the overture with the greatest satisfaction; for Sir James was not only very rich, but of a rank to make his daughter a titled lady: besides which, he cherished the idea of outwitting Miss Clifford, with whose desires respecting Sir James he was better acquainted than he wished to have it thought. Accordingly, he gave the baronet every encouragement, and returned home in high glee, which he evinced by kicking up an uproar among his dogs, as soon as ever he had set his foot within the doors of his temporary dwelling.

The communication respecting Sir James's offer was made immediately to Sophia, and the young lady was told at the same time, by her father, that he expected her acquiescence, and would hear of no denial.

It cannot be said that Sophia had never thought of Sir James in the character in which he was now offered to her, for it must be remembered that Mr. Sackville had suggested this idea in the glen. But Sir James had evidenced so little interest in any conversation he had ever held with her, that she had been led to consider Mr. Sackville's alarm on his account to be altogether without foundation, and she therefore received the communication with unfeigned surprise: neither was it till after she was in some degree recovered from this amazement, that she could find words wherein to state her objections to Sir James in language at once sufficiently gentle and decisive to use in the presence of her father.

The Squire at first heard her with some degree of patience; but when he found that she was not to be

brought over to his purpose by any arguments which he could urge, he broke out into such a storm of indignation, that Sophia was almost ready to faint with terror. Still, however, she adhered to her first declaration, and maintained her resolution never to accept of Sir James.

"What," said the Squire, "because you mean to have the parson? Now hear my words:" and, walking up close to her, he held up his clenched hand before her face—"You sha'n't have him,—that you sha'n't. So if I ever hear of your thinking about him again, I'll turn you out to live in my dog-kennel."

"I promised you, Sir," replied Sophia, "when in Yorkshire, that I never would marry him but with your approbation; neither will I carry on any intercourse with him unknown to you. I will also endeavour to think as little of him as possible, and I never willingly mention his name. But while I feel a distinguishing preference for him, I must persist in refusing every other man who may honour me with his notice."

"Distinguishing preference!" repeated the Squire; "what fool's language is that? Can't you speak out at once? Say that you like the man, and you won't marry any other man, and then I shall understand you, and know how to deal with you." And he raised his hand again, with such a threatening aspect, that Sophia retreated to the door, trembling from head to foot.

On seeing this the Squire burst forth again; and so loud were his menaces, that Mrs. Mortimer, who had been listening at the key-hole, thought proper now to come in. And as she opened the door, Sophia glided by her, and escaped to her own room.

Sophia never knew what then passed between her father and mother, for she was not called down till evening, when she found her father in a state of high yet sullen displeasure, and the rest of the family looking more or less uneasy. Mrs. Mortimer, however, was the only one who accosted her with any kindness when she came into the room; but as this lady seldom betrayed her real feelings, Sophia was left in a state of uncertainty respecting her sentiments on the late transactions.

From that time, Sir James was never more mentioned

to Sophia, and his visits were discontinued, though he was known to be still in Bath, and was often seen by the Miss Cliffords.

Sophia had hoped that her father's sullen humour towards herself would have cleared up after a few days; but this was by no means the case. The Squire continued to retain his displeasure against her, and often allowed his anger to break out in a very coarse and unseemly manner; insomuch, that the young lady herself began, after awhile, to feel offended, and to yield to dissatisfaction in her turn; forgetting that unreasonableness in a parent is no excuse for want of a cheerful acquiescence on the part of a daughter.

About this time, to add to Sophia's discomfort, Mrs. Cicely was taken ill; and, as Mr. Mortimer's groom was going back into Yorkshire, it was deemed advisable that she should return with him, Mr. Mortimer having taken it into his head that she encouraged Sophia in her attachment to Mr. Sackville. Mrs. Cicely was therefore sent to Mortimer Hall, and another servant was provided for the disconsolate Sophia. Mr. Mortimer, also, either from irritation of mind, or from being deprived of his usual exercise, became unwell; and as Mrs. Mortimer had her particular reasons for not wishing to go far from Bath, nothing would serve him but he would go to the Hot-Wells; with which arrangement she complied, leaving her daughters with a certain old dowager lady of quality, her acquaintance, in the house in Bath, which had been taken for six months, four only of which were expired.

It was with a sorrowful heart that Sophia left Bath, to accompany her parents to the Hot-Wells; for she looked forward to nothing but melancholy in the society of her incensed father.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer had taken their lodgings on St. Vincent's Parade, in a situation which commanded a view of the river and the beautiful rocks called St. Vincent's Rocks, near the Well-House, and small crescent adjoining it. The scene was lovely; but it wanted both the rural simplicity of the environs of Mortimer Hall, and the magnificent gaiety of the more fashionable parts of the city of Bath.

There had now subsisted a coldness between Sophia and her father for several weeks; in consequence of which, she avoided his presence as much as possible, seldom seeing him but at meals, and habitually spending the rest of her sad hours alone, not even having her old and faithful servant with whom to converse.

Spring was now advancing apace. The flowers were budding, the hedges becoming green, and many young lambs were sporting on the heights. Such sights and sounds were but too well calculated to recall to the mind of Sophia, as she walked solitarily under the rocks, or climbed the steepes which led to the Downs, the remembrance of her happy early days: and though, in these walks, she met many persons, yet all were equally unknown to her; and she often experienced that peculiarly sad sensation, of feeling herself alone in the midst of a crowd.

At this time, every thing around poor Sophia apparently conspired to prepare her mind for the indulgence of those dissatisfied and melancholy feelings, which such persons as deal in works of fancy commonly dignify by the name of love,—a sentiment, which they delight to trace through all its windings and modifications, and to describe as irresistible. These feelings, in fact, did for a short time powerfully influence the mind of Sophia on her first arrival at the Hot-Wells, when looking round on the beautiful objects of nature, with which that place abounds. She remembered her native woods and her little Annette, her thoughts, at the same time, dwelling much on one whom it was more dangerous to think of than ever, because she had solemnly bound herself never to form any connexion with him without the approbation of her father, and there was little room for the hope that this approbation would ever be given. But after awhile, although she had no human guide at hand, that Holy and Blessed Spirit, whose secret influence is equally above all human Wisdom and controul, made her sensible that this state of mind was not such as that religion which requires the devotion of the whole heart to God could by any means justify. She was, therefore, once again induced to make a strong effort to overcome her feelings.

she applied herself once more to the little book of directions left her by Mrs. Fortescue, and was particularly struck by this expression—

“What is commonly called love, is a selfish feeling, and frequently shuts up the heart of the person under its influence from every object but the one by which it is particularly excited: therefore, when love of this kind seizes the mind, it generally leads to the neglect of our duties, and perhaps, under superior motives, it could not better be contended with than by an immediate, consistent, and persevering attention to those duties, which should be persisted in till love has lost its power, and the heart is restored to peace.”

“But what duties have I here,” said Sophia, “in the pursuit of which I might divert these sad thoughts? Where is my little Annette? where are my poor people? where is my harpsicord? or my little school?” Here she burst into tears; but, quickly checking these rebellious thoughts, she, on again considering her situation, said to herself, “I have a Saviour whom I may seek, and to whom I may unite myself; a heavenly Father, who, through my Saviour, I may dare to love; and a promised assistant and comforter in the Holy Spirit, to whom I may freely open my heart. And by these shall I not, on earnestly praying, be led to see my duty, and to overcome these morbid feelings, by which I am rendered at once miserable and useless?”

From that day, Sophia strove earnestly to check these dangerous feelings; not allowing herself to indulge in the use of any kind of book or employment which could either strengthen or encourage them.

She committed to memory many hymns and texts of Scripture, besides daily reading with care such portions of the sacred volume as suited her present situation. She was earnest in prayer, and employed the remainder of her leisure in working for the poor, and other innocent occupations. By degrees her mind recovered its strength, and she became sensible, that its late state had been far from right. She also now saw what she wondered that she had not sooner discovered—that her silent acquiescence in her father's coldness had by no means proceeded, as she had supposed, from a humble state of mind,

but, on the contrary, from pride and sullenness. Prompted by this conviction, she now endeavoured, without loss of time, to alter her conduct; to seek the society of her father and mother. Her advances were not ill received by her mother, who was at this time particularly pleased with her for having refused the baronet, and Sophia now found much assistance from her in restoring her father's good humour.

She had still much to bear from the coarseness and irritability of her father; notwithstanding which, she gained upon him so much, that, at length, he began to joke with her, and that, sometimes, before visitors, upon her rejection of Sir James, and her contempt of titles and fortune: and he once or twice even went so far as to wish Mr. Sackville had but a little more of the good things of this world, for his daughter's sake.

"My dear father," Sophia would sometimes answer on these occasions, "I desire to have grace to think of none of these persons; but to be kept in that state of mind in which I may be ready at all times to acquiesce in any thing that Providence may have appointed for me."

A loud laugh, or some coarse expression, was the general reply to a remark of this kind, from Mr. Mortimer; and Mrs. Mortimer usually expressed her doubt of the sincerity of young ladies when they make professions of this kind, with a gentle hint that she thought it might be quite as well if her dear Sophia were not so anxious to conceal from her friends her real sentiments.

Notwithstanding, however, Sophia's conviction that she did not possess the entire confidence of her parents, she still felt that, during the latter part of her residence at the Hot-Wells, she had succeeded in making herself agreeable to them: and sensible that she was thus in the way of duty, she became daily more cheerful.

While things were going on with Sophia in the manner which I have described, the Miss Cliffords remained at Bath, and were managing their affairs quite as successfully as they could have wished. Sir James had, indeed, taken flight; but Miss Juliana was addressed by a gouty old lord, and had every prospect of having the honour of being his third wife: and Miss Harriet was in the high road of becoming the lady of a certain Nawaub

or old Civilian from the East Indies, who was reported to have more rupees than wit. These were circumstances which greatly elevated the spirits of Mrs. Mortimer, and made her, therefore, vastly better company than she would otherwise have been.

And now the month of March was gone, and April was come in, with her wreaths of hawthorn, her violets, her primroses, and her mildest zephyrs. Sophia, as I before remarked, had been seeking, for some time, entirely to resign her own will to that of her heavenly Father, and had, in consequence, been blessed with a considerable degree of peace, when certain circumstances, which I shall hasten to relate, successively took place.

It is at this time, I imagine, scarcely necessary to tell my reader, that, if Sophia had found it difficult to avoid thinking of Mr. Sackville, this good young man had also the same difficulty to encounter with regard to her. That he respected and loved her more than any other young lady he had ever known, was very certain; but whether it was right for him to indulge this affection he knew not, as he had every reason to believe that his addresses would not be approved by her father. He, too, had, therefore, endeavoured to put the affair into the hands of Providence, with an entire resignation of his own will.

The winter, however, passed with him in, at least, an uneasy manner: for, although he was at home, and had many consolations, and many interesting duties; yet he was more than once troubled by reports respecting Sophia, and was almost afraid that Sir James might in the end carry away from him that prize which he valued more than all that the world could give him besides. In the month of April, however, a sudden and unexpected change was made in his prospects by the death of a distant relation, who bequeathed to him a property in the funds, fully worth three hundred a year, with various articles of household furniture, plate, and linen.

Mr. Sackville, although the next heir to this person, had never built upon receiving any thing from him, as he was a humourist, and it was, therefore, supposed would have found some other objects to whom to bequeath his property. The young gentleman was, consequently, the

more surprised when made acquainted with this increase of his fortune. And now, finding himself in possession of at least seven hundred a year, over and above his pretty parsonage and glebe, he resolved to take courage, and, without loss of time, to make known his wishes respecting Sophia to her father. With this view, therefore, he put on his best coat, and took his seat in a coach which was to convey him to the Hot-Wells.

It may be supposed that he found the journey long, and his progress slow, towards the haven of his wishes: he, at length, however, arrived at Bristol: but it being near midnight when he got there, he was obliged to bear his suspense till the morning. In situations of this kind, a mind chastened by habitual piety will be more than any other under the influence of self-control: nevertheless, there are occasions in which the heart, though lifted up in constant prayer, is unable to express itself in words; and this was one of those seasons with Mr. Sackville. During his walk from Bristol to the Wells, he heard and saw nothing but the servant of the inn, whom he had engaged to guide him along the intricate labyrinths of new and old buildings through which he must needs approach the precincts of the Hot-Wells in the shortest way.

By this time, Sophia had entirely won back the good graces of her father, and she was pouring out his coffee, and sweetening it to his taste, in the breakfast-room, at the moment when the Yorkshire footman came into the room, and, with a countenance full of satisfaction, announced the name of Sackville.

"Sackville!" repeated the Squire, with one of his usual rough expressions.

"Yes, Sir," said the servant, "Mr. Sackville from Fairfield. It is Mr. Sackville, to be sure."

All that was in Sophia's hand fell from it at that moment; and it was well that it was not her father's dish of coffee, instead of a silver spoon full of soft sugar.

In the mean time, Mr. Sackville was introduced, and kindly received by Mrs. Mortimer; while the Squire, though he begged him to sit down and take some breakfast, had not quite made up his mind what sort of humour he meant to be in for the next twenty-four hours.

Whether Mr. Sackville spoke to Sophia, or whether she made any answer, no one present could have ascertained: but certain it was, that, unless Mrs. Mortimer had exerted herself, nothing could have been more embarrassing than the scene, which, on this occasion, was witnessed at the breakfast table; and if Sophia did not burn her mouth with a scalding dish of tea, it was because she swallowed down the liquor so hastily, that her lips escaped while her throat was almost on fire.

At length this troublesome breakfasting was over, and Mr. Sackville requested a private audience with Mr. Mortimer, which was afforded him by Mrs. Mortimer taking her daughter out of the room.

I do not mean to enter into the particulars of the conversation between these two gentlemen. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Mortimer's mind for a short time hung in doubt between the pleasure of making his daughter happy, and the chance of seeing her a titled lady. At length, the recollection of Sophia's late sweet and amiable deportment obtained a triumph over his ambition, and he permitted Mr. Sackville to endeavour to obtain his daughter's approbation. "But I will tell you what, young man," added he, in his boisterous way; "I should be heartily glad if I thought there was no chance of your succeeding."

Those persons who have read the former part of this story, will, of course, have no expectation that Mr. Sackville would meet with a repulse from Sophia: on the contrary he met with all the encouragement which the most perfect modesty would admit of; and, after a few day's residence at the Hot-Wells, he returned, to prepare his humble dwelling for his lovely bride.

It had been suspected by the inhabitants of Fairfield and its neighbourhood, for what purpose his journey to the Hot-Wells was undertaken; and when he returned home with a smiling countenance, and began to add some simple decorations to his house and garden, what had before been a mere matter of conjecture now became a certainty, and a cause of great rejoicings throughout the parish.

Mr. Mortimer had presented Mr. Sackville with two

hundred pounds, desiring him to add two convenient rooms to his house; and this improvement was commenced with all possible expedition, as Sophia's father declared that he would not part with his daughter till they were finished.

In a few months, this work was accomplished; at least, as far as was possible till the walls were sufficiently dry to admit of interior ornaments; and every thing within and without being set in order, Mr. Sackville prepared himself for a journey into the south, in order to bring back his beloved Sophia.

On the day of his departure, having previously given all requisite orders to his man-servant and housekeeper, who had hitherto performed a variety of offices, but who now was to be relieved by one assistant, he turned to the little Annette, when, taking her in his arms and kissing her, he said, "And now, my beloved Annette, I am going away for a little time; but I hope to come back very soon and bring you a mother, from whom I hope you never may be parted while you stand in need of a mother's care."

The child clasped her arms round his neck, and, pressing her damask cheek to his, exclaimed, "No, no, Sir, no, no: I do not want a mother; but I want my own dear, dear Miss Mortimer."

"Sweet child!" he replied, "I hope and trust your wish may be granted: and I will write to you the day before I come home; and you shall put on your best frock, and be ready to run to meet us, when we get out of our carriage."

Annette smiled, but wept again when Mr. Sackville tore himself from her arms.

Mr. Mortimer's family had left their houses in Bath and at the Hot-Wells, and were at a watering-place on the Devonshire coast. Mr. Sackville had therefore a long journey: but his impatience was rewarded in the end by a sight of his beloved and smiling Sophia. He found her in the midst of the gayest society, still blessed with her late simple and holy state of mind.

I shall not give an account of her marriage, which, by her own desire, was performed as quietly as possible,

but shall describe to my readers what I think may perhaps be more interesting to them, namely, the arrival of this happy young couple at their own home.

It was a fine evening in the month of August, when Sophia first again discerned the high grounds and woods in the neighbourhood of Mortimer Hall. The look which at this moment she gave to Mr. Sackville, conveyed more pleasure to his pious and simple heart than is experienced by a vicious mind through the longest and most successful life. "There," said Sophia, "are the beloved woods: and you say, my dear Edward, that they are within a very pleasant distance from your house?"

"Not my house, my beloved Sophia," he said, "but yours. Henceforward, all that I have is yours."

Sophia looked down, and her long dark eye lashes concealed the tears which suffused her gentle eyes; but there was a sweet smile on her lovely lips. "My little Annette!" she said, "my sweet little Annette! And is she grown? Does her pretty flaxen hair curl as it used to do?"

"It was a happy day, my lovely Sophia, when we first saw Annette," replied Mr. Sackville; "and, though it should please God to bless us with many children, we shall still, I trust, consider our little Annette as our eldest and not least beloved."

The tears gushed unrestrained from the eyes of the grateful Sophia, as she heard these words,—tears of joy and ineffable thankfulness to the almighty Bestower of all good, for his infinite mercy in granting her a partner for life, whose piety and charity were such as are but rarely to be met with even in this Christian country.

And now the carriage approached the outskirts of the park, while every moment some old well-known object presented itself to the delighted recollection of Sophia.

They now drew near to the lodge; and through the iron gates Sophia had a momentary glimpse of the bridge and gravel road leading to the Hall, terminated by the house itself, half concealed by trees, yet disclosing the windows of the oak parlour to full view. Sophia saw, too, the spot where she had beheld the little Annette for

the last time, in the hand of her now happy and beloved husband.

Scarcely had they passed the lodge, when they heard the bells of several churches sounding from different quarters. The cheeks of Sophia flushed when she understood the cause of this rejoicing; and, turning to Mr. Sackville, she said, "O what a call is this upon us so to act that these poor people may have reason to rejoice indeed that we are come among them!"

And now they had proceeded a long way in a line with the park-paling, and were come to that place at the upper side of the park where the road took a direction towards Fairfield. The carriage now began to ascend, till it reached an eminence from which was seen the little village itself, almost embosomed in trees, and standing in a fertile plain, while just beyond, upon a rising ground appeared the church and pretty parsonage-house. The bells rang loudly and merrily as they entered the village street, and many persons were collected at the doors of the houses, to welcome, by respectful bows and courtesies, their minister and his lovely bride.

Sophia recollected, among these, many of the poor people from the neighbourhood of the Hall, and their innocent joy affected her even to tears.

The carriage had now passed the village, and ascended towards the rectory, which, though an old-fashioned dwelling, yet, from its being stuccoed with stone colour, and adorned with a green latticed verandah in front, situated in a garden abounding with the choicest shrubs and flowers, presented a very pleasant appearance.

But the sweetest flower, in the eyes of Sophia, which there presented itself, was the little blushing and sparkling Annette, holding good Mrs. Cicely by the hand, who, as Sophia afterwards found, had taken a small dwelling in the village of Fairfield, and was living on the fruits of her long services.

Sophia and Annette could hardly wait the opening of the carriage door, before they were in each other's arms weeping abundantly, and thus relieving themselves from that excess of joy by which they might otherwise have been overwhelmed.

The happy party were then led by Mr. Sackville into his favourite room, a large old-fashioned apartment, which served as a study and dining-room, having one window looking towards the village, and another into the blooming and fragrant garden. Here a handsome collation had been set out and decorated with many sweet herbs: and nothing would serve the young and affectionate pair but that the faithful Mrs. Cicely should sit down with them and share in the repast; while the little Annette became almost boisterous with excessive joy.

The evening was finished with a prayer of thanksgiving to the bountiful Giver of all good gifts.

And now, having described the happiness of this pious young couple,—a happiness, surely, never to be tasted by young persons who allow their minds before marriage to be carried away by any feelings unauthorized by religion, or who deliberately and perversely allow their own unsanctified desires to interfere with their duties either to God or their fellow-creatures,—I shall proceed to say, that the promise of happiness given to this beloved young pair did not prove delusive; and time, as it passed with Mr. Sackville, only tended to prove to himself, and to all who knew him—

“How much the wife was dearer than the bride.”

In order to have the more means of doing good, and to preserve themselves as much as possible from anxious cares, the young people set out in a humble way of living; and though Sophia had brought her husband an ample fortune, and at different times afterwards received some very handsome presents from her father, yet she always preserved the most humble habits, and desired to be expensive only in her charities.

Annette never lost her place in the affections of her adopted parents, though they were blessed with many lovely children of their own. From the day of their marriage, they resolved to lay aside certain little savings for the use of this dear child when she should come of age, and they would rather have chosen to reduce their own modes of living, than to have departed from their original intentions respecting her.

Sophia bestowed upon this her eldest child, as she always called her, the best instructions which she was capable of giving, (and of what is not a pious and tender mother capable?) and her labours were returned in kind in a much shorter time than she had foreseen: for Annette being so much older than the eldest of her own children, she was enabled so to guide and direct them in their hours of recreation, that she proved an essential benefit to them.

Mrs. Cicely spent the remainder of her days in her small house in the village of Fairfield, having sufficient to maintain herself in great comfort without labour. But as her health had been better since she had seen her young lady happy, she, after awhile, began to be weary of total want of employment, and made herself very useful in visiting the sick among the poor, besides sometimes undertaking an office of the same kind in the families of the more affluent; and thus adding a few guineas every year to her small income. Her Sunday afternoons were however usually spent at the rectory, on which occasions, Mr. Sackville always insisted on her taking her place at his own table.

Mr. Sackville and his beloved Sophia had, it is true, some sorrows, in common with all other mortals. Among their trials, was the loss of several infants in the cradle. But perhaps of all afflictions attendant on man's state on earth, this is the one which best admits of the consolations of religion. The loss of a beloved infant inflicts, in truth, a deep and bleeding wound; but for wounds like these there is a balm which, when duly sought and applied, presently assuages the smart, and restores the wounded part to perfect health.

And now, before I conclude my narrative, it may perhaps be expected that I should say something of the Squire and his family; the elder part of which remained in or near some one or other of the most fashionable public places till the old gentleman wished all these public places sunk in the sea, and even Mrs. Mortimer herself became weary of her own and her eldest daughter's manœuvrings.

At length, an end was put to all these schemes by the marriage of Miss Juliana to her old lord, and that of

Miss Harriet to her rupees: after which, the two brides, having each quarrelled with her elder sister, to whom they were both in some degree indebted for their splendid settlements, it was agreed that the Squire, with the mother and single daughter, should return to take up their abode in Yorkshire; in pursuance with which plan, they arrived at Mortimer Hall about twelve months after the marriage of Sophia.

In the course of time, Mrs. Mortimer became somewhat heavy and infirm, and sunk into excessive indolence. Miss Clifford took upon herself the management of the house, and spent some of her superabundant activity in hunting with the Squire, scolding the grooms, and putting all the lower offices into confusion.

Mr. Mortimer frequently visited his beloved Sophia, and took extreme delight in her children. At first, he ridiculed Mr. Sackville's religious principles, but at length he was, however, brought to tolerate them, even so far as to put his sons under his tuition; and in his old age, his daughter had the happiness of believing that a very decided change had taken place in his mode of thinking: while she enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing her brothers grow up as real gentlemen and sincere Christians.

We now close the history of Sophia with this request—that our young female readers will study her character, and endeavour, like her, to cast all their cares, with respect to their future establishment, on him who knoweth what is best for them; for in this confidence in the Almighty all true wisdom consists. And let us remember, that *the time is short: it remaineth, that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away.* (1 Cor. vii. 29—31.)

As the lady of the manor finished this story, she looked at her watch, and saw with some surprise, that she had considerably exceeded the usual time. She therefore,

without commenting on the narrative, requested her young people to join her in prayer.

A Prayer for a holy and heavenly State of Mind.

"BLESSED and glorious Lord God, we sinners lie at the door of thy mercy, beseeching thee to forgive all our innumerable offences, for the sake of that blessed atonement which the Lord Jesus has made by the sacrifice of himself. O Lord, what a world of corruption and vanity wilt thou find in our hearts! O take out thence every evil thought, and subdue every sinful inclination. Mortify all the vicious principles which thou seest in us. Let thy blessed Spirit renew our souls, sanctify all the powers of our nature, and make us holy as God is holy. Strengthen our pious resolutions under all the frailties of youth, and against the assaults of temptation; for, though we would willingly avoid every thing that displeases thee, yet we know our own weakness, and therefore we humbly put ourselves under the constant protection of thy grace. Preserve our younger years from the pollutions of the world, and guard us throughout this dangerous stage of life. Help us to set a more careful watch over our thoughts, our lips, and our actions, that we offend not our God, and have continual cause for bitter repentance. Choose thou, O Lord, our inheritance for us, and our portion in this world, and be thou our portion and happiness in the world to come. Let not our hearts be set on worldly pleasures and riches; but fix our affections on things above, where Jesus Christ sits at thy right hand.

"O Almighty God, we are not sufficient for these things of ourselves; for, who among the children of men, has yet been enabled to cry out, 'O God, thy will, not mine, be done?' who ever has been enabled to cast his cares at the foot of the cross, and leave them there undisturbed? or who, even among the faithful, has been enabled to place his infant Moses among the bulrushes without setting one to watch what may become of him?

"O Father, we know that perfect faith is able to triumph over every trial appointed to man on earth: but

where is perfect faith? Where was it of old? and where is it now? Lord, what then remains for us to do, but to cry, 'Lord, we believe; help thou our unbelief?' We desire to possess holy hearts and pure affections; we desire to be raised above the love of earthly pleasure, and that idolatrous regard for any temporal object, by which our hearts may be drawn away from thee. Our lives have hitherto passed in restless longing after some imaginary worldly good; and in pursuit of these we have lost many opportunities of doing thy holy will and pleasure, and enjoying those innocent delights and quiet satisfactions, the means of which are profusely shed in the path of every individual of the children of Adam.

"Heavenly Father, relieve us, we beseech thee, from these wretched longings after sublunary joys, and lift our affections on high, to the object of supreme love and everlasting bliss. Teach us to seek present happiness only in the way of duty; and though we may find some dark and weary steps in this path, yet grant us grace to pursue our journey till light shall break upon our steps, and peace be shed upon our hearts.

"And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, both now and for evermore. Amen."

CHAPTER XX.

*Eighth Commandment.—Thou shalt not steal.*

"I AM now prepared, my dear young friends," said the lady of the manor, on occasion of the next meeting at the manor-house, "with a narrative on the eighth commandment, which will probably introduce you to higher life than the subject seems to promise."

The young ladies smiled, and Miss Emmeline remarked, that, a short time since, she should not have expected to be introduced into high life by a disquisition on the subject of stealing, but that she could not now feel much astonishment, even if such a subject were to bring persons of elevated rank under her notice.

The lady of the manor then ordered tea, which was no sooner despatched than she commenced her little narrative.

The History of Frederick Falconer.

The earl of P—— had two daughters; the eldest of whom, lady Charlotte, was very handsome; while the younger, lady Anne, was as remarkable for her ordinary appearance, her person being clumsy, and her face spoiled by the small pox: in consequence of which accidental circumstances, lady Charlotte, soon after her presentation, was married to the earl of V——, and lady Anne was obliged to take up with Mr. Lambert, who had not only the misfortune to be a commoner, but was also so unhappy as to owe his immense fortune to the lucky speculations of an uncle who had been in trade.

The seat of the earl of V——, called Clifton Castle, was situated in one of the finest counties in the west of England; and Mr. Lambert's beautiful villa and flourishing estates lay so near to those of the earl, that the families attended the same parish church, and the sisters, who were very fond of each other, were enabled to meet almost every day—the countess being reconciled to the inferiority of lady Anne's marriage in point of rank, on consideration of Mr. Lambert's immense riches, and the magnificence of his establishment.

Mr. Lambert was, also, an inoffensive character, when considered merely in the light of a neighbour, and as far as concerned those persons to whom he thought he ought to look up. To those whom he regarded as superiors no man could be more servile and submissive: whether he was equally accommodating to his inferiors will appear in the course of this narrative. He had himself been brought up to trade, and, some persons pretended to say, behind the counter of a linen-draper. But, be this as it may, he was extremely ignorant with respect to every branch of gentlemanly knowledge, excepting, indeed, such as may be acquired in high society by the most superficial observation; and to these minutiae he paid such close and unremitting attention, that, before he had been many months in his new situation, he was a perfect oracle in all matters of ordinary etiquette. He knew the precise place which each person ought to take at a large dinner-table, who ought to walk out of a room first, who should lead the dance at the county balls, how many dishes and how many removes it was necessary to put on a table on such and such occasions; with a thousand other impertinences, on which a real gentleman would never bestow a single serious thought.

At the same time, his private studies consisted of books of heraldry, court calendars, treatises on ornamental gardening, and such parts of the daily newspapers as treated of the anecdotes of fashionable life. His highest ambition was to have a fine place, an elegant equipage, to be thought intimate with the great, and to be particularly well dressed; and he would have deemed it a more serious evil to be detected in a breach of etiquette, than

to be found guilty of the most grievous offence against morality: at the same, it must, however, be understood that he was by no means what the world calls an immoral man. He neither drank to excess, nor gambled, nor kept bad company: but this was not because he had any horror of vice, but simply because he happened not to feel any inclination that prompted him to the commission of gross offences of this nature. He was, moreover, excessively timid, and retained his original character of a man-milliner even when at the head of an immense establishment, and connected in marriage with a lady of noble family.

It happened, however, that the wife which Mr. Lambert had chosen was a truly respectable woman. I say, "happened," because Mr. Lambert had by no means selected her on account of any good qualities he had observed in her, but because she was the only single lady of title with whom he was acquainted, and it had entered into his head that lady Anne would have a very agreeable sound in connexion with Lambert.

Lady Anne was very young when she married Mr. Lambert; she soon, however, discerned his foibles, and managed them so well, (her rank giving her an influence over him which the most charming woman, without a title, never could have acquired,) that, during her life, he acquired a respectability in society which he never totally lost, although she was spared to him only a short time.

Mr. Lambert earnestly desired a son, and it was, therefore, felt to be some disappointment, that he had no prospect of a family for more than a year after their marriage. At length, however, the hope of an heir was given: but on the very day that Mr. Lambert saw the fulfilment of this hope in the birth of a son, he was deprived of his valuable wife, and the countess of a sister whom she dearly loved.

On this occasion, lady V—— acted like a true friend. She took the infant (who was called Robert, after his uncle) to Clifton Castle; and, having provided him with a nurse, kept him under her care till he was seven years of age: at which time he was restored to his father, who had procured a tutor for him, a gentleman who, as it

proved, was in every respect calculated for the important office—a circumstance which, speaking after the manner of the world, I should call very lucky: for Mr. Lambert had required nothing in the preceptor of his son but good manners and a thorough knowledge of the classics, but he found him, in addition to these qualifications, a truly pious and amiable companion.

In the mean time, lady V—— had presented her husband with two children, a son and a daughter. The daughter, lady Augusta, was three years younger than Robert Lambert, and, from her earliest infancy, promised to possess more than her mother's beauty.

Mr. Lambert no sooner heard of the birth of this little girl, than he fixed upon her as the future wife of Robert; and so much was his mind filled with this idea, that he failed not to impart it to his sister-in-law, the countess, who admitted the proposal with a degree of alacrity which was perfectly ridiculous, when we consider that the wife-elect was still in her cradle.

Lord Clifton, the son of the earl of V——, was not born till two years after his sister: and, as he advanced in years, nothing remarkable appeared in his character, neither was there any thing particularly attractive in his exterior, but an elegance of manner and general politeness in his carriage, which marked the young nobleman.

Thus, in as concise a manner as possible, have I stated the situations and circumstances of the several persons who are to act some of the most conspicuous parts in the following history; and I shall now at once proceed to that part of the narrative in which my history may properly be said to commence, which was at the time when Robert Lambert was brought from Clifton Castle, and placed under the care of his appointed tutor, Mr. Day.

As many of the events which I am about to relate seemed, humanly speaking, to depend upon the character of Robert, I think it right to give my reader a very particular description of his character, and also of the general appearance of the boy; appearances being circumstances of no small moment in the circle in which he was destined to move.

Robert Lambert was one of those coarse, dark com-

plexioned boys, who sometimes turn out much better looking than could possibly have been expected of them when mere children. His features were strongly marked, his eyes large, and his lips prominent. His person was strong made and thick-set, his temper hasty, and his manners were incurably rough; though he wanted neither understanding nor feeling, and was sensible of kind treatment, but, at the same time, violently rebellious and untractable when harshly used. He showed, at an early age, a decided aversion to every kind of dissimulation, and prided himself upon a degree of openness which amounted even to rudeness.

While residing at Clifton Castle, he had accidentally overheard some remarks made upon his father's character, and certain ridiculous allusions to his formality, preciseness, and awkward imitations of the great man. These observations were, undoubtedly, never meant to reach Robert's ears: but they had reached them, and had thus awakened sensations which could never be destroyed, and which co-operating with the natural bent of his own mind, tended to produce a character as directly contrary to that of his father as two characters could possibly be.

When Robert was placed under the care of Mr. Day, that excellent man soon made himself acquainted with his pupil's dispositions; and, observing the errors into which he had been allowed to fall, he set himself to counteract them, by instilling into his mind, as soon as possible, those pure Christian principles by the exercise and application of which the valleys are exalted, the mountains brought low, and the rough places made plain: and, through the divine blessing on his labours, there is no doubt that Mr. Day would, in time, have succeeded in rendering his pupil all that he could have wished, had there not been a counteracting influence continually at work to undo all that the good tutor was endeavouring to effect.

Mr. Day possessed sufficient authority to keep Master Robert out of the way of the flatteries of the servants and dependants of the family: but he could not protect him from the misplaced and ill-timed interferences of his father, who considered himself dreadfully scandalized by

the roughness of his son's deportment, and was, therefore, most eagerly desirous to see the little boy as delicate in his appearance, and as graceful in his manners, as some of the puny sprigs of nobility with which he had become acquainted at Clifton Castle.

It was in vain that Mr. Day continually reasoned with Mr. Lambert on this subject, and advised him to wait until the operation of a good and gentlemanly education should have produced its useful fruits of gentility and politeness in his son. On this point, Mr. Lambert would hear no reason. He insisted upon it, that Robert should be polished first, and educated afterwards; and, in favour of his own views, he pleaded the example of several children whom he had seen at lord V——'s, whose elegance of manner had been evident from the cradle.

To these remarks, Mr. Day would reply, that, in the present imperfect state of human nature, all natural perfections were never found in the same person, some children being endowed with one pleasing quality, and others with another; some being born with a certain elegance of carriage which others can acquire but with difficulty, and that only in an imperfect degree, even by a long course of tuition. "Your son Robert, Mr. Lambert, happens not to have this natural elegance," added Mr. Day: "but there is, however, that in him, which, with the divine blessing, will make a valuable man and a gentleman; yet, by endeavouring to force him out of his natural line, we shall only render his manners constrained and awkward. Let him see nothing but what is in good taste, let him be required to render civility to every one about him, and to give a proper attention to the cultivation of his mind; and there is no fear but that, in time, his outward deportment will become gentlemanly and graceful."

Mr. Day's arguments were good; but they were quite above the comprehension of Mr. Lambert, who could by no means think of waiting to let Robert grow up, before he should become such a gentleman as he wished him to be. He therefore, as I have said, continually marred the simple and pious plans of the tutor, and kept up a perpetual irritation in the mind of his boy, by constant, ill-timed, and injudicious interferences.

Instead of leaving little Robert in peace to study in Mr. Day's apartment, to walk out with this same beloved tutor when the tasks were concluded, to dig with dirty hands in some obscure corner of the shrubbery, and to amass snail-shells, painted stones, and string, in his own way; he was continually forcing him into view, and then reproaching him, if, when thus dragged forth, he did not appear with all the ease, freedom, and propriety, of a jockey of the first rate. "There is lady V——'s carriage," Mr. Lambert would say: "fly, Robert; hand her ladyship through the Hall. But, stop: are your hands clean?—Mr. Day, look at the boy's hands. Where is Cox? Where is your valet, Robert? Why did he suffer you to come to breakfast with such hands? O, you have been grubbing for snail-shells! No excuse at all: pity you were not born among the beggars. You never will be a gentleman; you were never intended for a gentleman. You are using your fork, Master Lambert, instead of your spoon. Cox, a spoon for Master Robert: not a large spoon; a dessert-spoon. What! did you never sit down to dinner with gentlemen before?" And then would commonly follow pathetic calls on the butler, the gentleman out of livery, and every footman, in his turn. "Is there no one here who can give Master Lambert a spoon?—Llewellyn, Burton, John, Thomas,—is it impossible to make interest for a spoon? Not a table-spoon, I beseech you. Does no one here know a dessert-spoon from a table-spoon? Mr. Day, my dear Mr. Day, I beseech you, do see that the boy does not contract such horrid habits."

In this manner Robert was tutored from day to day, from hour to hour. It is no wonder, then, if the boy's prejudices against his father's peculiarities grew stronger every moment, and if, notwithstanding the counteracting influence of Mr. Day, he still retained his natural roughness and untractability of character.

While things were proceeding thus, an only sister of Mr. Lambert's, the widow of a clergyman, died: leaving a son, about one year younger than Robert, of which son she appointed her brother the guardian, bequeathing the whole of her property, which was something more than three thousand pounds, to his care, for the use of her child.

Mr. Lambert had been fond of his sister, though he had not seen her for many years. As soon, therefore, as he heard of her death, he sent for the child, purposing to educate him with his own son, and to allow his fortune to accumulate for his use against he came of age. He accordingly sent one of his servants for Frederick Falconer; and, as Mr. Day gladly undertook his tuition without an increase of salary, every thing was speedily arranged for the reception of the orphan, while Robert, with pleasure, looked forward to the prospect of having a little companion of his own sex.

Lady V—— was in Mr. Lambert's drawing-room, conversing with her brother-in-law on their favourite scheme, which was the marriage of Augusta and Robert, and Mr. Lambert was expressing a hope that Augusta would be enabled to give the polish he so ardently wished to see in her intended husband, the want, however, of which lady V—— did not greatly regard, as she felt much rather desirous that her future son-in-law should continue what he was, than be in the least like his father; when the carriage which brought little Falconer drove up to the door.

Robert and Augusta were, at the same time, playing in the hall, from whence they ran with glee into the drawing-room to announce the little stranger.

"Bring him in, bring him in," said lady V——, with vivacity: "let us see what kind of creature he is."

"He is very pretty, mamma," said Augusta, whispering in her mother's ear: "I have seen him."

The servant now appeared, bringing in Frederick, who was dressed in a new suit of deep mourning, with his shirt-frill as white as snow, plaited neatly, and giving an elegant finish to his dress. At the door he bowed, and stood still till desired to approach.

This little boy had been brought up under the eye of a widowed mother, and possessed also in an uncommon degree all those exterior perfections, the want of which had so imbibited the life of Robert Lambert. He was tall for his age, elegantly formed, and, instead of having hair which, like poor Robert's, either stood directly upright like bristles on the back of a certain inelegant quadruped, not to be mentioned in genteel company, or

hung over his forehead in inglorious confusion, was arranged by nature in the most picturesque curls, parted on the brow, and shading the sides of his blooming cheeks. These ringlets were of the darkest and richest auburn, his eyes were deep blue, his eye-lashes long, his features regularly beautiful, and his complexion was fair, though glowing. In short, it was impossible to behold a more graceful or lovely boy than little Frederick Falconer; and when he was introduced to his uncle, there was a mixture of affection and timidity in his manner which was peculiarly captivating, and remarkably adapted to his friendless situation.

"Is he not pretty?" said Augusta, whispering to her mamma. "What is his name?"

"Frederick Falconer," replied lady V——.

"And may I play with him?" asked the little lady, looking upon him as a new and delightful toy.

"He is tired now," said lady V——.

"Are you tired, little Master Frederick?" said Augusta, stroking his face with her dimpled hand. "Will you play with me when you have rested?"

The little boy smiled but did not speak.

"And may he come to Clifton?" said Augusta.

"In a few days," replied lady V——.

"Will you come, Master Frederick, in a few days?" said Augusta, repeating her mother's words, while she held out her hand to him.

The little boy took the offered hand, but at the same moment burst into tears.

"Why do you cry, little Master Frederick?" said Augusta: and she looked at lady V——, as if for an explanation.

"Why do you shed tears, my little dear?" asked lady V——.

"Because she looks so like my little Emily; and Emily is dead."

"Emily!" repeated Augusta; what Emily?"

"My little sister Emily," said the orphan boy, sobbing; "and Emily is dead."

Augusta could bear no more: her tender bosom swelled, and a gentle colour suffused her whole face; for her feelings had not yet been entered, callous by the cold

prudential system of a worldly education. Her lovely eyes at the same time became filled with tears, and she hid her face in her mother's bosom.

In the mean time, Robert stood looking on, being touched with the tears of his young companions, and having no apprehension of the consequences which might ensue from the arrival of his handsome little cousin.

Little Frederick was, soon afterwards, sent into Mr. Day's apartment to partake of some refreshments, and thither the two children followed him.

"What a charming boy that is!" said lady V——, as soon as the children were out of hearing; and she ran on for some time in the warmest praises of his beautiful eyes, elegant shape, and gentlemanly air.

In reply to this, Mr. Lambert expressed his regrets that Robert did not resemble him, and concluded by bitter complaints of the awkwardness and ungracefulness of his son and heir.

Lady V—— answered, as she really felt, that she thought Robert a fine boy, though certainly not so handsome as Frederick. "But what is beauty in a man," she added, "provided he has the manners and sentiments of a gentleman?"

I wish my reader to observe, in this place, that little or nothing has hitherto been said on the necessity of religion to complete the character of a gentleman, or rather, to form the basis of it. But lady V—— and Mr. Lambert knew little more of religion than its name; it therefore cannot be supposed that they would enter upon the subject in familiar conversation. Lady V—— took her leave that evening; and the next morning, Mr. Lambert, his son, and Mr. Day, being at breakfast together, the following conversation took place—little Frederick Falconer having not yet arisen.

"Mr. Day," said Mr. Lambert, "what do you think of Frederick? He is precisely the style of boy I admire. My sister was happy in having such a son."

Robert was deeply engaged in forming the semblance of the arch of a bridge with a crust of bread when this conversation commenced, and, therefore, did not at first hear a word of what was passing.

Mr. Day answered, that he had seen so little of the

child, that he could form no notion as yet of his character.

"But his person, Mr. Day, his person," said Mr. Lambert, (who judged of human beings as he would have done of a piece of silk—by its effect on the eye,) "you must have observed that his person is uncommonly fine?"

At this moment Robert looked up, as if attending to what his father was saying.

"What is person in a child, Sir?" said Mr. Day. "It is a mere accidental circumstance, which is of no consequence either one way or the other."

"I by no means agree with you, Mr. Day," replied Mr. Lambert: "a good person is a letter of recommendation to a man or woman in any company. I wish, Robert, I wish," he added, "you were more like your cousin."

"I am as I was made," said Robert, sullenly, now first feeling the symptoms of dislike to his young relation.

"Not entirely so, Robert," returned Mr. Lambert: "you have, by your neglect of good manners, made yourself much inferior to what you were by nature. If you would but hold yourself up, be attentive to strangers, and learn to make a graceful bow when you enter a room, there would not be quite so shocking a contrast between you and your cousin."

Robert reddened. He seemed inclined to speak; but, observing the eye of his tutor upon him, and understanding its expression, he was silent; yet, endeavouring to do something to hide his embarrassment he took up his dish of scalding tea, and, having filled his mouth as full as it could hold, he was compelled to get rid of the hot liquor, which he could not swallow, by returning it back into his cup, to the great horror of his father, who, rising up, and ringing furiously, exclaimed, "Robert! Robert! you are an incorrigibly low-bred boy! At the moment even when I am speaking to you on the very subject, you are guilty of the most abominable breach of politeness."

"I could not help it, papa, indeed, papa," said the little boy, who was now really frightened; "the tea was so hot."

"And who," said Mr. Lambert, "compelled you to take the scalding tea in your mouth?"

"I did not think that it was hot," replied Robert.

"The grossest boor on earth, who offends against the most common laws of good-breeding, may plead excuses of this kind," said Mr. Lambert. Then addressing by turns, Mr. Day and the footman, who had come in, in answer to the bell—I hope, Mr. Day, you will take cognizance of this behaviour of Robert's. I really cannot have the boy at my table, if he acts in a manner so offensive to all the general rules of propriety. Here, Llewellyn, put a clean napkin before Master Lambert, and bring a clean cup and saucer, and another plate, and remove that bread and butter, and those rolls."

"I don't want another cup and saucer," said Robert, striving to restrain his tears; "I have done breakfast."

"Come, do not be sullen, Master Lambert," returned his father; "you have had nothing yet. But I really believe, Mr. Day, that he would prefer living on bread and cheese, and dining under the hedge with my day-labourers, than to be obliged to take his meals in a proper manner at my table."

"Indeed, papa," said Robert, (and he was going to add, "Indeed I should;") but a look from his tutor again restrained him, and he left his sentence unfinished.

"Indeed what?" said Mr. Lambert, who, when he was got into the teasing mood not uncommon to little minds, never left the work half done; "indeed, what, Robert? What were you going to say?"

Robert was silent; for it was no part of his character to say any thing he did not think, though his tutor had influence enough to prevent him from always saying what he did think.

"So you will not speak?" said Mr. Lambert.

"Sir," said Mr. Day, "will you permit me to take Master Robert aside: and I shall, I hope, be able to make him sensible of the duty of accommodating himself in every point to his father's will." So saying, he arose, and took the boy out of the room.

As soon as Robert got into his own side of the house, he gave way to a violent burst of indignation, beginning with the following exclamations: "I hate Frederick Pal-

coner; and I hate good manners; I never will be a gentleman; and, when I grow up, I will not live in this house; and I had rather starve than be so tormented: and I wish I was not Robert Lambert." So saying, he burst into tears, and threw himself upon a couch in an agony of passion.

Mr. Day felt really hurt for his pupil. He went close up to him, and, sitting down on the couch by his side, extended his arms to receive him.

The boy sprang towards him, and putting his face in his bosom, wept for some time, but it was more gently.

"Robert, my boy, you know I love you," said Mr. Day: "try to be calm, for my sake."

"I will, dear Mr. Day, I will," said Robert. "But do you mean to punish me for not swallowing the scalding tea?"

"No," said Mr. Day, "because I think you have suffered enough already. And now compose yourself, and put on your hat: we will take a long walk, I have some business to transact at a cottage beyond the park; and, as we walk, we will talk about some of these things, and I will point out some little matters which you ought to attend to, in order to please your papa. Little boys should always try to gratify their parents: it is a Christian duty. You know how often I have shown to you, that our Saviour, when on earth, submitted to his mother, though as he was God in human flesh, and she only a sinful human being; he must have seen many inconsistencies in her conduct."

"But you will not take Frederick with you," said Robert.

"No, not to-day, Robert," replied Mr. Day, "because he is tired with his journey."

Thus Mr. Day succeeded in soothing his pupil on this occasion: but, as his father persevered in his injudicious and irritating ways, Mr. Day found it every day more and more difficult to control the feelings of the boy. As Robert grew older, he not unfrequently allowed his father to see that he resented his teasing conduct. He showed also a kind of petty revenge and obstinacy by disregarding his injunctions in little matters. He allowed his independent and haughty sentiments to dis-

cover themselves on many occasions, and more than once told his father plainly, that he would rather renounce all that he could give him, than be continually subject to a tyranny which made him completely miserable.

In the mean time, the little stranger, whose beautiful appearance we have described, made his way among these various tempers in a manner which might surprise those who are not aware how safely and sweetly an unenvious and unsuspicious Christian temper will carry an individual through the storms and trials of life. Frederick Falconer had strong sense, and a quick perception; but he possessed, also, a spirit which either did not see, or scorned to enter into the low cabals of meaner souls. He had been piously educated by the tenderest of mothers; and, when he could no longer enjoy the fostering care of that dear parent, he transferred all his regard and confidence to the equally worthy Mr. Day, who won his heart on the first day of his arrival, by coming to him when he was in bed, and kissing away the tears by which his little cheek was moistened, and by telling him how happy he would be under his kind uncle's care with his dear cousin Robert.

If, after that time, Robert sometimes seemed to be cross and unkind to his cousin, little Falconer had a summary way of settling the matter in his own mind. "Robert," he would say, "is cross to-day: every body is cross sometimes. I will let him alone till he is in a better humour." He never entered into the causes of this ill-humour, the ideas of envy and jealousy appearing to be utter strangers to his mind. The writer of these memoirs has once met with a character similar, in this respect, to Frederick, and can only attribute this peculiarity to a natural nobleness of spirit, aided by simple Christian principles, and the strong yet secret influences of the Holy Spirit, which showed themselves in this remarkable manner. But to return to our narrative.

Thus, though Frederick Falconer was surrounded by a variety of discordant characters, and was himself the object of envy and other evil passions, he rose triumphantly above them all, and retained, in a greater degree than could by many persons be deemed possible,

the respect and love of all about him. The blessed and unsuspecting spirit of this amiable boy, might, perhaps, however, have been perverted, had it not been for the care of Mr. Day, who unceasingly laboured to preserve his mind in a state of composure, and to continue that happy ignorance of the evil passions of those about him in which he had hitherto remained. If Mr. Lambert flattered him, at table, for being superior to Robert in those respects which the old gentleman deemed of most importance, Mr. Day would make light of the circumstance in some subsequent conversation with the little boy, pointing out other things in which he was excelled by Robert, and thus, as it were, balancing the account in such a way, that the two children appeared to be equally worthy of praise or blame.

If, however, when all things were considered, Robert at any time, happened to be out of humour, Mr. Day would take occasion to remark on his many good qualities, and to assure Frederick that his cousin loved him sincerely, though he might sometimes give way to feelings of ill-humour towards him. And this was, indeed, no more than the truth; for, had Robert been left to himself, he would, no doubt, have formed a sincere and ardent affection for his amiable little cousin.

When Robert was about eleven years of age, the following occurrence excited a very strong and painful feeling in his mind, which feeling there is reason to think was not overcome for many years afterwards.

He and Frederick were invited to spend some days together at Clifton Castle, where, it being summer time, the children were allowed to play in the pleasure-ground, from which they frequently made their escape into a little coppice, which shaded a dingle by the side of the park. In this dingle was a hut or root-house, in a retired situation, and also a small edifice built in imitation of a Grecian temple, which standing on the brow of the hill, commanded the whole range of the dingle, with its water-courses and cascades.

One day, when these little boys were playing in a Gothic window in the drawing-room, and lady Augusta with them, they proposed that she should go the next day into the dingle, and choose each of them a

house or habitation ; " And we will adorn our house with flowers, and prepare a feast in it, and Augusta shall come and see us."

" No," said Augusta, " I will not come and see you, but I will live with one of you : you shall be the lord, and I will be the lady."

" But you cannot live with both of us," said Frederick.

" No," returned Augusta, " I will choose one of you, and live with that one ; and then we will visit the other."

" But which will you choose ?" said Robert. " Will you choose me ?"

" No," said Frederick, " you must choose me."

" I'll tell what I will do," replied Augusta ; " I will choose the one who makes his house look the prettiest, and who has the nicest feast."

" O, very well," said Robert : " then we will get up in the morning very early, and we will see who can make the prettiest house."

Accordingly, the little boys very early the next morning set off into the dingle ; and Robert, having chosen the temple, and Frederick the root-house, they set to work to adorn their habitations in the best manner they could.

Frederick stuck bunches of flowers in the thatch of his house, and set forth his fruit, which he begged from the gardener, in little baskets made of rushes ; but Robert adorned the pillars of his temple with wreaths of woodbine and honey suckle, and set forth his feast on dishes made of vine leaves, garnished with roses.

When all was done, the little boys compared each other's houses, and even Frederick confessed that Robert's house was much superior to his own. Augusta was then called, and conducted first to the temple, and next to the grotto ; and, after having hesitated awhile, looking at the same time very much vexed, she gave her vote in favour of Frederick's house, saying to Robert, as a kind of apology for her injustice, that she loved low places better than high ones.

The boys were both surprised, not expecting this turn of affairs ; and Robert, calling young Clifton, who had followed them to the dingle, gave up his house on the

hill to him; and walked back towards the castle in high displeasure.

Augusta and Frederick looked after him for some minutes. At length, Frederick said, "Call him back, Augusta, pray do: don't make him unhappy. I know his is the prettiest house."

"No, I will not," said the little girl. "If he chooses to be angry, I can't help it: but I won't live with him."

"And why?" said Frederick.

"Because I don't like him," replied the young lady.

"But you ought to love every body," said Frederick.

"What, when I can't?" said Augusta.

"But you promised to live with the person who had the prettiest house, and indeed Robert's is the prettiest."

"Well, I don't care," returned Augusta, "I won't live with him: but I will run after him, and call him back to play."

She did so: but he refused to come back, and retained his ill-humour for some days, manifesting it by great coldness towards his little playfellows.

While the impression produced by this circumstance yet remained on the mind of Robert, the little boys returned to Mr. Lambert's villa, where Frederick was suddenly attacked with a violent cold and cough, and an inflammation on the chest, which in a short time reduced him to such a state of weakness, that his uncle and Mr. Day expected nothing less than his speedy death. During this illness, the little patient discovered so much gentleness, and such an entire acquiescence in the will of his heavenly Father, with such perfect confidence in the love of his Redeemer, that he rendered himself more and more dear to his excellent tutor; and his uncle, who considered him as an ornament to his family, and who really loved him for his gentle and amiable deportment, was very uneasy, and laid aside in some degree his usual formal observances when standing by the bed of the drooping boy.

On this occasion, Robert, however, showed a degree of inveteracy against Frederick, which grieved and distressed his tutor, particularly as the little boy could so well account for this dislike to his inoffensive cousin: for

nothing, perhaps, is more irritating to the human mind, than constantly to be called into competition and brought under comparison with any individual, and to find oneself continually losing by being thus compared. It seems that, notwithstanding the gentleness of Frederick, and the counteracting influence of Mr. Day, poor Robert had suffered more severely from this cause than his tutor had supposed; insomuch, that he one day said to his valet, "How is Frederick to-day? I really wish he may not recover. But do not tell my tutor what I say."

Mr. Day, however, was informed of this speech of Robert's, and took occasion to speak very seriously to him on the subject. But first he went with him into Frederick's chamber, and made him look at his little cousin, extended on his bed, pale and emaciated, and his lovely face resting on his pillow. He made him touch his burning hand, and observe the labour with which he drew his breath. Then leading him out of the room, he pointed out to him the sinfulness and selfishness of his conduct, in wishing that his poor little companion might actually expire under his present sufferings, in order that he himself might be relieved from an object of envy and jealousy. The good man then took occasion to point out the natural depravity, and even murderous dispositions, of the human heart, and the need we have of an entire change of nature, in order to render us fit for the society of angels.

Robert wept when his offences against his cousin were thus solemnly laid before him, and apologized for his bad conduct, by saying how perpetually irritated and hurt he felt by the continued comparisons which were made between him and Frederick. "I am sure," added he, "that my Father loves him more than he does me and Augusta, too, she does the same."

Here poor Robert burst afresh into a flood of tears; and Mr. Day, seeing him much softened, said, "My dear boy, even supposing what you say of your father and lady Augusta to be true, why is Frederick to be blamed? Have you ever seen any thing in him but the utmost kindness, gentleness, and affection? Is he to be condemned for what others think of him and feel for him? Ought you to hate him, Robert, because he is amiable?"

"Oh! Mr. Day! Mr. Day!" replied Robert, in an agony of grief, "I am very wicked; I know I am. May God change my heart!"

"Go, my boy, then," said Mr. Day, "go, and pray for a new heart. Call on Him who is never deaf to those who apply to him in sincerity."

Poor Robert withdrew to his room, and prayed earnestly: after which, he came to his tutor with an altered countenance, and begged to be permitted to wait on his sick cousin; which office he performed for many days with a tenderness which did him honour, and which proved to Mr. Day that his feelings towards his little companion were entirely changed: and, notwithstanding the presents of fruit which came every day from lady Augusta, who was inconsolable while her little companion was thought to be in danger, no new feelings of jealousy seemed again to arise in the breast of Robert.

Many weeks had elapsed before Frederick Falconer recovered his health and strength; but Mr. Day was extremely glad to see, that, during the time of his recovery, Robert remained perfectly calm, and, indeed, was beginning to lose some of his awkward ways: for, as the little boys were, during this time, much in their own rooms, and took their meals apart, young Lambert was spared the frequent comments of his parent on his want of elegance, which never failed to create either awkwardness and embarrassment in the little boy, or a fit of obstinacy equally unfavourable to his appearance as a finished gentleman. Nevertheless, when health was again restored to his family, Mr. Lambert recommenced that kind of injudicious conduct by which he had formerly excited the irritation of his son. "Frederick looks better than ever since his illness," said Mr. Lambert, one day, to the viscountess. "What would I give, if this dull boy of mine had half young Falconer's gentility of carriage!"

"Why then do you not try what a dancing-master would do for your son?" replied lady V——.

"A very good thought, lady V——," said Mr. Lambert: "and I hope, Robert," added he, turning to the boy, "that you will be attentive to the instructions of your dancing-master; for I shall procure one for you imme-

dintely; though I certainly entertain some fears that you will prove to be little better than a dancing-bear."

Robert looked sullen, and all his old feelings seemed again to revive. The viscountess observed his change of countenance; and, therefore, in order to restore his good humour, she promised him a ball at Clifton Castle as soon as he was able to lead down a country dance.

Robert had heard balls spoken of by his father as very delightful amusements; so that he, consequently, hastened to his tutor to tell him what had passed.

Mr. Day could have wished that pleasures of this kind might not be held forth to his pupils; but this excellent man filled a situation in which, not having the power of acting as he would with regard to them, he was compelled, in order to their good, to do the best which circumstances would admit. He therefore made light of the ball, saying, that he considered it an amusement which he thought Robert would not much like; at the same time, he pointed out to the boy that it would be his duty to submit to learn to dance, if his father required it, and to pay attention to his lessons.

The dancing-master was sent for, notwithstanding some private expostulations of Mr. Day: and, as Mr. Lambert insisted upon being present at Robert's lessons, they afforded one continued subject of dispute between the father and son; Robert becoming sullen, and Mr. Lambert constantly carrying on the comparison of the bear, by which he every day assimilated the manners of his son more and more nearly to those of the ungraceful animal in question.

It appeared likely to be long before Robert would be able to claim lady V——'s promise of the ball; and, indeed, he had taken such a dislike to dancing, and to whatever had any connexion with it, that when lady V—— declared her intention of giving a ball on the arrival of Master Lambert's birth-day, which happened in the Christmas holidays, when he would enter upon his thirteenth year, he received the information with dismay, and even ventured to ask his father to excuse his presence on the occasion.

Mr. Lambert elevated his eyebrows, and shrugged his shoulders, with an air of the most lively astonishment,

when he heard this request of his son. He expressed amazement at his peculiar taste, his extraordinary whims, and his singular fancies. "Robert Lambert," he said, "you will never be like other people: I have always predicted it, and I am now convinced that my predictions will be true. However, Robert, I shall not indulge you in this whim: you will, if you please, go to the ball; and I hope you will there behave like a gentleman."

Robert was extremely sulky from that day till the one fixed for the proposed amusement, and seemed determined to fulfil his father's predictions. He quarrelled with Frederick, was inattentive to his tutor, and absolutely impertinent to his father.

When Mr. Day expostulated with him on the roughness of his manners, he replied, "My father says I am a bear, and an oddity, and unlike a gentleman. How then am I to behave like any other person?"

The great day of the ball at length arrived, and Robert and Frederick were dressed with the utmost care, and required to accompany Mr. Lambert to Clifton Castle.

On this occasion, however, poor Robert disgraced himself dreadfully in the eyes of his father. He could not be persuaded to walk across the room, and make a low bow, and ask lady Augusta, in form, to dance; though, had he been left to himself, he would have done it in his own way, and in a manner much more befitting a boy of twelve years of age. In consequence of this, his father became very angry; and such a violent fit of sullenness took possession of Master Lambert, that he could not recover himself all the evening, and therefore acted his part of the bear to a degree of perfection which almost did credit to his father's discernment in suggesting the simile.

In the mean time, little Frederick, who had none of poor Robert's difficulties to encounter, and who was not allowed to dance on account of his health, made his way with an ease and simplicity which pleased every one; and lady Augusta said more than once to him, during the evening, "I wish you might but dance, Frederick I should so like you for my partner."

The evening concluded without Robert's having made any considerable departure from the character he had adopted, and, consequently, long and severe were the reproofs which he had to experience on his return home.

I am sorry to add, that on this occasion his tutor could not restrain him from breaking out into various impertinences against his father, whereby he irritated his parent so much against him, that Mr. Day the less regretted a change of plans respecting the boys, which was suggested about that time by the countess, who had sense enough to see that Mr. Lambert would ruin his son, if he was left continually under his control.

The parish in which Clifton Castle and Lambert Hall were situated was very extensive, the living was remarkably good, and the parsonage-house, though old, was large and beautifully situated. This benefice was in the gift of lord V——, and it had for some time been arranged between the two families, that it should be given to Frederick Falconer when it fell vacant. Whether Mr. Lambert was to make any pecuniary acknowledgment to the earl on the occasion does not appear: but it was not expected that the incumbent, who was not a very old man, would die before Frederick Falconer should be of an age to be inducted. The living, however, became vacant about this time; and it was suggested that Mr. Day should be requested to hold it for his pupil, and, at the same time, that Robert should be placed in a public school; while Frederick, on account of his health, was to remain with Mr. Day, who proposed to remove to the vicarage.

Mr. Day was sorry to part with Robert, whom he really loved, and pitied with equal sincerity. He, however, felt convinced, that almost any change from the present state of things would be for the best, and he therefore quietly acquiesced in the whole of the plan.

Robert evinced much of the natural warmth of his feelings when he took leave of his tutor, and he seemed for the moment even to have forgotten all that he had ever found unkind towards him in the conduct of his father. He also embraced his cousin with restrained tears, and sent a present of dried flowers and a pair of living doves, with his best love, to lady Augusta.

And thus I conclude the early stage of the histories of Robert Lambert and Frederick Falconer, and shall proceed immediately to certain circumstances of their more advanced lives, in which my readers may perhaps take a livelier interest.

We will now fancy several years to have passed away, during which Frederick lived quietly with Mr. Day at his parsonage, and Robert made his way in a public school. Lady Augusta, and her brother, at Clifton Castle, were continually acquiring new accomplishments, and advancing more and more towards the characters of a fine lady and a fashionable gentleman. In the mean time, as if by tacit agreement of all parties, the young people saw less of each other than they had formerly done.

During this period the earl's family was much in London. Frederick visited his uncle daily, and, without entertaining any further view than what was merely suggested by filial piety and gratitude, he daily won more and more upon his affection. Mr. Day about this time employed some of his leisure hours in beautifying the house and gardens of the parsonage, considering them as the future possessions of his beloved pupil. In this work he did not, however, spend much money, although he exercised much taste; for he was a man of a humble Christian spirit, and earnestly endeavoured, with the divine blessing, to inspire his pupil with the same.

It was his constant maxim, that a lowly and thankful disposition—a disposition free from ambition—should habitually be cultivated by a Christian pastor; and he often took delight in drawing the character of a minister in such true and lively colours as he trusted might impress themselves on the heart of Frederick. "The very word minister, my Frederick," would this excellent man say, "denotes the nature of the office of the Christian pastor. A minister is one who serves, waits, and attends on another; as we find from the twenty-fourth chapter of Exodus, the thirteenth verse, wherein Joshua is described as the servant, or minister, of Moses. A minister of Christ is one who is appointed to fulfil the service of God in his Church, to dispense and administer faithfully and wisely, the word, sacraments, and other holy things.

We have, in the first epistle to the Corinthians, the fourth chapter, and twelfth verse, a short and simple exhibition of the ministerial character—*And labour, working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it.* Furthermore, Christ our blessed Saviour, when he undertook the accomplishment of man's salvation, did not scorn the character of the minister and servant of his people; and hence the same mind should be in you, my son, who are to be a minister of God, which was also in Christ Jesus: *Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.* (Phil. ii. 6. 8.)

“Contemplating, therefore, the character and office of a minister, and the example of Christ, can we suppose it possible that the pastor of a Christian flock can be too humble, too much separated from the world, and too devoted to his people? He ought to consider, that his reward is not to be expected upon earth, and that his crown is a celestial one. He should view earthly honours, distinctions, and pleasures, as things in which he can consistently take no part. He should delight himself in simple and humble habits. He should make the welfare of his flock the object of his most ardent pursuit; and he should be at every instant ready to deprive himself of his earthly goods, in order to administer to the temporal wants of his people.”

In this manner Mr. Day continually conversed with his pupil, and habitually set before him the glory of the spiritual world, and a union with his Saviour, as the grand end and objects of his pursuits. The literary instructions which he imparted to him were also equally pure with those of a doctrinal and practical nature. He gave him a deep insight into biblical knowledge, causing him to study the sacred writings in their original languages. He introduced him to an enlarged view of history and prophecy; and, without presuming to speculate on the modes and manners of future events, he continu-

ally laid before him the promises of Scripture respecting the glorious kingdom of Christ upon earth, which is to be established in the latter times.

Such were the instructions communicated by Mr. Day to the youthful Frederick, while the recreations with which he at the same time supplied him were of a nature fully compatible with these instructions. He daily associated him with himself in his pastoral visits to his people; he allowed him to be the bearer of his alms and donations; he permitted him to assist in instructing the poor children; he engaged him in the pleasant work of embellishing his garden, in building root-houses, and in rearing trees and flowers, in collecting specimens of wild plants, and cutting paths in the deep recesses of the woods which adjoined the parsonage-garden and belonged to the glebe. He encouraged in the youth a talent for drawing; and, as he had also a taste for music, he procured him an organ, and delighted to witness his efforts to render the praises of God acceptable and pleasing during the period of family devotion.

And here let me pause for a moment, to remark on the propriety of Mr. Day's general procedure with his interesting charge; for it is highly important that, when the Christian preceptor interdicts to his juvenile pupil those worldly pleasures in which youth naturally delights, he should carefully direct his attention to other objects, of an exciting and pleasurable nature, by which he may be fully occupied and innocently delighted; since there is in youth a fund of vivacity, a natural restlessness, which, if not properly directed and suitably employed in promoting some salutary purpose, will assuredly discover itself, it may be to the temporal, and even to the spiritual, disadvantage of the person in question.

While Frederick was thus enjoying the instructions of his tutor, he mixed little with any worldly society, excepting on the occasion of his visits to Lambert Hall. But his uncle—I may say providentially—was not the kind of man whose sentiments were likely to become agreeable to young people: therefore, though all his principles were worldly, and, in consequence, low and grovelling, he never succeeded in making his nephew adopt one of them.

It was necessary, also, that Mr. Lambert should have an object upon which he might indulge and spend his natural petulance. This object he had for many years found in the character and person of Robert. But Robert was now absent; and, as no other immediately presented itself, he now began to divert the channel of his petty malice towards his favourite Frederick.

It was impossible, with any show of truth, to call this elegant and handsome boy a bear, or to compare him to a bull-dog, or to address him as an awkward fellow and a blunderer: but Frederick's fair complexion, brilliant eyes, and prompt politeness, would admit of comparisons of another nature, and of a kind no less disagreeable to a boy. "What a pity, Frederick," Mr. Lambert would say, "that such a complexion as yours should be exposed to the sun! Do, my good boy, carry a parasol when you go out of doors, or, at least, wear a large hat lined with green." And, again, the old gentleman would add, "Master Frederick's carriage would do him honour at court. Mr. Day, we must make him a page to her majesty. How well he would look in an embroidered suit, with a plume in his cap! There now, Falconer, there is Lady Betty's carriage at the door. Run, my page, and hand the lady out: bestow upon her one of your elegant bows. Well—vastly well—politeness itself! I dare say Lady Betty was amazed. Don't eat so much beef, Frederick: do restrain that enormous appetite. You will never do to perform the lady's maid, when Mr. Day and I act a play for the amusement of the county, unless you take care of your shape."

In this manner, and to this purpose, the old gentleman went on, till jokes of this kind became quite stale, and even Frederick could hardly bear them with good-humour: but when his good humour began to fail, the recollection of the humble, pious, and grateful principles so carefully instilled by Mr. Day would come to his aid; and, therefore, when addressed by the appellation of Miss Molly, and told to keep his hands smooth and delicate, he would often turn the matter off with a laugh, tell his uncle he would be sure to obey his injunctions, and request a present of cold cream and violet soap.

When, however, after a time, Frederick was observed

habitually to conduct himself in this manner towards his uncle, and to endure all his teasing ways with great good-humour, there were not wanting those who attributed to the boy motives from which, through the divine assistance, he was perfectly free: for, so far from his expecting to receive from his uncle any pecuniary benefit beyond that which he had already been fully encouraged to hope for, Mr. Day had carefully impressed him with the idea that Mr. Lambert meant to do no more for him than to put him in possession of the living, which the tutor very properly presented as being what was very generous and handsome. As I, however, have just remarked, credit was not given to Frederick for freedom from cunning and artifice, in thus accommodating himself to his uncle's humours; and some persons were even so mischievous as to write to Robert to warn him of his cousin's designs, and to advise him to take care lest young Falconer should in the long run win so much on the affections of the father as materially to injure the son.

In answer to these suggestions, Robert replied, with his usual injudicious violence, that if his father chose even to disinherit him, he must abide by the evil; that he never would stoop to Falconer's meanness of conduct, that, thank heaven, he had an independent spirit; that he had hands to work with, was no fine gentleman, but a true Englishman; and that he could be as happy in a cottage as in the finest palace in the world, &c. &c.

It appeared, however, when Robert again saw his father and Frederick, that, notwithstanding his boasted carelessness and independence, he was greatly irritated against his relations; and that, though he still refused to stoop to wheedle his father, as he called the common respect due from a son to a parent, he yet felt not a little angry at witnessing the favour with which Frederick was regarded at Lambert Hall, and evinced more coldness and haughtiness of manner towards his cousin than he had ever before done.

Thus, notwithstanding the high boast which he had made about his utter disregard of his future situation in society, he was, perhaps, one of the last characters that would with dignity submit to any thing like degradation—But to return to our narrative.

The Earl of V—— and his family had, as I before said, been much in town for some years, and, during that interval, Frederick had seen nothing of lady Augusta; but when that young lady had just entered her seventeenth and Frederick his nineteenth year, the family returned, for a few months in the summer, to Clifton Castle. Robert Lambert was, during that period, at the University.

As soon as Mr. Day heard of the arrival of the family, he went to pay his respects at the Castle, and was invited to dinner by the earl. He accepted the invitation, and when he met the ladies in the drawing-room, he was greatly struck with the improvement in Lady Augusta's appearance. She had always been beautiful, but she was now more so than ever; and added to her natural loveliness, not only the elegance and dignity of high life, but a certain simplicity of manner and intelligence of countenance, which rendered her exceedingly attractive.

The young lady seemed greatly pleased at the sight of Mr. Day, and accosted him with a degree of warmth which would have been very flattering, had not the good gentleman entertained some idea that all this kindness was not to be set down wholly to his account.

Mr. Day was hardly seated in his chair, before Lady V—— asked after his pupil.

At the sound of Frederick's name, lady Augusta started, and looked anxiously at Mr. Day.

"Frederick is well," said Mr. Day: "I left him with his books. It behoves him now to study hard, or he will do me no credit when he goes to the University."

"Is he grown?" said lady V——. "Is he altered? or is he the same handsome and pleasing Frederick Falconer that he ever was?"

On hearing this question, lady Augusta looked down, and the colour in her cheek was evidently heightened.

"He is, Madam," said Mr. Day, "precisely the same that he always was. "But," added he, "as his lot must necessarily be humble, I think, it would be best, in submission to the better judgment of his friends, not to introduce him too fully to a sphere of life in which he cannot expect to sustain a part. His tastes are at present humble; he seems free from ambition; and appears quite contented with his condition; I therefore think that we

should carefully endeavour to prevent his incurring habits and cherishing desires which may in the least degree interfere with his properly sustaining the character of a country parson.

"You judge correctly," said lady V——, at the same moment slightly glancing at Augusta, but in a manner so delicate that no person would have observed it, who was not as intimately acquainted with the secrets of the family as Mr. Day.

The name of Frederick was not mentioned during the rest of the day.

When Mr. Day returned to the parsonage in the evening, he found Frederick working in his garden, and full of glee about some circumstance relative to a favourite plan. He, however, threw down his hoe, to inquire after the family at the castle; and his benevolent tutor, who had but just now felt all the anxiety lest his beloved pupil should insensibly be drawn in to admire the intended wife of Robert, now felt that there was equal danger in allowing the young lady to see much of Robert's cousin: for, notwithstanding Frederick was in his gardening-jacket, with his crisped hair deranged by the heat into which he had been thrown by exercise, there was so much of the gentleman, of the elegant scholar, and so many interesting indications of Christian and manly virtue in his appearance, that he thought it scarcely possible for any young lady to be intimate with him, without feeling disposed to regard him with preference. He felt now more than ever rejoiced that he had spoken so explicitly to lady V——, and he hoped that, by this precaution, he had obviated the danger which every discerning person must have foreseen.

"And lady V—— is well?" said Frederick, in answer to some remark of his tutor: "I am glad of it. And how does lady Augusta look? Is she much grown? Is she altered?"

"She is grown and improved," answered Mr. Day, "and looks amiable. I hope she will make our dear Robert a good wife: for, though Robert is somewhat singular, he has many valuable qualities, and really deserves a worthy partner."

To this remark Frederick answered, with warmth, "I

think, Mr. Day, that I should hate any body who was unkind to Robert: I could not bear to see Robert unhappy."

Here the conversation dropped, and Frederick said no more on the subject of the earl's family till the next day; when he asked Mr. Day when he would take him to see lady V——.

"My dear boy," returned Mr. Day, "you must mind your studies, and I must attend to my parish: we have little time for visiting."

Frederick pressed the matter no further; and spoke, immediately afterwards, with animation, on a subject altogether irrelevant.

Thus things passed off till Sunday, when it was impossible to prevent the young people from meeting at church, without giving some reason for so doing. During the service they had no opportunity of seeing each other, but immediately after they left the church they met, and their meeting was full of warmth and affection. Mr. Day heard lady Augusta say to Frederick, "Why don't you come to see us, Mr. Falconer? Have you forgotten your old haunts, and the wild glen, in which we used to play so happily?"

Frederick replied, that he hoped Mr. Day would soon accompany him to the castle, adding, that he would request him so to do.

Something was said by lady Augusta relative to Frederick's love of gardening, on which the young man showed her a sprig of some geranium which he had in his bosom.

Lady Augusta took the flower, and admired it, though there was nothing particularly remarkable in it; and as the earl's carriage drew up at the moment, she was handed into it by Frederick, still holding the geranium in her hand.

There was nothing to a common observer in all this, but it was enough to awaken and engage the vigilance of Mr. Day.

During the course of the next week, young Falconer more than once asked Mr. Day to go with him to the Castle; but the careful tutor always found some excuse for putting off the visit,

In the mean time, he told Mr. Lambert, that if he still intended to bring about the marriage between lady Augusta and Robert, he thought it would be best in a quiet way to keep Frederick from Clifton Castle. "Not in the least," added he, "because I doubt the honour of Frederick, or question the uprightness of his intentions: but human nature is weak, and lady Augusta might perhaps be struck with his very pleasing manners and prepossessing appearance."

Although there was something implied in this speech which did not greatly tend to exalt Mr. Lambert's son, yet it caused the old gentleman to exult and rub his hands with a feeling of self-complacency, because he had, as he said, always foreseen that Robert would be eclipsed by Frederick: and nothing pleased him so much as any thing like a tribute paid to his sagacity; and the more unwillingly this tribute was rendered, the better was he pleased, and the more complete was his triumph. "And so you are come round to my opinion at last, Mr. Day?" said he. "I could only wish that you had seen the thing in the same light that I did years ago. You are an excellent divine, no doubt, Mr. Day; but it is not by study, it is not from books, that men acquire a knowledge of life: the world must be seen in order to be understood. However, your advice," added the old gentleman, with increasing pomposity, "your advice, on this occasion, is good, and I admire your prudence, Mr. Day. Let Frederick Falconer be kept away from Clifton Castle, since you now allow that in all matters relative to the exterior, in all such things as strike a lady's eye, he is so much superior to Robert. Poor Robert! I wish I could see any thing in him like a manner, like the appearance of a gentleman. But I always foresaw that he would turn out just as he has done. I never could account, Mr. Day, for the strange perversity of his humour in rejecting every kind of refinement, bred up, as he was, under my eye, and with such pains as I took to break him of his low habits. Why, my good Mr. Day, Robert Lambert never will know either how to come into a room or to go out of one."

"Robert has many excellent qualities, I still maintain," said Mr. Day; "and may yet make a valuable man."

"I hope so," said Mr. Lambert; "I hope so; I hope the University will do something for him; he sees good company there. I think he will be cured of his *mauvaise honte*, at least, at college. Most young men are, unless they are incurably awkward; eh, Mr. Day?"

"Sir," said Mr. Day, "you know that I was always an advocate for your son."

"I know it, I know it," returned Mr. Lambert: "and let me tell you, Mr. Day, no person's opinion in the world has more weight with me than yours; and I much approve the advice you have given respecting Frederick Falconer, and shall, without loss of time, communicate your ideas on the subject to my sister, lady V——."

Mr. Day felt his mind relieved in having acted thus openly with Mr. Lambert, and resolved, if he found it necessary, to deal as plainly with Frederick, and to point out to him the necessity of repressing his feelings of admiration for the destined wife of his patron's son and early friend. Frederick, however, never once mentioned the name of Augusta during the remainder of the week, and Mr. Day hoped that it would not be necessary for him to mention the subject.

But when Sunday morning arrived, while the bells were ringing, more in token of the day than actually to call the congregation to church, Mr. Day withdrew, as his custom was, to a retired grass walk in his garden, to meditate upon the subject of his discourse. He had not been long here, before he observed Frederick walking thoughtfully into that part of the garden especially appropriated to flowers, and which Mr. Day could see from an opening between the trees which encompassed the grass walk. He saw him gathering several flowers, after which, the young man, still appearing to be lost in thought, drew nearer that side of the garden where his tutor was. Mr. Day went to meet him, and, seeing in his hand the bud of a beautiful moss rose, with a sprig of jessamine, elegantly arranged, he extended his hand to him, and said, "Frederick, will you give me those flowers?"

Frederick blushed, but presented his tutor with his elegant little bouquet.

"Frederick," said Mr. day, "you have always been

open and sincere with your tutor: tell me, my boy, for whom did you make this beautiful assortment?"

Frederick blushed again, and hesitated: but, as his tutor seemed determined to wait his answer, he, at length, said, "For lady Augusta."

"I thought so, Frederick," said Mr. Day, at the same time returning the flowers to him. "And, now my dear boy," he added, "consult your conscience, consult your God; and do with these flowers what your Christian principles may dictate."

Frederick took the flowers, and presently threw them, with force, over a neighbouring hedge, into a narrow lane on the other side.

"You have done right, Frederick," said Mr. Day: "and so may the Almighty give you grace to repel all temptations, and thus to overcome the powers of darkness."

Mr. Day then proceeded in a plain and simple manner, to set before Frederick that line of conduct which it became him to pursue with respect to lady Augusta Clifton. He first pointed out to him the strong obligations under which he lay to his uncle, who, when he was deprived of his parents, made up the loss to him in the kindest manner, having provided not only for his education, but also for his future respectability in society; he then proceeded to display the baseness and ingratitude of his conduct, should he attempt by any means to deprive his uncle's son of that amiable and accomplished wife who had been purposed for him from his infancy.

"I did not intend, I had no thought," said Frederick, hesitatingly.

"I do not suspect you of having had any evil intentions," said Mr. Day: "I cannot suppose that such a thought as that of supplanting your cousin has yet entered your mind: but what, my son, has been the tendency of my instructions to you from your infancy, but to point out the depravity of the human heart, and to shew that there is no crime, however atrocious, into which it may not betray its possessor. The inclinations of the heart may be understood by the divine injunctions given by Him who knows the secrets of every heart, and by the commands which are laid upon us to beware of such and such offences. He, therefore, who

thinks himself to be in no danger of committing idolatry, murder, or theft, charges his Maker with ignorance, and says to Him, as Hazael said to Elisha, *'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?'* (2 Kings viii. 13.)

"The sin of theft, my dear Frederick, is deemed a low and contemptible one, and is commonly believed to be committed only by the most needy and most despicable individuals in society. But this is a serious error; and I fear, that at the last day, it will be found that many are deeply involved in this crime, who would scorn to number themselves with the common housebreaker and highwayman. Whoever, Frederick, either by force, by address, or by dissimulation, obtains that which is, or ought to be, the property of another, is guilty of this crime. Augusta Clifton is not yet, it is true, the wife of your cousin; but the marriage has long been determined by the parents on both sides. Robert Lambert, I have reason to think, desires it. You have known of this intended marriage for years: and if you feel within yourself the slightest reluctance to see this union take place, you are already under the power of temptation; and if you are a Christian, you will fly the trial, as you would the resentment of an angry God."

Frederick answered again, as he had done before, "I did not think, I never intended, I have never considered—"

Mr. Day waited till he should finish his sentence; but, as he added no more, the good tutor thus proceeded:—"I repeat to you, my boy, that I have not the slightest suspicion that as yet the idea has entered your head, of standing in the way of poor Robert Lambert; you are, therefore, to be excused, since you have only erred through ignorance. I have now stated the case to you in plain language, and you can, therefore, no longer err in this matter from ignorance: and I must, consequently, suppose, that if you do not now adopt every means in your power to shun the danger which I have pointed out to you, you have not that horror of sin which I have hitherto ever believed you to possess."

"Oh, Mr. Day!" exclaimed Frederick.

"Go, my son," said the tutor, "withdraw to your clo-

set; make this affair a matter of prayer; and return in half an hour, to declare to me the result of your application to the throne of grace."

I have already said, that the parish of which Mr. Day was the incumbent was a very large one; and there was at one remote extremity of it, among some woods belonging to the earl of V——, a little village called Farewell Village. Here, on a small rising ground, was a chapel of ease, served by a curate of Mr. Day's, and here he had established a Sunday school.

On returning to his tutor, Frederick still appeared somewhat thoughtful, but the expression of his countenance was placid, and he thus addressed his instructor:—"While Lord V—— is in the country, I will attend Farewell church."

"Give me your hand, my beloved boy," said Mr. Day. "Always act in this way, and the Lord will bless you."

From that moment Frederick recovered his usual animation; and taking his favourite volume (*viz.* Herbert's Country Parson) from his pocket, he set off to walk slowly to Farewell, or, as the country people call it, Forrell, occupying himself in reading, as he wound his way through many a shadowy glade and embowered path, till he reached the place of his destination.

It does not appear what lady Augusta thought; when she looked in vain for Frederick and his little offering of flowers, as soon as their church service was finished; but certain it is, that when she went home, and had reached her own dressing-room, she put fresh water to the sprigs of myrtle and geranium which he had given to her the last Sunday, and sent them, early on Monday morning, to the gardener, with an order that he should exert the utmost of his skill to cause them to live and flourish in flower-pots; neither could she be turned from her purpose, although the gardener sent word, by her maid, that the sprigs were of the most common sort, of which he had innumerable samples in the green-house.

"Tell him," said Augusta, "that he is mistaken; and, at any rate, he may do what he is bid, without giving his opinion."

Frederick saw no more of Lady Augusta during that summer, and he gave evidence, by the cheerfulness of his

manner, that if she had made any impression on his heart, it was nearly effaced.

In the autumn, Mr. Lambert took a house in town, intending to spend the winter there; in consequence of which, Robert and Frederick did not meet, as usual, during the Christmas vacation.

While residing in town, Mr. Lambert, through the interest of Lord V——, was created a baronet: on which account we shall henceforward call him Sir Anthony Lambert, his Christian name being Anthony; which, as he said, had a very respectable sound in conjunction with Lambert.

After Christmas, Frederick was entered at Cambridge, it being thought, that, as Robert was at Oxford, associating with the higher circles, and spending much money, it would be more to his cousin's advantage that they should not be together. Mr. Day still continued at the parsonage, where it was settled that Frederick should spend his vacation.

Another year passed away, during which Robert came of age; and Sir Anthony Lambert spent the long vacation with his son at a sea-bathing place, and the Christmas holidays again in town; and, as Clifton Castle was undergoing repairs, the earl's family did not come down into the country.

Robert was now removed from the University, and it became the common talk that his marriage with Lady Augusta was to take place in the summer season, when both the earl's and Sir Anthony's family were expected to be in the country.

But in arranging this plan the good gossips were much mistaken; as the marriage was by no means in that state of forwardness which was believed. Every thing, indeed, had long been agreed upon by the parents on both sides, and Robert was extremely anxious that he might not be disappointed; but lady Augusta had as yet evidenced no manner of partiality for him, and her mother had her serious doubts that her daughter herself would never consent to the union. The two families, however, arrived in the country at the expected time, which was precisely at the commencement of Frederick's long vacation: and lady V—— brought with her

one of the daughters of her brother the earl of P——, who some years ago, on a tour to the Continent, had offended her father past recovery by marrying an indigent French nobleman, by whom she had been left a widow, and almost without resources, a little more than eighteen months past.

This lady (whom we shall call lady Frances Courbillon) was about twenty-eight years of age; but with those who could not detect the various arts by which she contrived to disguise the injuries which the lapse of a few years produces even in the fairest form, she might easily pass for eighteen. She had all that gaiety and ease of manner so peculiar to the country in which he had resided for the last ten years; she was sprightly in conversation, full of wit and repartee, had an innumerable fund of French anecdotes, played delightfully on the harp, and appeared to be the most simple and undesigning creature in the world, having attained the perfection of art, which is, to seem to have no art at all.

There can be no doubt that the society of a lady of this character would be very acceptable in a large country house, the heads of which thought of nothing but of passing away their time in an agreeable manner, and that, by her highly fashionable air and free manners, such a companion would, as she in fact did, occasion what is called a very lively sensation among the country families who visited at the Castle. "Have you seen Lady Frances Courbillon?" said one lady to another. "Is not she beautiful? is not she elegant? is not she interesting?"

"A charming woman!" said another: "and so young to have known such sorrows! She even looks well by the side of lady Augusta Clifton, and no one can doubt that she is in many respects vastly superior: for she is so free, so communicative, so pleasant in conversation; while lady Augusta is, on the contrary, altogether as reserved and impenetrable."

Sir Anthony Lambert and Mr. Day were the only persons who decidedly disliked this lady. We do not wonder at Mr. Day, who was a man of deep penetration, not relishing an artificial, worldly character of the kind we have described; but how she happened not to obtain the

good will of Sir Anthony, when we consider what pretensions she had to rank and fashion, would not so easily appear, unless I were to tell my reader that the old gentleman thought he had detected her in making some attempts on the heart of his son Robert the summer before, at Brighton, where she then appeared, just come over from the Continent, in the interesting character of a young, beautiful, and afflicted widow.

Sir Anthony had charged his son with having manifested some partiality for this lady, and had represented the few civilities he had shown her as so many affronts to lady Augusta; the consequence of which strong statement of the case was, that Robert's indignation boiled over. He unequivocally charged his father with being suspicious, and at the same time decidedly refused to break off the acquaintance, as Sir Anthony desired.—“Not,” said he, speaking on the subject to one of his young companions, to whom he commonly opened his heart when his father displeased him, “not that I care one straw for lady Frances; but I cannot bear to be tutored and lectured on every occasion, or to be led about, at my age, like a child in leading-strings, or a bear in chains.”

“Ay, Lambert,” repeated his companion, laughing, “like a dancing-bear, with a monkey at his back.”

Robert was in a passion; he was angry with his father, and he allowed the simile of the monkey to pass without reproof, which at another time he perhaps would not have done: for, with all his roughness, his impetuosity, and his untractableness, Robert Lambert had some good qualities, some sense of religion, some benevolence of heart; and, had he from his infancy been generously and affectionately treated, he would probably have been a very different character from what he then was.

Mr. Day and Frederick happened to be at the Hall when Sir Anthony and his son arrived, and Mr. Day instantly perceived a decided improvement in the appearance and manners of Robert. He was now become far from ill-looking, and his demeanour was easy and gentlemanlike. He accosted Mr. Day with kindness, but Frederick with so much coldness, that the latter could

not but observe it, though he passed it off with the ease and good humour natural to him. In consequence, however, of this reserve, Mr. Day withdrew with his pupil as much as possible to the quiet rectory, leaving the great people to manage their affairs in their own way.

In the mean time, the two great families were constantly together; and nothing was heard of in the neighbourhood but of sumptuous dinners, rural galas, water-parties, excursions to the fine seats in the neighbourhood, &c.: but whether Robert made any progress in the good graces of lady Augusta no one was able to ascertain.

The two families had been more than a month in the country, when one morning, as lady Augusta, attended by a livery servant, was riding through a wood at no very great distance from her father's castle, the very wood in fact, which led to the village of Forrell, her horse took fright at the sight of two gipsies who suddenly appeared from among the trees; and the creature, after rearing and prancing for some moments, would inevitably have thrown its rider, if Frederick, who was returning from his little school at Forrell, had not happened to come up at the critical moment, and by his timely assistance, saved the lady from a dreadful fall. He seized the bridle of the horse, delivering it into the hands of the servant, and, lifting lady Augusta down, set her on a mossy bank which was near at hand: for the young lady was greatly terrified; and it was some moments before she could speak to Frederick, or answer the servant's question, whether she would choose to mount again, or permit him to take the horses home, and send the carriage.

"Take back the horses," she at length said, "but do not send a carriage, lest my mother be alarmed." Then turning to Frederick, "I had intended," she said, "to have quarrelled with you, Sir, when we met; but you have compelled me to exchange my expressions of resentment for those of gratitude. I thank you Mr. Falconer, for what you have done," she added, at the same time extending her hand to him: "you have perhaps saved my life:" and while she spoke, she changed colour several times, and seemed considerably agitated.

Frederick muttered something about satisfaction, honour, pleasure, &c. hoping that she was not hurt, not very much frightened: but not being able to finish a single sentence, he stopped, and looked down on the ground.

"I see, Frederick," said she, with more tranquillity, "I see you are ashamed to meet me, conscious, as you are, of your marked neglect of all our family, and of me in particular, who was the companion of your early days, who lived with you in fact as a sister, and a sister who once thought herself beloved."

"A sister!" repeated Frederick, sitting down on the bank near her. "If you will still consider me as a brother, and still honour me with you sisterly regard, I shall be happy: but"—

"But what, Frederick?" said Augusta.

Frederick added no more.

"Tell me, Frederick," said the young lady, "tell me, I beseech you, why you do not come among us as usual. What is the meaning of this estrangement? Have I done any thing to offend you? I am sure I never intended it. Have my parents displeased you? Explain to me the cause of this coldness." So saying, she fixed her beautiful eyes upon him with a look of earnestness and anxiety, which greatly added to his embarrassment, putting it, at the same time, altogether out of his power to offer any kind of excuse for having so entirely withdrawn himself from her society. "Well," she said, suppressing a sigh, "I see, Frederick, that you will not grant me your confidence, and perhaps I am to blame to ask it. But only satisfy me in one point—have I offended you? have I displeased you?"

"No, dear lady Augusta," said Frederick; "no, never,—never in the least:" and he was about to add, that he never felt his affection for her warmer than at the present moment; when, recollecting Robert, he hesitated, stammered, and was again silent.

She smiled. "O, Frederick, Frederick, what an enigma you are! but, as you have assured me that you are not angry with me, I will rest contented." So saying, she arose, adding, that she wished to return home, lest her mother should be alarmed.

There was no alternative for Frederick; he could not but accompany her.

As they continued to walk together, the young people seemed both to become more easy; and Augusta purposely leading the way to the subject of her proposed marriage with Robert, said, "I do not think, Frederick, I ever can bring my mind to consent to it."

Frederick started.

"You wonder, perhaps, at my saying so," she added; "but, though I have some friendship for Robert, I dread his violent temper; I fear I could not be happy with him."

"You must judge for yourself in this respect," said Frederick. "No one in such cases," added he, "can decide for another."

"Not in points of mere taste, I grant," said Augusta; "but every one may judge of the effects of a violent temper. Tell me, Frederick, what do you think of Robert Lambert? Is he a man calculated to make a woman happy?"

Frederick had never felt a stronger struggle in his mind than at this moment. Robert had lately behaved to him with extreme insolence, and it was now in his power to take a signal revenge: but he hesitated not a moment on the subject, secretly praying that he might be directed to say what was best on the occasion. He turned to Augusta, by whose side he was walking, and, looking steadily at her, "You ask my opinion, dear lady Augusta," he said. "I will give it you sincerely—I think there is much that is valuable in Robert Lambert; and I think that a wise, affectionate, and virtuous wife, might render him at once, humanly speaking, a good and happy man. He has had great difficulties to encounter, which may account for what seems displeasing in his character. But I have this persuasion, that if you should condescend to honour him with your hand, you would have no reason to repent of your choice."

"You seem very warm in Robert Lambert's cause," said lady Augusta, reddening; "you seem very anxious to see me married to him."

"I wish to see you happy, and Robert also," answered Frederick.

"Then, if you wish my happiness, you must not unite me with Robert Lambert," returned the lady, pettishly

"And wherefore?" asked Frederick.

"Because I have no proper regard for him," she replied. "I dislike him; I like others better."

"O! that alters the case," replied Frederick. "If you actually like any other person better, no friend of yours, or of Robert Lambert's, could wish you united."

Lady Augusta blushed. She had said more than she meant to do, and she was at that moment unable to speak from vexation."

Frederick looked at her, and a tear was trickling down her cheek. "My dear lady Augusta, my sister," he said, "have I offended you in pleading for Robert? But you introduced the subject yourself: I never should have ventured on such a liberty."

"Nobody accuses you, Frederick," replied Augusta, "of being impertinent, interfering, or forward; your friends, perhaps, consider you just the reverse, and would sooner charge you with distance and coldness: but, at any rate, Mr. Falconer, Robert Lambert is much obliged to you, and it is not your fault if I do not marry him."

"And make him the happiest of men?" said Frederick.

"No, Mr. Falconer," said the young lady, "I should never make Robert happy, were I to marry him. Unless persons are happy in themselves, they can never administer to the happiness of another."

The conversation was now becoming every moment increasingly painful to Frederick, and he hardly knew how to carry it on, or how to control his own uneasy feelings; when he was relieved by the appearance of Mr. Day, who, having met lady Augusta's servant and horses, and heard of the *rencontre* in the wood, hastened to put a period to a *tete-a-tete* of which he dreaded the consequence.

Mr. Day and Frederick attended the young lady to the Castle-gate, where they took leave, notwithstanding the entreaties of Augusta, who would have had them spend the rest of the day with her parents.

Some slight rumour of lady Augusta's accident, and of the adventure in the wood, had reached the Castle be-

fore her arrival. Lady V—— was anxious to hear if her daughter were hurt. But as soon as Augusta had assured her parents that she had escaped entirely uninjured, the subject was dropped, as if by general consent, nor was the least reference made to it either by the earl or lady V—— during the rest of the day.

This circumstance, in connexion with some others which she had observed, rather puzzled Augusta, and led her to form certain conjectures relative to Frederick, of a nature quite different from any that had previously occurred to her mind. She now thought she saw at once the reason of Frederick's being so entirely kept in the back-ground, and of the apparent coldness of her family towards him; and she also concluded that she had now found the clue to his excessive embarrassment, when she questioned him in the wood on the cause of his withdrawing himself so entirely from the companions of his youth. "However," said the young lady to herself, "all these arts are totally unnecessary. I ought never to have seen Frederick, if I was ever to become Robert Lambert's wife."

It happened, that Sir Anthony and Robert were to dine at the Castle on that very day. Whenever Robert was present, Augusta made a point of being particularly silent and reserved: and as she had almost resolved never to accept of the young man, we cannot blame her for the adoption of this line of conduct; nay, perhaps it would have been better if she had acted in a manner still more decided and put an end to the hopes of Robert, through her parents, even before he had made her an open declaration of his regard. But Augusta was not a pious young woman; she had great vanity, and some degree of pride. The immense fortune to which Robert was heir had many attractions in her estimation; and even at the moment when her heart was powerfully inclined towards another person, she felt it almost impossible for her to renounce those elegancies and that splendour which would attend the wife of Robert Lambert.

Another reason which made her unwilling to destroy at once all the hopes that Robert cherished of obtaining her was, that she plainly saw there was a person who was even more anxious than herself to become the mis-

treasure of the immense property to which he was heir; and this person was no other than lady Frances Courbillon, who was secretly detested by Augusta, as one who dared to contend with her for the palm of universal admiration, although she was sufficiently polite to conceal this dislike from every person but the object of it.

Lady Frances was, however, fully convinced of Augusta's dislike of her; but, as it did not suit her, at that time to appear to recognize this feeling of her cousin's, she affected to have it supposed that she believed herself to be the object of her tender regard. She therefore always addressed her in the petted language of a spoiled child, she prattled to her apparently with the most amiable simplicity, she pretended to open all her heart to her, and even to make confession of her faults and ask her advice.

It was in the evening of the same day on which the adventure took place in the wood, (while the ladies were assembled in the drawing room, and at the moment when the gentlemen might be expected to join them,) that lady Frances, seeing her cousin seated in a pensive attitude, in one of the Gothic windows of the apartment, drew toward her, and, placing herself by her side, began, in apparently the most undesigning way in the world, to amuse her with some of her little expressions of fondness, and professions of petty helplessness and want of prudence. "Dear Augusta," she said, "I have been so giddy, so very thoughtless; I have affronted that good lady who sits by lady V——: I don't recollect her name; but the lady in the wreath of white roses. Well, I have affronted her, past forgiveness, by asking her from what shop in town she got her rouge; adding, that I thought the tinge beautiful. And what do you think she declared to me?—that she never used rouge; that the colour was entirely her own, perfectly natural; and that she would not use rouge on any account whatever."

"But don't you know, lady Frances," said Augusta, "that English ladies don't like to have it supposed that they rouge?"

"O, I know it: that is, I should know it: but I have been so long abroad, where, with all their faults, they are as open and undisguised in this respect as in many others, that I had forgotten all your punctilios. One is

not fit for England when one has been for any length of time abroad: but you must tell me, my dear, when I transgress—when I am injudicious; you, who are all dignity, all decorum, all sweetness.” So saying, she laid her hand, with an expression of fondness, on Augusta’s arm, and added, “But perhaps I tire you; you look fatigued. I fear you have not overcome your feelings of alarm. Well, we have reason to be very thankful that you were not hurt. But I have not heard how it was: let me know something of this knight of the wood.”

Lady Frances was aware, though Augusta was not, that within the last minute the gentlemen had entered the room, and that Robert Lambert had advanced towards the place where they were seated, and was standing in the rear of their little couch, which was turned towards the window with its back to the company, in that style of elegant carelessness that has been in fashion for some years past; and she had timed her question so accurately, that the first words which Robert heard as he approached were, “Now do let me hear something of this knight of the wood:” to which request lady Frances added, “You cannot think, Augusta, in what glowing colours I have painted this hero, this youth who seemed to drop from the clouds so *appropos*, at the moment when the danger was most urgent. I know that he must be tall and *fait a peindre*; but I have been at a loss, whether to give him dark blue eyes or black, for on this circumstance, you know, the colour of his hair and complexion must depend. I have been used to dark hair in France, but, as our hero is an Englishman, I am inclined to give him the blue eyes and fine brown hair of the Saxon; and I fancy him rushing from the trees, at the instant when you were in the most imminent danger, and seizing the bridle of your rampant steed, &c. &c.”

“O, Frances,” said lady Augusta, interrupting her, “what nonsense you are talking.”

“Nonsense!” said lady Frances, “what is life without nonsense? But, seriously, who is the young man who saved you from being thrown from your horse, and perhaps breaking your neck, this morning?”

“Who is he?” said Augusta, “why, Sir Anthony’s nephew, Frederick Falconer.”

"And what kind of a young man is he?" asked lady Frances, carelessly.

"O, I don't know," replied Augusta, endeavouring to seem equally careless; "have you ever seen him?" At that instant Augusta, perceiving that Robert stood behind her couch, stood up, and, turning to him, said, "Sir, I hope you have been amused with our conversation."

"I have heard little of it," replied Robert, somewhat sullenly.

"O, what are you there?" said lady Frances, looking up to him from her seat on the sofa; "how long have you been in the room? But you are the very person to satisfy my curiosity. Who is this Frederick Falconer, who saved lady Augusta from that dreadful accident this morning?"

"I have heard nothing of any accident," replied Robert, "it is strange that no one should have mentioned it to me;" and he looked at Augusta with an expression at once reproachful and suspicious.

Augusta replied, that she conceived every one must imagine that he would not feel much interested in an affair which could not concern him. "For even now," she added, "now that you are told of it, you never asked me whether I escaped unhurt."

Robert endeavoured to recover his temper, and to make some polite inquiries, saying, that it was impossible for any one really to conceive that he was not deeply interested in every thing which affected lady Augusta Clifton.

"Well, Sir," said Augusta, with more assurance of manner than became so young a lady, "if you are so much interested in all that relates to me, you shall have an exact account of what happened this morning." And she immediately recounted to him all the circumstances, as they had taken place, excepting some particulars of her conversation with Frederick.

As she proceeded, Robert reddened, and appeared violently excited; notwithstanding which, he did not speak till Augusta had finished her story, and lady Frances had added, "Is it not wonderful, Mr. Lambert, that this knight-errant should have appeared at the very moment in which his presence was most needed?"

"Probably," returned Robert, "had the accident happened an hour sooner or an hour later, he might have been equally at hand."

A glance of extreme contempt, was the only reply lady Augusta made to this speech; and she was walking away, when Robert seized her hand and begged her pardon, uttering some incoherent expression about sincere regard, which is always hasty.

"Sincere regard, Sir," replied Augusta, "cannot exist without respect: and no man respects the woman whom he can suspect of dishonourable conduct."

Robert assured lady Augusta that he never suspected her in the least.

"Then, Sir," said Augusta, "whose honour do you doubt? If it is Frederick Falconer's, you are mistaken; you never were more mistaken: for no man ever had a more faithful or warmer friend than you have in Frederick."

"How do you know that, Madam?" said the impetuous Robert.

"I am not yet, I thank Heaven, compelled to answer every question you choose to put to me, Mr. Lambert," replied Augusta: "I am not yet your wife."

Robert apologized again, expressed a hope that he had not yet offended past forgiveness, pleaded the unhappy warmth of his temper, and, in short, urged his suit with so much vehemence, that Augusta, who had not yet quite made up her mind to renounce all the splendours which might be procured by Sir Anthony's fortune, allowed him to suppose that he was forgiven, and then, walking to the other end of the room, she placed herself so close to her mother, that it was impossible for him to intrude any further particular conversation upon her.

But although Robert supposed that he now stood as high, or nearly so, in Augusta's good graces as he had done before this unfortunate conversation, yet he felt so much irritated by the account of what had happened in the morning,—so filled with undefined ideas of jealousy and suspicion,—that he could scarcely command his composure so long as it was necessary, in order to effect his escape from the company; and when he found himself alone in a retired walk in the shrubbery, in which

he had taken refuge, he vented his indignation upon Frederick, in exclamations of no very pacific tendency. However, as there were no other creatures besides naiads and wood nymphs to hear these complaints, and as Echo was not at hand to repeat them, these murmurs of indignation passed away without effect, and Robert was returning in a more tranquil state to the Castle, when he overtook lady Frances, who was walking alone and in a pensive attitude, apparently thinking as little of Robert as he was of her.

At the sight of him, she started with very well-feigned astonishment, exclaiming, "Mr. Lambert, is it you? Why, did I not leave you in the drawing-room but a quarter of an hour ago?"

"Impossible," replied Robert; "for I have been to the very end of the shrubbery."

"Well, said lady Frances, "then I never was more mistaken in my life."

Mr. Lambert then joined lady Frances, who began to converse with him on the common topics of the day; being fully aware, from her knowledge of his character, that he would presently bring up the subject of his recent thoughts, namely, the affair in the wood, and his slight altercation with lady Augusta. Neither was lady Frances mistaken: Robert soon breaking away from all topics foreign to the late occurrences, came to the point in question; and, being drawn on by his artful companion, made a full and explicit avowal of his real feelings and sentiments respecting Augusta and Frederick.

This was precisely the object at which lady Frances aimed, namely, to induce Robert to make her his friend and confidant; being well aware, that, if she could accomplish her end, he would frequently seek her society, and thereby abundant opportunity would be afforded for bringing him within the influence of her allurements.—But to return to Frederick.

There was nothing so very remarkable and opportune in the meeting of this young man with lady Augusta in the wood, as should induce us to suppose that Frederick was actually one of those heroes of romance who is always in the right place at the critical moment when he

is required to be so : for the truth is, that Frederick had been in the habit, for some weeks past, of going every day, at a certain hour, to visit his little school at Forrell, and had been accustomed to take his books, and study as he went sauntering along. Of this circumstance lady Augusta had been informed, and, we are sorry to add, that she had chosen the wood for her ride on that very account. It was, therefore, by no miraculous intervention of supernatural agents that Frederick happened to be where he was expected to be, and where the young lady had purposely gone to meet with him. But Frederick was a pious young man, and, consequently, humble : he did not, therefore, entertain the slightest suspicion, on this occasion, derogatory to the honour of lady Augusta ; but represented the whole affair, as he walked home with his tutor, in a light entirely favourable to the young lady. " But, my dear Mr. Day," he added, hesitating as he spoke, " from what has happened this day, I have had such an insight into my own heart, that I conceive I should do well to leave this place till she is married. Sorry as I shall be to lose so much of your society, yet I think it would be best for me to be absent from this neighbourhood for the present."

Mr. Day highly commended this resolution of Frederick's ; pointing out the wisdom of fleeing, rather than braving temptation ; and, accordingly, the rest of the day was employed in arranging a little tour, which was to occupy Frederick for two months to come. Things of this kind admit of no delay : accordingly, Frederick set out early the next morning, intending to make his first stoppage at the house of a college friend in Yorkshire, and to proceed from thence to the Lakes.

On the morning of his pupil's departure, Mr. Day rode over to Clifton Castle, where he knew he might expect to find Sir Anthony and Mr. Lambert ; being charged with a message from young Falconer to his uncle, apologizing for his abrupt departure.

The family at Clifton Castle were at breakfast when Mr. Day arrived. He was received, as usual, with much cordiality by the earl and countess ; but Robert looked sullen ; and Augusta melancholy. " You are on the wing betimes,

Mr. Day," said Sir Anthony; "this is a rare circumstance with you; for, I believe, you make a point of always devoting the first hours of the day to study."

"I have been up, Sir Anthony," said Mr. Day, "ever since five o'clock; at which time I started Mr. Falconer for the north. He intends visiting the Lakes this summer, and I am come charged with his respectful remembrances to this noble party, and his particular inquiries respecting the health of lady Augusta."

As Mr. Day expected, this news of the flight of Frederick excited no small sensation in many individuals of the polite circle which surrounded him. Robert Lambert's countenance spoke much, very much; lady Augusta turned pale, and with difficulty appeared to be able to command her feelings in any tolerable degree; lady V—— and the earl seemed resolved to express nothing, and, in consequence, primmed up their features and looked impenetrable; while the formal and slow-minded Sir Anthony was the only person who was at that moment able to remark on the intelligence which Mr. Day had communicated; and that he did to the following purpose:—"Frederick Falconer started this morning, you say, for the Lakes of Westmoreland, and without giving me the smallest notice of his intentions. I am amazed, Mr. Day; surely I ought to have been apprized! I am astonished! But young people are so uncertain in all their motions,—so hasty,—so rapid. But I am sorry. I have, you well know, Mr. Day, one of the best maps of Westmoreland now extant, and the Guide to the Lakes, with views of all the most beautiful scenes in the country. Frederick would have obtained many fine ideas if he had taken time to study these books before his departure."

In this manner the old gentleman descanted somewhat to the relief of the rest of the party: and, after breakfast, Mr. Day found means to reconcile him to this step of his nephew, by the simple statement which he made to him of the truth.

After the departure of Frederick, Mr. Day, who now went more frequently to Clifton Castle, found himself much puzzled to make out the manœuvres of the young people there; for, although he was very far from want-

ing penetration, yet their conduct was influenced by such mixed motives, that it was impossible to say how they would act on any specified occasion.

Lady Frances, whom I mention first as being the eldest, was exceedingly anxious to be at the head of the immense property possessed by Sir Anthony Lambert. Had Sir Anthony no son, she would not have made the slightest objection to have married *him*, with the hope of soon breaking his heart; but, as there was a son in the way, and as she thought him much less disagreeable than his father, and at the same time more approachable, his fiery passions frequently leaving him without guard against a designing foe; she, in consequence, directed all her attacks against him, and was daily acquiring more influence over him, while she pretended nothing but friendship and esteem; but this under-plot was to be kept altogether out of the sight of lord and lady V—, Sir Anthony, and Augusta, and was managed with so much art, that it was only suspected by the last. In the mean time, lady Frances kept up her public character of thoughtless levity and indiscretion, with surprising success: and although she rendered herself very disagreeable in the eyes of Sir Anthony, by her French manners and contempt of forms, yet it by no means appeared that he had any definite idea of what might be the consequence of her artifices. At the same time, poor Robert was under the influence of many painfully contending feelings. He had a sincere regard for Augusta. Her coldness excited very unpleasant sensations in his breast, and often put him out of humour with himself, filling him with vindictive and jealous emotions respecting Frederick Falconer, to whom he persisted in attributing all his want of success with Augusta. In the mean time, being dissatisfied with himself, he was irritated against his father, whose manner was always ungracious towards him; he was suspicious of Mr. Day, and, in short, uneasy with every one but lady Frances, whose secret blandishments and well-timed flatteries were ever ready to restore his self-complacency when he was under the influence of angry and irritable feelings.

Thus we have entered into the most secret views of

lady Frances and Robert. Lady Augusta Clifton only remains to be spoken of; and we shall perhaps find more difficulty in describing her state of mind, than that of any other of the party, because two opposite and very violent feelings were raging within her breast: the one of these was a strong and deeply rooted affection for Frederick, the other was ambition. Whenever she thought of giving up Robert, she regretted the loss of all those elegant and splendid circumstances which she might secure to herself by a marriage with him; and when she thought of accepting Mr. Lambert, then Frederick Falconer appeared before her in that perfection of person, of mind, and of general character, which raised him in her estimation so far above every other young man whom she had ever known. Thus this unhappy young lady, being destitute of correct religious principles, was continually halting between two opinions: while her conduct, in consequence, was variable and inconsistent, and, as far as Robert was concerned, unjust.

While things were in this state, Robert, unable to bear suspense any longer, and being urged on by his father, made an explicit declaration of his regard, together with a formal tender of his hand to the young lady.

It was now become necessary for her to decide in her choice between the man she loved, on the one hand, and the house, estate, and equipage, which were almost equally dear to her, on the other: but it is believed that her regard for Frederick would have obtained a complete triumph, had she not foreseen that there was one at hand ready to seize upon the worldly advantages which she was about to reject; and the prospect of living in the same parish, in a character inferior to this person, was an idea so humiliating, that love itself, she felt, could not make it palatable: therefore, when Mr. Lambert made his formal profession, she gave him, it is true, a denial, but such a one as no man but the fiery and hot-brained Robert would have received as such, particularly from one so young and so lovely as Augusta.

Robert's passions, however, took fire. He fancied that Augusta despised him, and herein he was not far from

the truth. He flew to pour his sorrows into the ear of lady Frances; and my readers will not be surprised to hear that the end of this indiscreet and ill-placed confidence was a runaway marriage—the two young people having made their escape to a place where being speedily united for life, they had nothing left but to repent at leisure.

Although events of this kind will sometimes happen in real life, there being no kind of sin and folly into which the natural man is not liable to fall; yet these are scenes on which my pen by no means delights to descant. I shall, therefore, satisfy myself with describing the effect of this mad scheme upon the friends which Mr. Lambert had left behind him at Clifton Castle and Lambert Hall.

Lord and lady V—— were highly offended, and evidently deeply disappointed. Sir Anthony was almost furious, and in his anger, he solemnly renounced his son, and declared that he should never be one penny the better for him. Few persons, however, believed this declaration of the angry father's, and every one trusted that time would bring about that reconciliation which all Robert's friends so ardently desired. Mr. Day was greatly afflicted by Robert's imprudence, and the more so because he had an exceedingly bad opinion of lady Frances.

My reader will probably be anxious to know what the feelings of Augusta were on this occasion. I think I may say that they were, on the whole, pleasurable, though she also joined in the general censures of the young people, and used every means in her power to soothe and console Sir Anthony.

Sir Anthony had refused to receive any letter from his son after his marriage; and, in order to prevent the necessity of any further communication, he informed his steward that he wished Robert to receive an annual income to the full amount of the interest of his mother lady Anne Lambert's fortune, which had been about fifteen thousand pounds, declaring his determination never to add a shilling more.

On this occasion Mr. Day pleaded earnestly for his pupil; but finding that all he said did but increase the

irritation of Sir Anthony, he thought it best to let the matter rest for the present. He also thought it advisable to write to Robert; which he did, pointing out to him, in a truly paternal way, that line of conduct which he should now adopt, to render himself again acceptable to his father. "You have done wrong, my dear pupil," said Mr. Day; "you ought not to have deceived your father. But I feel persuaded, that, if you and your lady will now submit yourselves to circumstances, and will settle quietly down in some retired situation on the thousand a year which you can command from the interest of your mother's fortune and lady Frances's property, you may still enjoy all the comforts, and some of the elegancies of life; you may moreover render yourself beloved and respected; and may, in the long run, recover the affection of your father."

But Robert Lambert had married a woman who was by no means disposed to yield to untoward circumstances, or to sit down quietly in a country place, on a thousand a year. She maintained, that the best measure which she and her husband could adopt in the present state of things, was to go to Paris, and she wrought so effectually on Mr. Lambert's mind, that to Paris they went; and thus persevered in a kind of conduct which tended to keep up the irritation of Sir Anthony, who, with a true old-fashioned English spirit, hated France, and all things appertaining to it.

While these various events were successively taking place in rapid succession, Frederick Falconer was travelling in the north; whence he was recalled by his uncle, and received with a very marked cordiality at Lambert Hall: where he no sooner appeared, than he was invited to Clifton Castle, and had frequent opportunities afforded him of conversing with lady Augusta.

"My dear Frederick," said Mr. Day, on a certain occasion, to his pupil, "you ought to consider well what our good friends at Clifton Castle are about, and what you are about yourself. There are several inquiries which I think you should seriously make, before you yield your heart to the fascinations of lady Augusta. In the first place, would lord and lady V—— consent to her marriage with a man in your humble condition in life? and,

If you could obtain their consent, is lady Augusta a fit character to become the wife of a man of moderate fortune? And, finally, is she a pious woman? You must not trust yourself, Frederick, with a partner who is not so. The greater her attractions, the greater will be your danger, if she wants those principles which are especially requisite in the help-meet of a minister of Christ."

"I have reason to think," replied Frederick, "that lady Augusta has a lively sense of religion."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Day: "if it is so, I am not aware of the fact. But you probably have some grounds whereon to build your opinion?"

"Only from some little things which have dropped from her own lips," returned Frederick, "and from observing a little elegant pocket Testament lying on her table, when I one day dropped in by accident."

"Far be it from me, my dear Frederick," said Mr. Day, "to pass a harsh judgment on any one; but still I think it very possible for a young lady to have an elegant pocket Testament, and also to utter some pleasing religious sentiments, when it suits her purpose so to do, without her having, after all, the slightest feeling of genuine piety. True religion shows itself in actions, not in words; and I cannot believe that lady Augusta Clifton could have trifled with Robert Lambert in the way she did, had she possessed the fear of God. However, my dear Frederick, inasmuch as we poor human creatures are infinitely short-sighted, and liable to be deceived in various ways, not knowing what tends to our real good, and what to the contrary; my advice is, that you should place the whole concern of your future life in the hands of God, seeking the divine help to enable you to sit loose to the possessions of the world, and holding yourself in readiness to renounce every thing which you cannot retain consistently with your obligations as a minister and a Christian. And, at present," he added, "I advise you not to commit yourself by any strong professions of regard for lady Augusta; and, on this account, avoid being alone with her. In a few days, your vacation will be at an end; you will then return for the last time to college; your examination and ordination will take place in February; and you will perhaps think it best not to come among

us during the Christmas vacation. In the mean time, I shall be a careful observer of lady Augusta's conduct, and I may, moreover, be able to form some idea of what the views of her parents may be respecting her."

Frederick Falconer approved of Mr. Day's advice, and was so anxious to adhere precisely to it, that he refrained from going to Clifton Castle till the morning previous to the day of his departure. He then set out, accompanied by Mr. Day: but when arrived at the Castle, they unexpectedly met Sir Anthony Lambert in the hall, who, seizing hold of Mr. Day, conveyed him into a private room, to communicate certain intelligence relative to Robert; and Frederick was, in consequence, obliged to go alone to seek the family and say adieu.

The footman ushered him into the room that was usually occupied by the family during the morning: but it was empty. Frederick, accordingly, took a book, and sat down to read. This apartment, which was entirely in the Gothic style, opened into a kind of wilderness of flowering shrubs, beyond which were seen the higher regions of the park, crowned with clusters of trees, which seemed almost coeval with the Castle itself. The distant cawings of the rooks in the summits of these trees, and the gentle murmur of the breeze through the chords of a harp standing before the window, were the only sounds which broke the silence. Frederick had taken up a book, and had opened it; but though he held it in his hand, he had not paid the smallest attention to its contents: on the contrary, he was deeply engaged in meditation, and not unfrequently occupied in short mental prayer and earnest supplication, that assistance might be afforded him to resist the temptations with which he was surrounded.

While thus engaged, he heard a step, and, turning his head, he saw Augusta, who had advanced a considerable way into the room without observing him; but who, when, at length, she did discover him, manifested such natural and lovely expressions of delight, that he, for a moment forgetting all his tutor's cautions, sprang from his seat, seized her hand, and uttered he knew not what; but which proved, however, to be certain words of a tendency so unequivocal, that the young lady was no

longer left in doubt of the impression she had made on his heart.

Her reply was, also, such as encouraged him, and led him on to add more to the same purpose; and, in consequence, when a moment of reflection returned, he was astonished to find that he had already committed himself so far, that it no longer depended upon himself to reject this alliance. He, however, on this occasion, was not forsaken of Him on whom he had recently called with so much earnestness; but was enabled to see, now that he had thus incautiously involved his fate with that of the young lady, what next was best to be done upon the occasion. "Lady Augusta," said he, "I have been impelled, by circumstances, to make an avowal of feelings which but a moment before I had resolved not to acknowledge: but, since it is so, permit me now to open to you the whole of my heart; to explain the motives of my conduct for some years past; and to point out certain difficulties which I even now, in this moment of ecstasy, but too plainly foresee lying in the way of our being happy with each other."

Lady Augusta blushed, and seemed uneasy; but allowed Frederick, however, to lead her out of the room into the shrubbery, where they hoped to be enabled to converse some time without interruption.

Having reached a sequestered spot in the pleasure-ground, they sat down on a garden-seat, when Frederick entered into a full explanation of his views and plans of life, of his determination, with the divine aid, to devote himself to the service of God, and to reject the vanities and pomps of this life, though he expressed himself as intending not to renounce the real elegancies and charms of society; and concluded by representing to Augusta, that, unless she could resolve to adopt his views, to turn away from all mere earthly pleasures, to repress ambitious views, and to endeavour to obtain and cherish a serious sense of the obligations of religion, he believed it would be better that he should resolve never to see her more, than that both of them should be rendered unhappy by a union of hands and hearts where the tastes and feelings were so irreconcilable.

I do not pretend to repeat the words of Frederick on

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this occasion, but merely to convey his sentiments; doubting not that he would know how to clothe these sentiments in language at once elegant, affectionate, and decisive.

Lady Augusta Clifton heard him throughout without interruption, but, at the same time, with such feelings of enthusiasm toward the speaker, that she felt for a moment, that, had he asked her to live with him in a cottage on bread and water, she could joyfully have yielded her assent.

When he urged upon her the duty and importance of a serious attention to religion, her admiration of his character increased, and his impressive manner affected her. The tears trembled in her sparkling eyes, and made their way down her glowing cheek; and, at length, overcome by a variety of emotions, she gave way to a burst of tears, and exclaimed, "O Frederick! dear Frederick! I will, indeed, endeavour to do, to learn to be,—all you can desire."

Thus terminated this scene; and Frederick and Augusta, as they walked towards the Castle, resolved to wait till his final return from the University before the affair should be mentioned to lord and lady V——: and this was proposed, not from any motive of deceit on the part of Frederick, but because he wished that further time should be allowed Augusta for due reflection on the step which she was about to take; and by which she would sink in the estimation of a fashionable world, and enter within a sphere of life totally different from every thing with which she had been hitherto conversant.

As soon as Frederick Falconer was alone with Mr. Day, he related all that had passed between himself and Lady Augusta.

Mr. Day was sorry that things had gone so far, although he could not blame the young people; and he felt that, if Lady Augusta could resolve to sacrifice her ambition and lay aside her loftiness of manner, for the sake of Frederick, she would indeed render herself worthy of him.

The next day, Frederick took leave of his uncle and Mr. Day, and proceeded to the University; where he re-

remained till he had passed his examination, and was admitted to deacon's orders.

In the mean time, lord and lady V—— were in town for some months, but they returned into the country about the time when Frederick Falconer was expected home.

It was the general report, that lady Augusta had refused a very advantageous match in London; but what reason she assigned to her parents for so doing was not known. When she revisited the country, Mr. Day thought that she looked exceedingly amiable. She treated him with marked affection, borrowed several religious books from him, and was known to take an interest in the welfare of the poor, and to engage in serving them with an activity which she had never before evinced.

When it was known that Frederick's ordination was over, and while his friends in the country were eagerly looking for his return to their society, notice was suddenly brought them, that he was so seriously ill as not to be able to leave his bed; and the intelligence was the more alarming, inasmuch as his complaint was of the same nature with that which had terminated the life of his mother, and had already brought himself, when a child, to the borders of the grave.

Sir Anthony expressed more feeling and less selfishness on this occasion than he was supposed to be capable of; and lady Augusta was so violently affected, that she had no longer power to conceal her attachment for Frederick from those about her. She wept continually while the least danger continued, and, as her mamma reported the case, she was constantly engaged in prayer.

It is always a good sign when affliction leads an individual to prayer; but it is much to be lamented, when that individual ceases to pray as soon as the affliction is withdrawn.

Mr. Day had hastened to his beloved pupil immediately on receiving the account of his illness, and he remained with him till he was able to be removed, and brought home to his house.

In the mean time lord and lady V—— had had sundry private discussions with Sir Anthony, which were

held, it was supposed, on the subject of the attachment now known to be subsisting between Frederick and lady Augusta: and though the result of these discussions could not be precisely ascertained, yet they were considered to be of a tendency favourable to the marriage, as lady V——, not many days after the return of Mr. Day, with his pupil, to the parsonage, appeared, in her open carriage, with her daughter, at the gate of the garden.

Mr. Day no sooner saw the carriage, than he hastened to the gate, and invited lady V—— to alight. The lady consented, and, followed by her daughter, was led through the well-ordered shrubbery and wide old-fashioned hall of the parsonage, into a large room with an extensive bow-window, which supplied the double office of a dining-room and study; the books being arranged, with great neatness, in their proper places, while certain fine old busts and prints constituted the only ornaments of the apartment. Frederick was extended on a sofa, near the fire, when the ladies were introduced. He was dressed in black, and, though considerably reduced, he never looked handsomer, the reflection of the crimson window-curtain giving a glow to his complexion which almost resembled the flush of health. He arose with haste to meet his noble guests, and, as he extended his hand to lady Augusta, she burst into tears; when, so far from meeting with a reproof from her mother, she consoled her in these terms—"Why weep now, Augusta? Our Frederick is restored to us, and we may soon hope to see him in perfect health."

All this appeared so fair, so open, and so disinterested, on the part of lord V——'s family, that even Mr. Day was pleased, and said to Frederick, "I rejoice to see the high notions of our old friends, lord and lady V——, giving way, and that they appear willing to make their daughter happy at the expense of their own magnificent earthly prospects."

This visit of lady Augusta and her mother seemed to refresh and exhilarate Frederick so much, that he rapidly regained his health, and, as the spring advanced, was enabled, as usual, to visit his uncle and the family at Clifton Castle.

And now prosperity seemed to attend Frederick on

every side. He appeared to have been daily growing more and more dear to Sir Anthony since the delinquency of poor Robert. He was the favourite of all at Clifton Castle; and though Lord V—— had never given him a decided promise of his daughter, he was considered by every one as an accepted suitor, and permitted to enjoy Augusta's company whenever he pleased.

About this time, Mr. Falconer was deprived of the society of Mr. Day, who hearing that Robert Lambert and his lady were going on in a very heedless manner at Paris, resolved to undertake a journey to see his pupil, that he might endeavour in person to profit him by his advice.

Frederick was now able to perform the duty of the church; and excellent as Mr. Day was in the pulpit, still, in the opinion of lady Augusta at least, he was greatly excelled by his pupil. Mr. Falconer, however had far humbler ideas of his own powers as a Christian teacher, and was fully aware that a babe in Christ cannot instruct like a father of the Church. He endeavoured, however, to tread as closely as possible in the steps of his tutor, and was careful never to allow his private feelings or pleasures to interfere with his duty as a pastor. Thus, by the divine blessing, he was led on in the way of holiness, and became strengthened in the performance of every Christian duty.

Mr. Day had scarcely been absent one week, when a circumstance, wholly unforeseen, took place in the little society which he had left behind him. This was no other than the sudden death, by a fit of apoplexy, of Sir Anthony Lambert. Frederick had been with him only an hour before, and had left him in apparent good health, little thinking that he should never again be permitted to look upon a living uncle.

Frederick was particularly shocked at the unlooked for decease of this poor man, because it had never been possible to bring him for a moment to any thing like serious reflection on religion or a future state. His mind had always been, and continued to the last, so filled with the empty and circumstantial nothings of life, that he appeared to be incapable of receiving an idea which was not connected with these; and, as he had

advanced in life, he seemed more and more devoted to such follies.

To persons thus occupied, a sudden death seems, indeed, a great evil, although we are assured, that a protracted disease or a lingering dissolution would not have the least power of correcting these follies, and bringing such characters to serious reflection, unless attended with a blessing from on high.

As soon as Sir Anthony had been taken ill, Mr. Falconer was sent for, but, as I before said, he did not arrive till the old gentleman had expired. Lord V—— had also been sent for at the same time; and, soon after his arrival, Frederick put his seal, in the presence of that nobleman, on all Sir Anthony's papers and valuables; then, ordering a lead coffin to be made for the remains of Sir Anthony, he despatched a special messenger to Paris for Robert, now Sir Robert Lambert.

Frederick calculated that it was possible Sir Robert might arrive in about fourteen days; he therefore resolved to delay the funeral till he should come, and, consequently, the body was laid in the coffin, which, by Frederick's orders, was placed in the handsomest apartment of the house, in such state as he thought the deceased would have approved, could he have witnessed what was passing: and during the time that the family were waiting for the arrival of Sir Robert, in order to solemnize the funeral, Frederick continued altogether at the Hall, and kept himself in entire privacy, admitting only Lord V——, who came to him every day, treated him with particular respect, and spoke of his marriage with his daughter as a measure already resolved on, and one which might be expected to take place as soon as the mourning for Sir Anthony was over.

Young people, especially pious young ones, are not apt to be suspicious: yet Frederick, had he reflected but a little, must surely have thought that there was something extraordinary in this excessive politeness.

In the mean time, Mr. Day was proceeding to Paris, where, when he arrived, he found his pupil in a state of misery of which he before had scarcely an idea. He was living in a wretched lodging, almost without the decencies of life, exposed to perpetual fear from creditors,

and in a state of the most violent irritation of mind. To add to his distress, lady Frances Lambert was exceedingly ill, and confined to her bed in a chamber adjoining to that in which Mr. Day found his pupil; she having been brought into this state by uneasiness and disappointment, working on a proud and highly ambitious mind.

At the sight of his tutor, Robert burst into tears; and throwing himself into his arms, "O my friend! my father!" he said, "I have not deserved this kindness. I am a lost and undone man. I have ruined myself by my own folly. Though all my debts were paid, and I were in possession of a fortune equal to my father's, I must still be miserable: for I have united myself with a woman destitute of principle; and even without affection."

Mr. Day was much touched by this statement, of the truth of which he had no doubt, and he immediately set himself to ascertain the extent of the young man's debts, and to discover what could be done for him. He also endeavoured to persuade him to a reconciliation with his wife, to whom it seems he had not spoken for several days; and the good man was more anxious to bring this about, because, immediately on his seeing the sick lady, he plainly perceived that her constitution was giving way, and that Robert would be set free from his imprudent connexion sooner than he could naturally have expected.

Mr. Day had provided a sum of money more than sufficient for his own wants; and he resolved, by as strict an adherence to economy as decency would permit, to render his purse as useful as possible to lady Frances, she being unprovided with any other attendant than her own maid, who was as helpless a poor creature, and as entirely overcome by the afflictions in which she saw the family involved, as it was possible for a woman in that situation to be. Mr. Day's presence seemed, however, to encourage her; and lady Frances herself, was, it appeared, particularly affected by his attentions.

While Mr. Day was exerting himself to ascertain the actual state of Robert's affairs, and endeavouring to bring the young couple into a state of mind more in accord-

ance with their circumstances, the entire aspect of affairs was suddenly changed by the arrival of the messenger from Lambert Hall. It was necessary for Robert to set out immediately, and he now found no difficulty in prevailing with his creditors to allow of his departure: for Mr. Day having advised him to make his situation known to the English ambassador, his excellency very kindly spoke to them, telling them that the money should be paid immediately; adding, that Mr. Lambert, by the death of his father, was now come into possession of resources so ample, that his present debts would be scarcely an object of consideration to him.

Being thus set free, Robert Lambert thought of nothing but returning to England, and set off post the next morning, leaving Mr. Day behind him; that excellent man having declared his determination not to leave lady Frances till her husband's return; as her health was becoming daily more and more precarious, and her spirits were now reduced to a state of such deep despondence, that they were wholly incapable of a revival, even in the near prospect of that worldly prosperity which she had hitherto so ardently desired.

Thus is it ever found, that earthly possessions produce no real comfort, unless they are accompanied with the divine blessing: and hence may be seen the folly of endeavouring to obtain, by any artful or dishonest practices, those worldly goods which ought to be the property of another.

A man who really desires and aims at the enjoyment of true peace of mind, will receive the commandment—"Thou shalt not steal," in its largest and most extensive acceptation. His conscience will be delicately tender on this point, and he will admit of no saving clauses wherewith to reconcile his mind to the appropriation of the smallest thing which ought to belong to another. And, inasmuch as nothing but scriptural views of true religion can enable an individual to set down habitually easy and free from care with respect to the possessions and honours of this world, he will endeavour to keep his eyes steadfastly fixed on a future life, and the glories of an eternal state of blessedness.—But to return to our story.

Sir Robert Lambert travelled night and day, and arri-

ved at Lambert Hall some hours earlier than Frederick had calculated upon.

When he drew near his late father's domains, the young man was considerably affected by the various recollections of his parent, and his heart smote him with the many acts of disrespect and disobedience of which he had been guilty towards him. He thought much also of Frederick, and tried to persuade himself that the superior attention and respect of his cousin's conduct towards Sir Anthony was merely the result of interested motives: "for he could not," thought Robert, "have been blind to my father's singularities, he could not but have seen his weaknesses, and felt his irritating ways. But he had an object to gain which I had not: he had his way to make, and his private interests to promote; and he wanted dignity and spirit sufficient to set him above a mean submission to the whims of those by whom he expected to be the better. I have no doubt," thought Sir Robert, "that if my father has left a will, it will be found that Frederick is handsomely provided for. But be it so: I would not deprive him of the fruits of his assiduities."

Thus Robert hardened his heart against Frederick, and arrived at the Hall in a state of mind full of irritation, not only against his cousin, but against all those whom he supposed to be at all attached to him.

There was a gloom and silence pervading every part of the domain, as Sir Robert advanced through the park to the Hall; and the sight of the hatchment placed over the front door affected him even to tears.

The first questions that he asked, as he sprang from the chaise, and entered the hall, the door of which was opened by an old servant, were, "Is my father yet buried? and who has taken the management of every thing?"

"Your father is not buried, Sir," replied the servant; "and we have looked to Mr. Falconer for our directions."

"Where is Humphreys? where is the steward?" asked Sir Robert. "Let him be sent for."

"He is at this moment with Mr. Falconer in the library."

"Humph!" said Sir Robert, and immediately walked

forward to the library, the servant hastening before him to open the door and announce his arrival. Sir Robert found Frederick and the steward busy with certain papers.

At the sight of Robert, Frederick sprang from his seat, and ran to meet his cousin. "I am glad to see you, Robert," he said: "but we did not expect you till to-morrow."

Robert extended his hand coldly towards Frederick, and, glancing his eye over the table, "You seem very busy, Falconer," he said, "deep in affairs!"

"Business must be done by some one, cousin," replied Frederick; "and when the head of the family is not present, it must devolve on others."

"Certainly," returned Robert. "I am much obliged to you for taking the trouble." And, so saying, he threw himself on an easy chair, and began to question the steward on the occasion of Sir Anthony's death, on the arrangements which had been made for the funeral, and other matters of the same kind, without taking the smallest notice of Frederick.

This behaviour was so pointed, that even the steward seemed embarrassed by it, and made every answer by a reference to Frederick, saying, "Mr. Falconer knows, Sir; Mr. Falconer desired it should be so and so; it was by Mr. Falconer's orders."

In the mean time, Frederick seemed resolved not to be offended, if possible: but, placing himself again at the table, he said, "Robert, I shall finish the arrangement of these papers: they are merely household bills—things of little consequence; but it will save trouble to wind up these unimportant matters."

Sir Robert took no notice of this, but gave orders for refreshments, continuing to speak to Humphreys as if no third person were present.

Frederick, in the interim, completed his business, tied up and wrote memorandums on the papers, and then, delivering them to Mr. Humphreys, "There, Sir," he said, "they are all straight, and ready for Sir Robert's inspection at a future time." Then rising, he came up to Robert, gave him his hand, and told him what he had done with regard to sealing up the papers in lord

V——'s presence, expressing his wish that they might be opened before the same person; and added, "I am going, now, my dear Robert, to return to my own house, where my presence is required, and I shall expect that you will send for me whenever you want me. I must therefore bid you adieu."

Robert hesitated, and seemed not to know how to act; but while he still remained undecided, Frederick left the room: and, having given one look at the coffin which contained the remains of his uncle, whose memory at that moment was more precious to him than ever, he returned to his peaceful home, full of sentiments of gratitude to that uncle, through whose kindness he was possessed of such a home, and was in a state of such perfect independence of the humours of his cousin.

The funeral of Sir Anthony took place the next day, and was attended by most of the gentlemen of the county, Sir Robert and Frederick being the chief mourners.

The day after the funeral was appointed for opening the seals; on which occasion, Lord V—— was requested to be present, and Frederick thought it his duty to attend. Mr. Coleman, Sir Anthony's solicitor, was also of the party, and some other friends of the family. Lord V—— called on Frederick in his way to the Hall, and took him up in his carriage. He appeared to be in high spirits, and addressed Frederick as one whom he regarded as his future son-in-law.

Frederick, however, was dejected, and said to his lordship, "I do feel my cousin's coldness; I cannot but feel it; and I fear it will imbitter much of my future life. But he is to be pitied. He thinks I have stood in his way in a case where his heart was deeply concerned; and perhaps there is not a severer trial to a man of any feeling, than to be compelled to live in friendship with a successful rival."

Lord V—— smiled, and replied, "You have hit upon a good excuse for Sir Robert's insolence; but I believe that the world, in general, is not inclined to judge so favourably of him as you do."

When they were arrived at the Hall, lord V—— and Mr. Falconer found the rest of the persons who were to be present at the opening of the seals, assembled in the

library, partaking of some refreshments. The party consisted, not only of several gentlemen of distinction in the neighbourhood, but Mr. Humphreys the late Sir Anthony's steward, and Mr. Coleman, his solicitor, the latter being a man of great importance in his own esteem, and one who had been introduced to Mr. Lambert some years before by Lord V——, were among the number present.

Sir Robert bowed coolly to the earl, and nodded haughtily to Frederick, as they entered; while Mr. Coleman, in his well-powdered wig and creaking shoes, bustled forward to meet the earl's offered hand, at the same time exchanging a glance with him which was not lost upon Sir Robert, whose uneasy feelings rendered him more than usually quick in observing the change and expression of every countenance. "Lord V——," said Sir Robert, "I am glad to see you; we have been waiting for you some time, and as soon as you have refreshed yourself, we will, if you please, proceed to business."

"I am at your service at any time, Sir Robert," returned the earl, "but, upon my word, this ham looks so tempting that I must taste it. I believe that the air must have given me an appetite, for I am excessively hungry."

The earl then took his seat at the table, and Mr. Coleman began to show his skill in cutting the ham, while Lord V—— called for mustard, chilly vinegar, and pickles, exciting such a bustle that poor Robert was almost ready to wish that some of these good things might stick in his throat. "Do try this hung beef, lord V——," said Mr. Coleman, "it is most excellent."

Sir Robert, who all this time was walking, or rather stamping, about the room, suddenly stopped, and turning round, desired Frederick, with some haughtiness, to ring the bell.

"What do you want, Sir Robert?" said Mr. Humphreys, running before Frederick to the bell; "can I get any thing for you? Perhaps it might not be so well to introduce the servants, as we are likely to be engaged in business."

"Business!" repeated Sir Robert, "I see no chance of our commencing business at present: Lord V—— and Mr. Coleman are otherwise engaged."

"Did you speak to me, Sir Robert?" asked Mr. Coleman.

"No, Sir," returned Sir Robert; "but when you have satisfied your hunger, we will, if you please, proceed to business."

"Sir, I shall be ready immediately," answered Mr. Coleman; while he and lord V—— continued to cut slice after slice of the hung beef, evidently enjoying the impatience of Sir Robert, who seemed scarcely able to repress his angry feelings."

"I say, Lambert," said Lord V——, "have you any beef like this in Paris?"

Sir Robert bit his lips, and could hardly find words to answer. Mr. Coleman then took up the subject of French cookery, and ran a parallel between that and English, till at length Frederick became uneasy, and hinted to lord V—— that he was keeping Sir Robert in pain. "O, true," said lord V——, looking at his watch, and rising from the table.

Sir Robert appeared as if relieved by this motion, and led the way to the room where Sir Anthony had kept his papers, and which had been locked up by lord V—— and Frederick.

"Perhaps no man," said Sir Robert, "knew my poor father's arrangements better than you did, Mr. Coleman. Is there a will?"

"Yes, Sir," said Mr. Coleman, "there should be one."

"You are acquainted with its contents then, Sir," rejoined Sir Robert.

"I cannot say that I am, Sir," returned Mr. Coleman; "though I was present when it was executed."

Lord V—— looked closely at the seals on an iron chest and scrutoire, all of which were in perfect preservation. The scrutoire was first opened, but it contained nothing of consequence, excepting the key of the strong box. The strong box was next resorted to, and there was the will, which, from its date on the envelope, in Sir Anthony's own hand, appeared to have been made a little after the marriage of Robert; a circumstance which filled the young man with such violent apprehensions that he could scarcely command his feelings till the document was opened.

It was agreed that Mr. Coleman should read the will; and the old gentleman accordingly seated himself, in due form, at a small table, causing the company to arrange themselves around him, and stopping, very deliberately, to wipe his spectacles before he began. At length he unfolded the scroll, and cursorily ran over the preamble, but without the least variation of countenance, during the time of his doing which poor Robert was in agonies. At length the old gentleman began to read, and, after certain long-winded and formal preludes, such as are commonly found at the head of documents of this kind, he proceeded, in an unaltered tone, to these important words:—"I, Anthony Lambert, Baronet, &c. &c. being in sound mind, &c. &c. give and bequeath to my well beloved and dutiful nephew, Frederick Falconer, the only surviving child of my late sister, Barbara Falconer;" here Mr. Coleman was troubled with a cough, which was, however, the less to be wondered at, as the old gentleman was sometimes known to cough on other occasions, and, being thus put out of his course, he was obliged to begin anew, and to proceed leisurely from the commencement of the above-mentioned weighty clause, till being again come to the name of Barbara Falconer, he went on as follows: "the whole of my landed estates, my personal property, goods, and chattels, &c. &c. to be by him possessed, without condition or encumbrance: and to my son Robert, the whole of his mother's fortune, being ten thousand pounds in the five per cents, with the saving thereupon, &c. &c."

Mr. Coleman was proceeding, when he was suddenly and violently interrupted by the exclamations of several persons in the company; while those who were particularly concerned, started, turned pale, and spoke not a word. "Would you wish to hear these clauses again, lord V——?" said Mr. Coleman, on his lordship hinting that he did not understand them. The Earl nodded assent, and there was a dead silence in the apartment, while Mr. Coleman recapitulated what he had before read: but he had scarcely come a second time to a conclusion, before Sir Robert, wildly awakening from the state of stupor into which he had been thrown by this sudden and dreadful downfall of all his prospects, rose

up, and fixing his fiery gaze on Frederick, who was even more astonished than himself, and was become pale as death from agitation, poured upon him such a volume of bitter execrations as made every one present tremble with horror; "Contemptible creature! mean and creeping villain!" he exclaimed, "are you now satisfied?"

"Robert," said Frederick, "I have not deserved this, I solemnly declare!"

"Fawning hypocrite!" rejoined Robert, interrupting him, "approach me, and I will fell you to the ground, and trample you beneath my feet!" and the young man as he spoke stood trembling with rage, and looked as if even murder was not far from his thoughts.

Mr. Humphreys, the venerable steward, at the same instant, took hold of his young master's arm, and hinted something about command of temper; on which Robert pushed him from him, with a violence which made the old man reel backwards to the wall, while he himself again burst forth in a torrent of such furious invectives against Frederick, that even lord V—— and Mr. Coleman were forced from their pretended calmness, and were, with others present, obliged to use their utmost strength to prevent the rash young man from rushing upon his cousin, and giving such a turn to the scene as no one had foreboded.

"Hear me; only hear me, Robert," said Frederick. "I was as little aware—. I had not the least suspicion—."

"Had not the least suspicion!" replied Robert, taking up Frederick's word in a tone of bitter scorn. "Yes, I believe you; so far I believe you:—you were not aware perhaps, of the complete success of your vile machinations; you had not even hoped that you had succeeded so far as to make me a beggar. But villain as you are, you shall not enjoy your triumph. I deny the authority of the will; I will contest it in a court of law. You shall never know an hour's enjoyment of your ill-gotten property."

"The will has been duly executed, Sir Robert," said Mr. Coleman, looking at the seals and signature: "it cannot be contested; no law will give it in your favour: the property is not entailed; it must go as the will directs."

"Permit me to speak," said Frederick. "Hear me; only hear me, Robert."

"I have heard enough, I have seen enough, despicable villain!" again interrupted Robert: "more I will not hear."

"But you shall hear me, my brother! my friend," rejoined Frederick; and he would have added more, had not lord V—— forcibly drawn him back, Mr. Coleman, at the same time beseeching him not to provoke his cousin to strike him. "I do not want to provoke him," said Frederick, "if he would but hear me."

"But," said lord V——, drawing him still further off, "don't you see, my dear Falconer, that by attempting to speak to him now, you may bring upon yourself some insult which a gentleman never could pass over: he would not hesitate to strike you. Do, pray, my good Falconer, be ruled by me," and the earl held his arm so firmly, that Frederick could not extricate himself without violence.

While this was passing at one end of the room, the friends of Robert were labouring to keep him within bounds at the other; for he was endeavouring to break through to Frederick. At length, however, the furious young man, finding that he could not prevail, many being against him, tore himself from them, rushed down stairs and out of the house, called for his carriage, and, shortly afterwards, was seen passing the gate into the park, with the utmost speed to which the horses could be urged.

Frederick had not observed the moment of Robert's quitting the room; but when apprised that he was actually gone, he would have followed him, and was hardly restrained, by all who were present, from rushing after him. The earl, however, and his friends, had interest enough to detain him till Robert was altogether beyond his reach, and the gates of the park were closed upon his carriage. Frederick then ceased to dispute the point; and, with a paleness and dejection of countenance which astonished every one present, sat down quietly to hear the remainder of the will, which was of little importance: after which, he requested lord V—— to do the

nonours of the house towards the company assembled, and requested the favour of being left awhile to himself.

As soon as the gentlemen were withdrawn, Frederick threw all the papers into the strong box, locked up the scrutoire, and retired to that apartment of the house which he had always occupied when visiting his late uncle; and there, closing the door, he made such an application for the divine direction on the present trying occasion, as assuredly never could be made in vain to Him who hath said, "*Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.*"

While he was thus employed in earnest and ardent prayer, his mind was promptly enlightened to perceive how he ought to act; and he was also brought to the determination of doing that immediately which he considered it right to do as his last resource. He, accordingly, rang his bell, called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following letter to Robert.

"MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,

"You think ill of me, and I confess that appearances are against me. You are persuaded that I have injured you: it remains, therefore, now, for me to vindicate my character, by assuring you, that it is my fixed resolution to take no advantage whatever of the bequest of your father. Give me but your friendship and your confidence, Robert, and I shall be perfectly satisfied, and even most happy, in the consciousness of having acted with integrity, and evinced the power of God, as operating in an earthen vessel, to the eyes of all those who hitherto may have doubted his ability for raising his unworthy creatures above the temptations of the world.

"Return, then, my dear Robert, return to your own home: and God grant that you may prove a blessing to all those who might hereafter depend upon you for comfort and assistance!"

This letter being signed and sealed, Frederick called for his own servant, a very trustworthy young man of sound principles; and, giving it to him, besought him that he would endeavour to trace Sir Robert, and deliver the deposit into his own hands. He also particularly

charged him not even to hint to any one whom he might see, before he left the Hall, the object of his intended journey.

As soon as Frederick had despatched the servant, he felt his mind so greatly relieved, that he returned to the library; where, on finding that lord V—— and Mr. Coleman, with the other gentlemen, had left the Hall, he called his servants together, and simply stated to them, what they were all fully apprised of already, that his uncle had left him in entire possession of the estate, having made his will at the period when he was at the height of his resentment on account of Sir Robert's marriage. "According to this will, therefore," said he, "I am entitled, by the laws of my country, to accept and retain this property. But, my friends," he added, and seemed much affected as he spoke, "as a Christian, I have undertaken to submit, not only to the laws of man, but to the laws of God: and although, in taking from Sir Robert his rightful inheritance, I should not, indeed, transgress against the letter of the law which saith—'Thou shalt not steal;' yet, in the spiritual and enlarged sense of that law, such conduct would be a breach of this commandment, and I should, by such a measure, forfeit, in the opinion of every simple Christian, that respect which alone can render me useful as a minister. I should lose my peace of mind, my confidence in my Redeemer, my trust in God; and, in fine, the whole comfort of this present life, and perhaps the happiness of the next."

Frederick paused, and was astonished at the powerful effect which his discourse produced on those present. Some melted into tears, some blessed him, and others praised God for thus displaying his power in this his devoted servant; and all united, as if with one voice, in requesting him to retain his authority over them, acknowledging that they were all rejoicing, but a moment before, in being subjected to that authority.

"I cannot, I dare not, grant your requests," replied Frederick. "Cease, therefore, to urge me, my friends; and doubt not that you will find Sir Robert a kind and generous master, and one who will shine more in power and prosperity than he has in adversity."

While these things were passing at Lambert Hall,

Lord V—— had returned to Clifton Castle, to relate the events of the day to his lady and daughter. I dare not use the word *news* of the day, because it so happened, that lady V——, her noble husband, and their beautiful daughter, had been fully apprized of Sir Anthony's intentions with respect to both his nephew and son, from the period of Sir Robert's delinquency: and although Lord V—— had proceeded throughout the whole of the business with a high degree of worldly wisdom and discretion, yet it was, in a great measure, owing to his influence and that of his lady, together with the blandishments of their beautiful daughter, that Sir Anthony's resolution of disinheriting his son remained fixed, till such time as his sudden death rendered the act irretrievable.

Lady V—— and Augusta were walking in the park at Clifton when the Earl's carriage entered it, on his return from Lambert Hall. He no sooner saw his wife and daughter, than he ordered his servants to stop, and springing from the carriage, hastened to meet them, with such an air and expression of countenance as proved, before he spoke, that all had turned out at the Hall just as they wished it. Augusta's fine face was flushed with pleasure; and lady V—— exclaimed, "I am glad to see you, my Lord, so cheerful. How did Robert bear it? Was he very indignant?"

"Indignant!" said his lordship, "how could he be otherwise? A cooler temper than our friend Robert's would have been inflamed by a less thing than this. But the scene was capital. That arch hypocrite Coleman, who, you know, has detested young Lambert ever since he was insulted by him, some years ago, at a public dinner, was so cold, so impenetrable, and so immovable; old Humphreys stared so, and seemed so puzzled, between the old and new master, his love and regard pulling him one way, for he is very fond of Falconer, and habit and custom drawing him the other, that it was really quite diverting."

"And Frederick," said lady V——, "how did he behave? Had he any idea, do you think, before the reading of the will, of the great things which were to be done for him?"

"I verily believe," said lord V——, "that he did not expect sixpence from the will: and he was so violently affected by the distress of his cousin, that, had Robert shown the slightest self-command, had he not behaved altogether like a brute on the occasion, I verily believe that young Falconer would have made concessions by which he would have lost all the benefit of the bequest."

"Well," said lady Augusta, laughing, "I could almost be sorry for poor Robert, if I were not so very glad."

Lord and lady V——, with their daughter, continued in conversation to this effect, till they returned to the Castle; where, meeting with some visitors, they were obliged to change the subject, and to affect that fashionable ease and carelessness which persons used to polished society are enabled to assume on every occasion. These visitors dined at the Castle, but left it early after dinner; and they were no sooner gone, than Frederick Falconer arrived.

The moment he entered the drawing room, lady V—— hastened to congratulate him on the acquisition of his immense fortune, and lady Augusta welcomed him with her sweetest smiles. But Frederick, instead of evincing an increased animation, or showing any unusual elation of spirits, seemed agitated and embarrassed, and there was something in his whole appearance which alarmed Augusta though she scarcely knew wherefore. His cheek was considerably flushed, his hair disordered, and care and solicitude sat on his brow. He took no notice of the compliments paid him by the Countess, but requested the favour of a few moments' private conversation with lady Augusta, which request was instantly complied with by her mother, who walked out of the room, and, closing the door after her, left the young people together.

Augusta, when left with Frederick, seated herself on a sofa in a recess of the window, waiting patiently till her companion should speak: but he kept her for some moments in suspense, while he paced the room, evidently in violent agitation. At length turning suddenly towards her, and looking upon her with no small expression of disturbance within, "O, Augusta!" he said, "you whom I have loved from my infancy, you who alone, of all

women, have ever possessed my heart, tell me, now,—must I forfeit you, together with the great possessions which I am about to deliver up to their rightful owner? or will you fix upon me an eternal weight of obligations, by sharing with me my sacrifice to justice, and partaking with me the humble lot to which I was destined at my birth?"

Augusta trembled, blushed, and hesitated. At length she said, "Frederick, I do not understand you: what is it you propose?"

Frederick approached her. He seated himself by her on the sofa; he also took her hand and pressed it to his lips. He looked earnestly upon her. Her beautiful face was covered with blushes, and a tear stole down her cheeks. "Augusta," he said, "I have written to Robert, and I have declared my determination of delivering up to him the whole of what his father left me."

Augusta started. She drew her hand from his. Anger inflamed every feature; and recoiling, as it were, from him, as he sat near her, "You have done this, Frederick?" she said. "You are actually resolved to reject the good fortune which was offered you; and you expect me to encourage you in this folly, and to prove my regard, by upholding you in the act of the grossest absurdity?"

"I did not expect all this from you, Augusta," replied Frederick: "I anticipated no difficulty on your part, and I believed that you would have assisted me in reconciling your noble parents to that step which I am determined to take."

"You had formed a very high opinion, then, of your own perfections, and of my regard," returned Augusta, with a smile of contempt, "if you supposed that I should think a marriage with you such an object, that I should be ready to take you in one hand, and beggary in the other."

"Beggary!" returned Frederick, rising from the couch; "beggary, Augusta! Have I not a thousand a year, a comfortable house, independent of any fortune you might have had? Oh, Augusta! Augusta!" he said, "you have awakened me from a dream, a dream of delight, in which, had it lasted much longer, I might have

ceased to look forward to the happiness of another world. But all is right," he added, striking his hand on his forehead, and then clasping both hands together, and looking upwards, "all thou ordainest is right, O my God. Henceforward may I love thee, and thee only!" Then turning again to the young lady, and holding out his hand to her, "Shall we part, my beloved?" he said. "Must I renounce either my integrity or the woman I have loved from childhood? Will you give your hand to the humble Frederick Falconer, and attach him to yourself for ever by this condescension? or will you renounce him, as he has done the fortune which he could not accept without injustice and ingratitude. Speak, my beloved; speak but one word, and make me the happiest, as I shall be the most highly favoured of men."

The young lady wept violently. Frederick thought she was deliberating in his favour. He drew nearer to her, and was about to take her hand, when rejecting him with scorn, "No, Frederick," she said, "I repeat to you, that I will not uphold you in the folly you meditate. No, if you can resolve thus to throw away my future comfort, I cannot suppose your regard to be such as it ought to be. That I love you, Frederick, that I have always loved you, I do not deny: but I cannot, I never will, consent to the foolish sacrifice you are about to make. Let us now part, and it will depend on what you resolve, whether we ever meet again in any other character than that of common acquaintance." So saying, she arose, and, while still weeping, left the room.

The eyes of Frederick followed her, as she passed along the splendid apartment; and, as soon as she had shut the door behind her, he left the room by another outlet, quitted the Castle, and, making the best of his way to the parsonage, shut himself up in his own chamber, where he was confined a few days with a slight fever, occasioned by the excessive agitation which he had endured for some hours past.

Five days had passed during which Frederick had been obliged to keep his chamber, in which time he enjoyed much peace of mind, the consequence of the divine blessing upon his honourable intentions. When able to leave his room, he had several visits from lord

and lady V——, which ended only in increased displeasure on the part of these noble individuals, who represented his determination of giving up the estate to Robert as an act of the grossest folly, and assured him that they never would consent to his marriage with their daughter, if he persisted in this absurdity. But, through the divine blessing, he was enabled to adhere to his first determination, and was almost brought to feel, that Augusta was not the woman who would have made him happy, though her peculiar loveliness had hitherto blinded him to this truth.

It was on the occasion of the last visit of this noble pair to Mr. Falconer, and at the moment when they were about to take their leave, that a travelling-carriage drove up to the door of the parsonage, from which sprang Sir Robert Lambert. Frederick hastened into the hall to receive him, and was about to take Robert in his arms, when the young man fell at his feet, embraced his knees, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O my brother! my friend! my Frederick, you have at length, more than conquered me. I see your merits, and my own injustice. Oh, pardon, pardon your Robert. Give me your friendship: give me my father's legacy, and retain your estate; you are more worthy of it than I am. Yours it is, and yours it shall be: my father judged wisely: you alone deserve it."

Lord and lady V——, who, from the inner apartment, heard all that was passing, looked at each other, and were astonished. They saw Frederick lift up Robert and embrace him, and heard him declare that he never would deprive him of his natural rights. "I do not want these possessions, my dear cousin," he said, "they would not make me happier; I am content with what I have.—*A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.*" (Luke xii. 15.)

In this manner, and to this purpose, the young men had for some time persevered in their contest of generosity, when lord and lady V—— interrupted them, by passing through the hall to their carriage. Robert started at the sight of them, bowed, and drew back, but Frederick stepped forward to hand lady V—— to her carriage.

The noble pair took a formal leave of Frederick, who stood at the door of the house looking at the carriage till it was out of sight. Then, fetching a deep sigh, he returned to Robert, who began immediately to renew his entreaties that his cousin would at least share his father's fortune with him.

"My dear Robert," said Frederick, "we have, in the excellent Mr. Day, a common friend and father, whom we may hope to see in a few days. I insist on giving up the estate to you; and what you shall do for me shall be left to the arbitration of this friend. I repeat to you, that I want nothing. I have already all I require for myself, and even much more. At one time I thought of marrying, but at present my views on that subject are altered. But we will leave this matter now. Make me but your friend, my cousin; grant me but your confidence; and henceforward may we be dear as brothers who have but one interest, and who may hope to spend a happy eternity together when these perishable scenes shall have passed away."

I shall not repeat all that Sir Robert said in reply to this. Suffice it to add, that the removal of his suspicions of Frederick seemed to have, with the divine blessing, a sudden and happy influence upon his whole mind and character. He now was enabled to see and to honour the beautiful and glorious effects of religion on the human heart; he was also made to perceive the violence, impetuosity, and injustice of his own conduct through life; and he was, in consequence, humbled, being rendered dubious of his own judgment, and willing to submit it to that of his friend, whose character, as I before said, was now discovered to him in its true colours. But to proceed with our narrative.

Robert, for several days after his arrival, still remained with Frederick, resolving to await the return of Mr. Day before he proceeded to the arrangement of his affairs, or the further inspection of papers. It appears, that lady Frances had by her conduct so entirely forfeited the respect of her husband, that it could no longer be required of him to pay her the attention due to every reputable wife; and it therefore can be no matter of astonishment that he received the account of her death, which

was forwarded by Mr. Day, and arrived a few days after Sir Robert reached the parsonage, with sentiments, if not altogether of thankfulness, at least of a mixed feeling. Mr. Day informed him, in the letter which brought an account of his lady's death, that it was his intention to follow this letter as soon as possible after the funeral : and he accordingly appeared within twenty-four hours of the time intimated.

The meeting between Mr. Day and his two pupils, after so many eventful occurrences had taken place in the family, was very affecting ; and when he was made acquainted with the noble conduct of Frederick, and the present generous and penitent feelings of Robert, the good gentleman melted into tears, and exclaimed, while lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, " O my God, I thank thee that thou hast heard my prayers : I am, indeed, blessed in my children !"

When Mr. Day had somewhat recovered the fatigue of his journey, he entered into the business of arbitration between his pupils, having first insisted that they should abide by his determination.

" I have by me," said Mr. Day, " the outline of a will made by your poor father, while you, Robert, were at the University ; and I think that we cannot do better than abide by this will, supposing the last not to be in existence with respect to yourself and Frederick. By this first will, Frederick was entitled to ten thousand pounds : and I certainly think it but just that he should now receive this same legacy, and not, at any rate, be a loser by your father's too generous intentions towards him."

Robert begged to be permitted to double the sum ; but Mr. Day remarked that there was to be no appeal from his decision, and the matter was thus amicably and wisely arranged ; Frederick, however, assuring Mr. Day that he should have been perfectly satisfied although he had not been one shilling the better for his uncle's will.

From that period I am happy to say that Sir Robert Lambert never forgot the obligation he owed to Frederick ; and all uneasy feelings being removed, his admiration of his character and love of his excellent qualities seemed, with the divine blessing, to effect such a change in his heart as seemed to render him a new creature.

While things were thus happily proceeding at Lambert Hall and the parsonage, and peace restored to the minds of the two cousins, (Frederick and Robert having been brought to feel that in missing Augusta they had perhaps escaped a woman whose ambition might have rendered them miserable,) the death of Frances had wrought a mighty change in the political Clifton Castle.

Lord and lady V—— found themselves completely baffled, and were made to feel that the very steps which they had taken to secure a particular situation for their daughter, were the very means of her losing this situation. Lady Augusta, however, was still in the bloom of her beauty, and might expect to marry a man of higher rank than Sir Robert Lambert: they then resolved to leave the country for a few months, and to try their daughter's fortune elsewhere, not recollecting or supposing it possible that Augusta might still retain such a regard for Frederick, (whom she had never mentioned since he had refused to oblige her by sacrificing his integrity to her ambition,) as would render it impossible for her ever to think of another person.

But the truth was, that the noble and disinterested conduct of Frederick towards his cousin, and the anguish he expressed when compelled to sacrifice the object of his tender regard to his sense of duty, had raised him in her esteem, that she would now have given up every earthly prospect, had it been possible for her to recall the past, and render herself loved and respected by him as she once had been.

"O Frederick, my Frederick," she would often when left to her own private reflections, "O, had I shared with you the glorious sacrifice, how blessed, how loved, how honoured by all, should I now have been, and in what peace might I have dwelt with you in your humble yet fragrant dwelling, where, as in a second Eden, I should have employed myself in the presence of my beloved, the assistant and sharer in all his innocent labours and works of charity! But ambition and covetousness have proved my bane and destruction. O miserable, lost Augusta!" In this manner would the young lady bemoan herself; while she still could see no means

of retracing her steps, or of making her present feelings known to Frederick, consistently with the delicacy of her sex.

Thus did this fine young creature become the prey of secret sorrow: the colour faded from her cheeks; she grew silent and pensive in company; and, when unobserved, was continually in tears.

In the mean time, she was removed by her parents from Clifton Castle, and carried first to Bath, and afterwards to town.

And now, weeks had rolled round, and nearly eight months had elapsed since the death of Sir Anthony. Robert had been established some time at the Hall, and habitually conducted himself in a manner which obtained for him the respect and love of all his dependants.

The months of spring at length arrived, and the gardens of the Hall and parsonage were beginning to look gay with the buds and blossoms of the renewed year; Mr. Day and his pupils were full of schemes of Christian love and benevolence; and the amiable Frederick was preparing himself for priest's orders; when suddenly there appeared in him symptoms of that alarming disease which had twice before threatened his life.

To describe the anguish of Robert and Mr. Day on this occasion would be impossible. Frederick himself was now the only one who could speak a word of comfort. "My father, and my brother," he said, "I may recover as I have before done; I may overcome this attack, if the Lord permits, and live to be a hale old man: but if not, my Robert, if I must go, what then? I shall indeed be parted for a little while from you, and from my adopted parent; but I shall be the gainer: I shall be there, where my home and my heart have long been, praised be Him who drew that heart unto himself, and opened to my view such scenes of glory in a future world, as with the value of which no earthly possessions could admit of the least comparison.

"But who," added the young man, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, "who wrought this mighty work in me, and sent his Holy Spirit to dwell within this polluted temple, making his strength apparent in my weakness, and causing his holiness to shine amidst the

deepest natural corruption? Who, but that God who willed my salvation ere yet my body was fashioned out of the dust, or the Spirit of life breathed into my nostrils? God the Father loved me, and prepared for my salvation, ere the foundations of this earth were laid, or the morning stars had sung together. That salvation was complete when my Saviour cried out, *It is finished*. And I trust that God the Holy Spirit has been fitting me, through many years past, for the glory provided for me, by his regenerating and sanctifying grace, although I long resisted him with the whole strength of a corrupt nature and an unconverted will."

"Oh, my son," Mr. Day would reply, "my Frederick! God give me strength, if needful, to yield you up; for I feel that I cannot do it in my own strength."

Robert could not speak on these occasions, but repeatedly, when Frederick spoke of the probability of his death, did he rise in haste, leave the room, and return again after awhile, his eyes red with weeping, and with an expression of sorrow which he was unable to conceal.

Frederick's disease, which was upon the chest, had, in his two former attacks, been so acute, that, in a few weeks, the result in both cases was decisive; but on this occasion it operated much more slowly, and was more variable in its effects, favourable symptoms at times presenting themselves, and again disappearing. The young man, in the mean time, grew daily more emaciated, his strength and appetite gradually declining, and his power of exertion becoming less and less; while, however, the sweet peace which he continually enjoyed was habitually such that he declared himself as being only too happy. He described himself as enjoying an unshaken trust in his Saviour, and a bright hope of future blessedness, which was uniformly unclouded, though at the same time utterly independent of any idea of self-confidence. That noble act by which he had secured the admiration of all who knew him, he seemed at this time wholly to have forgotten, inasmuch as he never once adverted to it; and if any one hinted at the subject in his presence, he would reply, "How could a Christian, or even an upright moral man, have acted any otherwise than I did on that occasion? You lower the tone of mere morality,

my friend, by representing an act of this kind as any thing more than a common duty. Would you praise a man for not robbing on the highway, when I tell you that a common highwayman is a superior character to one who takes advantage of circumstances to deprive a neighbour, a distant relation, or a brother of his just rights?"

I could with pleasure write many pages relative to the blessed state of mind of this truly noble and pious young man during the few last weeks of his life. His decay was so gradual, that even his nearest friends were not fully aware how soon they would be required to give him up. His last evening was spent in his favourite apartment, the library of the parsonage; where, as he lay on the sofa, with his beloved tutor and Robert seated by his side, the brilliancy of his eyes, and the hectic glow of his cheeks, added to the natural beauty of his features, rendered his aspect so far from deathlike, that, although his pulse throbbed violently, and his breath was alarmingly oppressed, the idea of his very speedy dissolution did not by any means occur to his anxious friends. The window of the room was open, it being summer, and some of the little children from his school at Farewell had come to bring him an offering of fruit.

When their little presents were brought, he took a single strawberry from the basket; and, having eaten it, he begged that the children might be ranged around, without the window, to sing a favourite hymn which he had taught them. His request was complied with; and while they sang, he seemed pleased, and even affected. "Ah, dear children, I shall never hear your voices again," he said: "I shall never more visit your little village: but I thank God for the happy hours I have spent among you." He then added these words:

"These are the joys he makes us know
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above."

On that very night, at twelve o'clock, this blessed young man finished his short but glorious course, in the arms of Robert Lambert, while his tutor, with several old servants, were kneeling round his bed.

Frederick Falconer's death took place exactly one year and six days after that of his uncle ; and when, had he accepted the bequest of Sir Anthony, he might have been in possession of the estate precisely one year, wanting five days.

Frederick Falconer had been laid out in the handsomest room of the parsonage about eight hours, and his fine features were settled in death, although the hectic glow had scarcely yet forsaken his lips and cheeks, while the most beautiful flowers from the green-house and hot-house, belonging to the Hall and his own garden, were profusely scattered over the sheet with which he was covered, when suddenly a carriage appeared at the gate, from which rushed the unhappy Augusta, in a state little short of frenzy.

Robert Lambert met her as she entered the hall.

Her step was hurried ; her hair disordered ; and her cheeks were in a glow. "Where is my Frederick," she said, addressing Robert, but not seeming to know the person thus addressed.

Robert was silent, and seemed violently agitated at the sight of this young lady.

"Where is Mr. Falconer?" said Augusta, turning from Sir Robert to a servant who entered the hall.

The servant's eye directed her to the stairs. She approached them, and ascending rapidly, met Mr. Day at the door of the room, where rested all that was mortal of the late elegant and amiable youth.

"Lady Augusta Clifton!" said Mr. Day, with astonishment.

"Where is Mr. Falconer?" repeated Augusta ; and pushing by Mr. Day, she entered the room, and hastened with a quick step towards the bed, but stopping short at the sight of the corpse, she clasped her hands, turned pale as death, and remained a moment motionless. Then looking, as if appealing for pity, at Mr. Day and Robert, who had followed her into the room, she approached the corpse, and stooping over it, addressed it in the following words:—

"Yes, my Frederick, I have resolved, I have determined upon doing all that you required. I will abandon all for you ; all the pleasures, all the honours, all the

distinctions, of this world,—I give them all up for you." So saying, she pressed her lips on the cold forehead of the corpse, and sunk insensible upon the bed.

In this state she was removed, and every means were used to restore her senses. She at length recovered, and, with a calm dignity, which was even more dreadful than her late frenzy, she bade adieu to Mr. Day and Sir Robert, got into her carriage with her maid, and was driven back to Clifton Castle.

From that day lady Augusta was never more seen to smile; and a very few years terminated that life which had been begun amidst prospects the most fair, but the happiness of which had been entirely marred by the eager desire of possessing the distinctions, honours, and riches of this world. The funeral of Frederick was marked by expressions of the deepest sorrow. It was attended by lord V——, Sir Robert Lambert, and Mr. Day, and by multitudes of young and old persons of every rank in the neighbourhood. The children of the school at Farewell sung Frederick's favourite hymn over his grave; and there was not an individual present who did not weep abundantly, nor one who would not gladly have changed place with him, who in his life had been so eminently enabled to show forth the effect of grace, and whose death had been as tranquil as that was honourable.

Lord and lady V——, when it was too late, deplored their former ambitious aims respecting their daughter: and I rejoice in being able to add, that, having been favoured with clearer views of religion through the instrumentality of Mr. Day, and in consequence of the ever-memorable example of Frederick Falconer, by the time that their son arrived at that age when he might be expected to choose a wife, they desired chiefly to find a virtuous woman—virtuous in the true Christian acceptance of the term; being now fully persuaded, that good principles in a son or daughter are more to be esteemed than gold and silver, and all that the world deems desirable.

After the death of his much-lamented Frederick, Mr. Day attached himself to Robert Lambert; and the last ten years of this good man's life were spent in the edu-

cation of the sons of Sir Robert, the eldest of whom was called Frederick, and the second, Falconer.

Sir Robert was a sincere and constant mourner for his beloved Frederick, and a successful imitator of his glorious example ; being counted, after he came to his estate, one of the most upright, honourable, and generous men of whom his country could boast, and I need not add, a man of solid and consistent piety.

Sir Robert Lambert did not marry again till some time after the death of Augusta, and, it was reported, that he offered himself to her more than once during this interval. But this unhappy young lady continued to the last faithful to the memory of her Frederick ; and, as she died in confident reliance on the merits of her Saviour for the pardon of her numerous misdeeds, we may trust that she is now rejoicing in the presence of that Saviour, in the land where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes.

Many years are passed away since Frederick Falconer was delivered from this present evil world : but a noble full-length portrait of him is still to be seen in a gallery at Lambert Hall, where he is represented in the full bloom of health and beauty, but clothed in light and resplendent garments, and elevating his eyes and hands towards heaven, with a brilliant crown hanging over his head, while beneath his feet are placed bags of gold and other emblems of earthly magnificence. And the children's children of Robert Lambert still show this portrait with evident satisfaction, and are delighted to relate the history which occasioned its existence.

The lady of the manor here concluded her narrative ; at the same time expressing her hope, that she had succeeded, in some small degree, in pointing out and explaining the rule of rectitude which every Christian ought to observe with regard to the possessions of his neighbours, and in warning her young people against that more polite kind of stealing of which proud and ambitious persons are continually guilty. "Ambition," she added, "is a prolific source of dishonesty ; but it is, nevertheless, natural to man's heart, and can never be eradicated from thence until the Spirit of God has exer-

aised his power in the regeneration and sanctification of the soul."

The lady of the manor then called her young people to prayer.

A Prayer for Grace to be enabled strictly and spiritually to fulfil all the Duties enforced by the Eighth Commandment.

"O LORD GOD, our only ground of hope and confidence, thou by whom we were first created, and who hast kindly supplied all our wants during the years of tender and helpless infancy, graciously inspire us with such a perfect trust in thee, such an entire reliance on thy fatherly care, and such a firm assurance that that care will be continued unto the end, that we may never allow ourselves to entertain any anxieties respecting our future lot on earth, nor attempt to supply our necessities by any means in the least degree dishonourable, or unjustifiable by the divine law of perfect love.

"Imprint on our minds, O blessed Lord, this indisputable truth—that goods unjustly gotten never profit, but become as rust and moths among our worldly possessions. Teach us to be content with what we have, be it little or be it much, and anxious only to use our substance to the glory of God, knowing that a small supply, with contentment, is far more desirable, than the greatest wealth, without thy divine blessing.

"Enable us, O Lord, to resist all the temptations that riches may suggest; all undue desires of being great or exalted on the earth; all covetous expectations of inheriting the goods of another, or of obtaining them in any way, which, even though it may be sanctioned by the written laws of man, may not be compatible with that spirit of universal love which ought to subsist between the children of one common Father. And, inasmuch as the world is all in all to those to whom the views of future glory are not as yet unfolded to the eye by faith, grant us, O Lord, that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; so that we, having a vehement desire after the things hoped for, may loose our hold on those inferior objects already

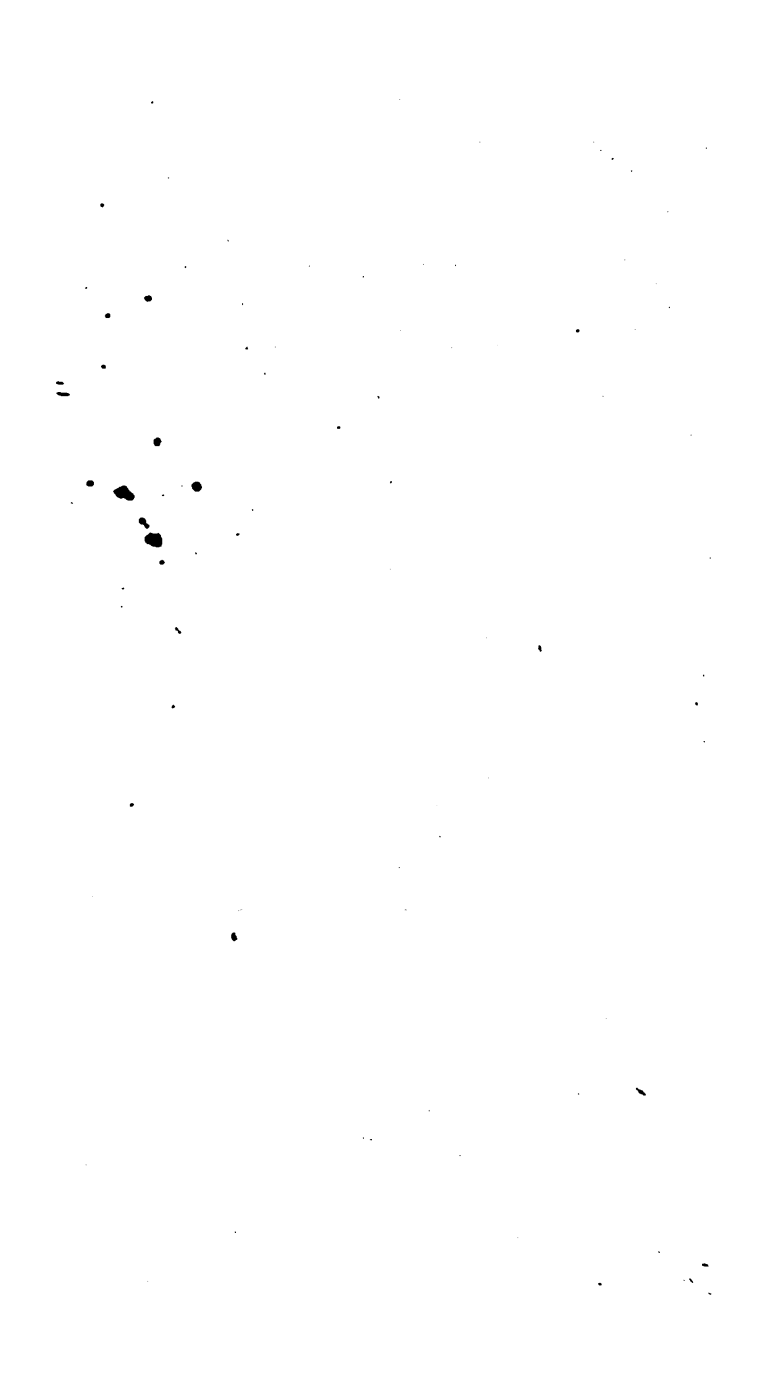
within our grasp; and, in looking forward to certain glory and unsearchable riches in the world to come, may cease to value the perishable riches and fading honours of the present life.

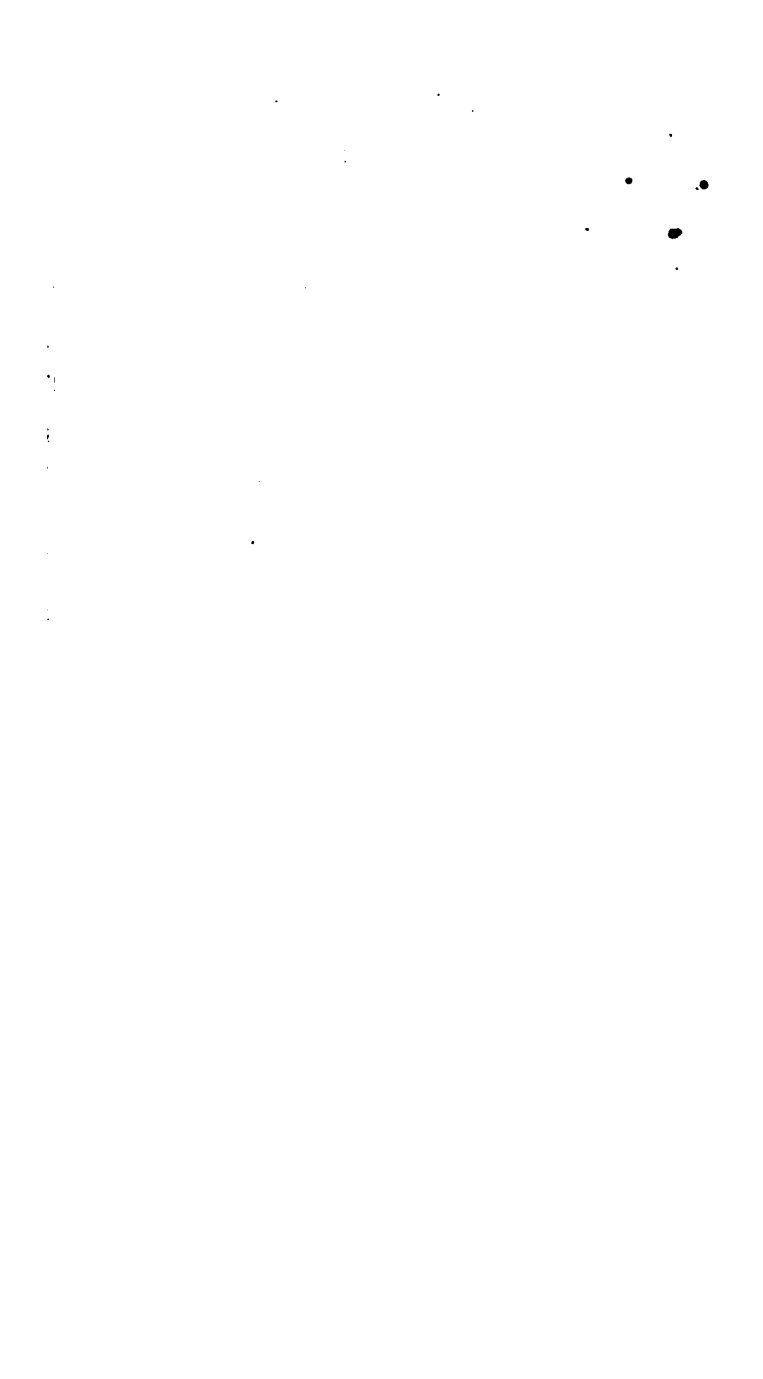
"And, to this end, give us, O Lord, a clear view of the hope which is in us, and show us our title to the treasures which are above, in order that we may be enabled the more easily to renounce those which are on earth. Enable us to admire and adore thy declaration of those divine decrees by which the children of the Blessed One, were elected heirs of glory, ere yet the measurement of time commenced, and the glorious courses of the planets had begun to distinguish the seasons and make the changes of night and day. Make us to understand how the promises of future blessedness were purchased by the blood of Christ, and signed and sealed by Him, who, because he could swear by no greater, used his own incommunicable name, to ratify the bond. And, finally, lead us to consider how the Lord the Spirit works continually in preparing us for glory.

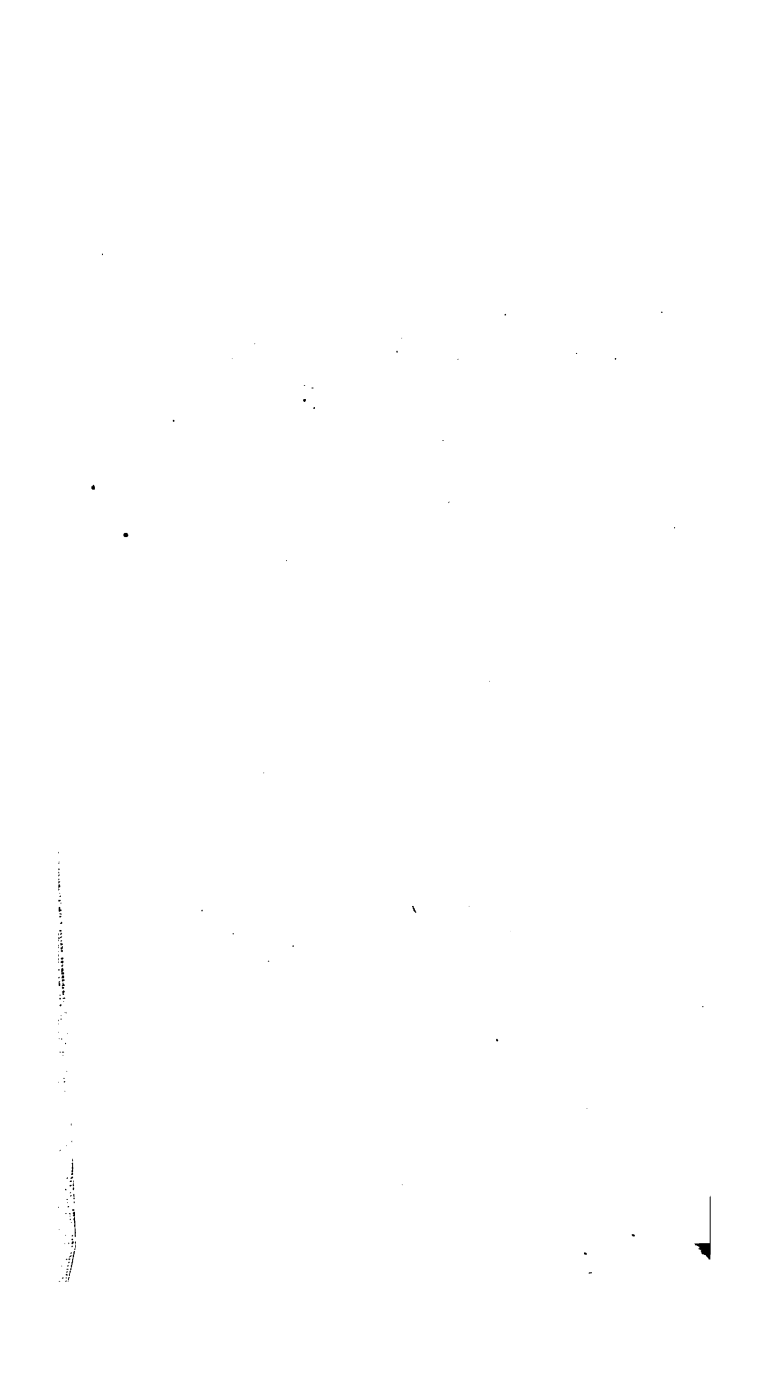
"Lead us, O Lord, to meditations on these subjects, and teach us to feed on thy promises, till we are enabled to cast the world beneath our feet, to trample on its riches, and to triumph over its temptations. And so guide us, O blessed Lord, with thy counsels, that we may hereafter enter into thy eternal glory, through the name and merits of Jesus Christ our only Lord and Mediator. Amen."

END OF VOL II.

H. 4
H. 7







**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

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